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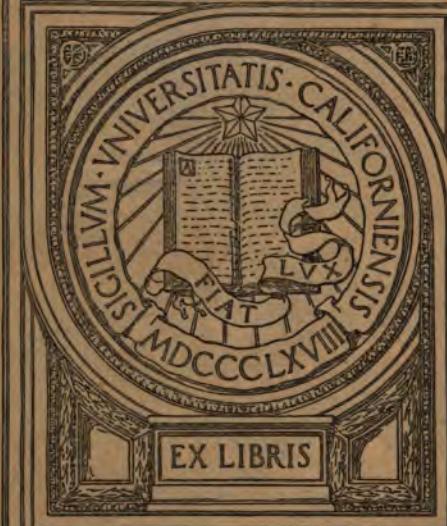
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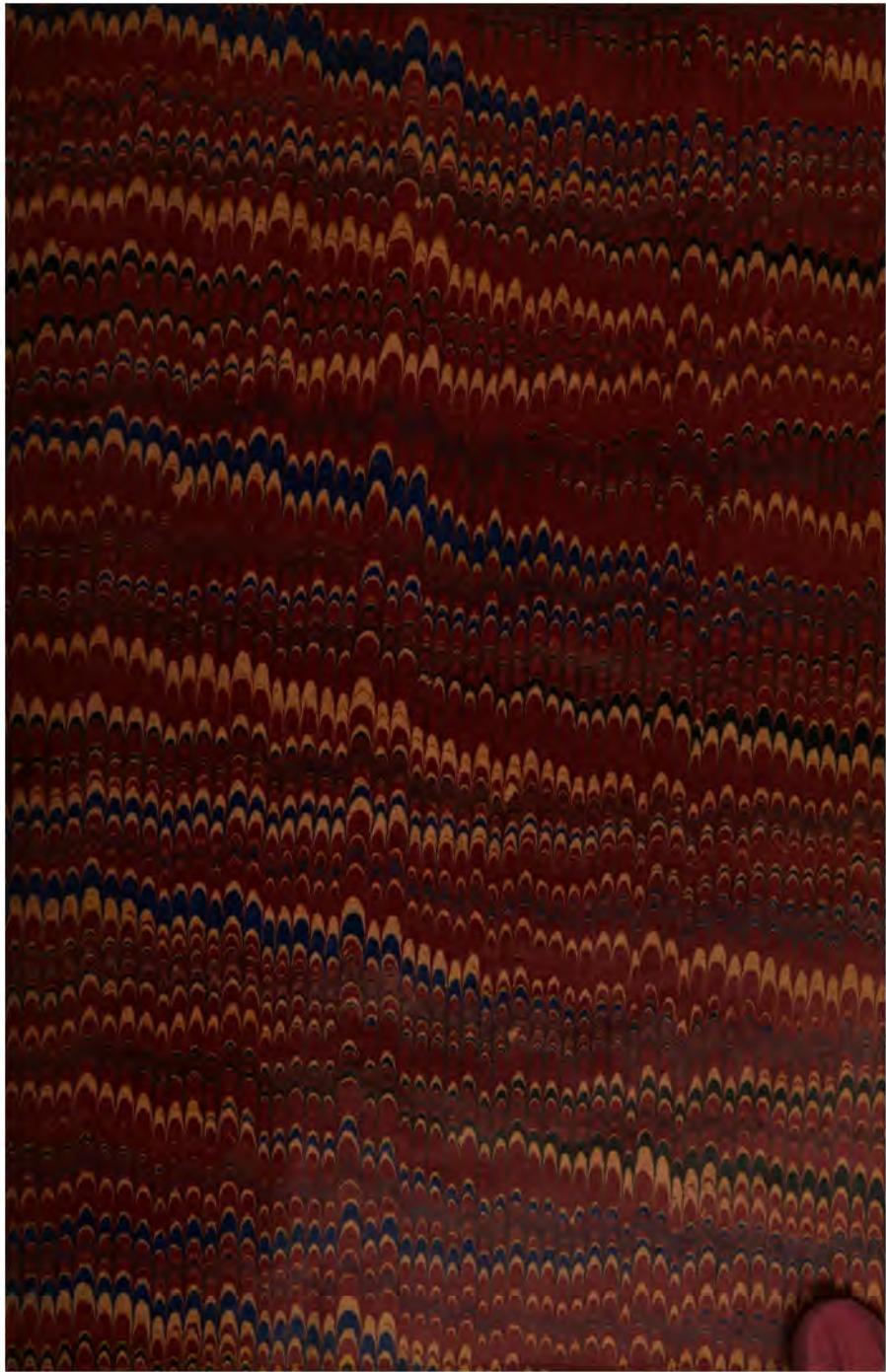
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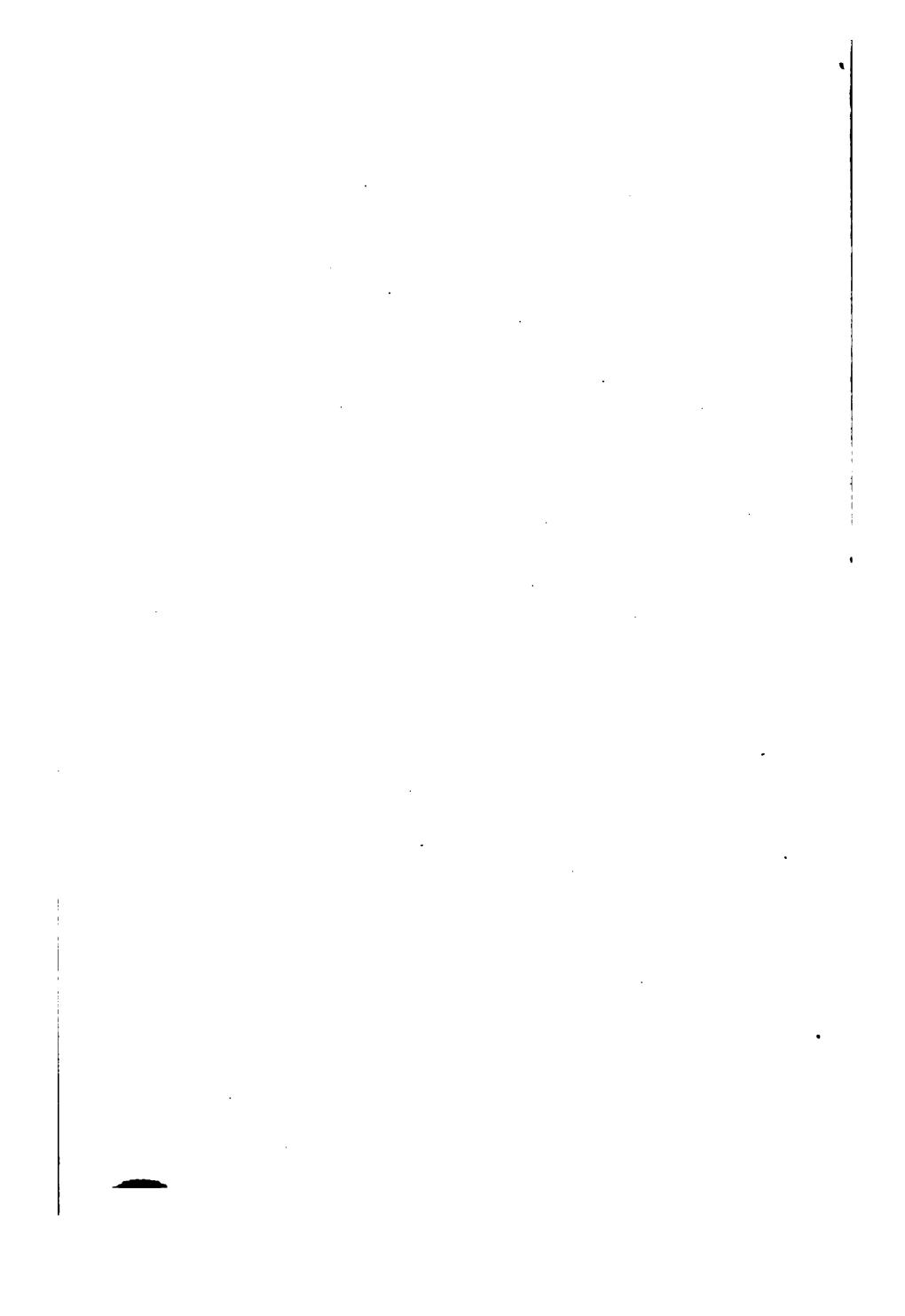
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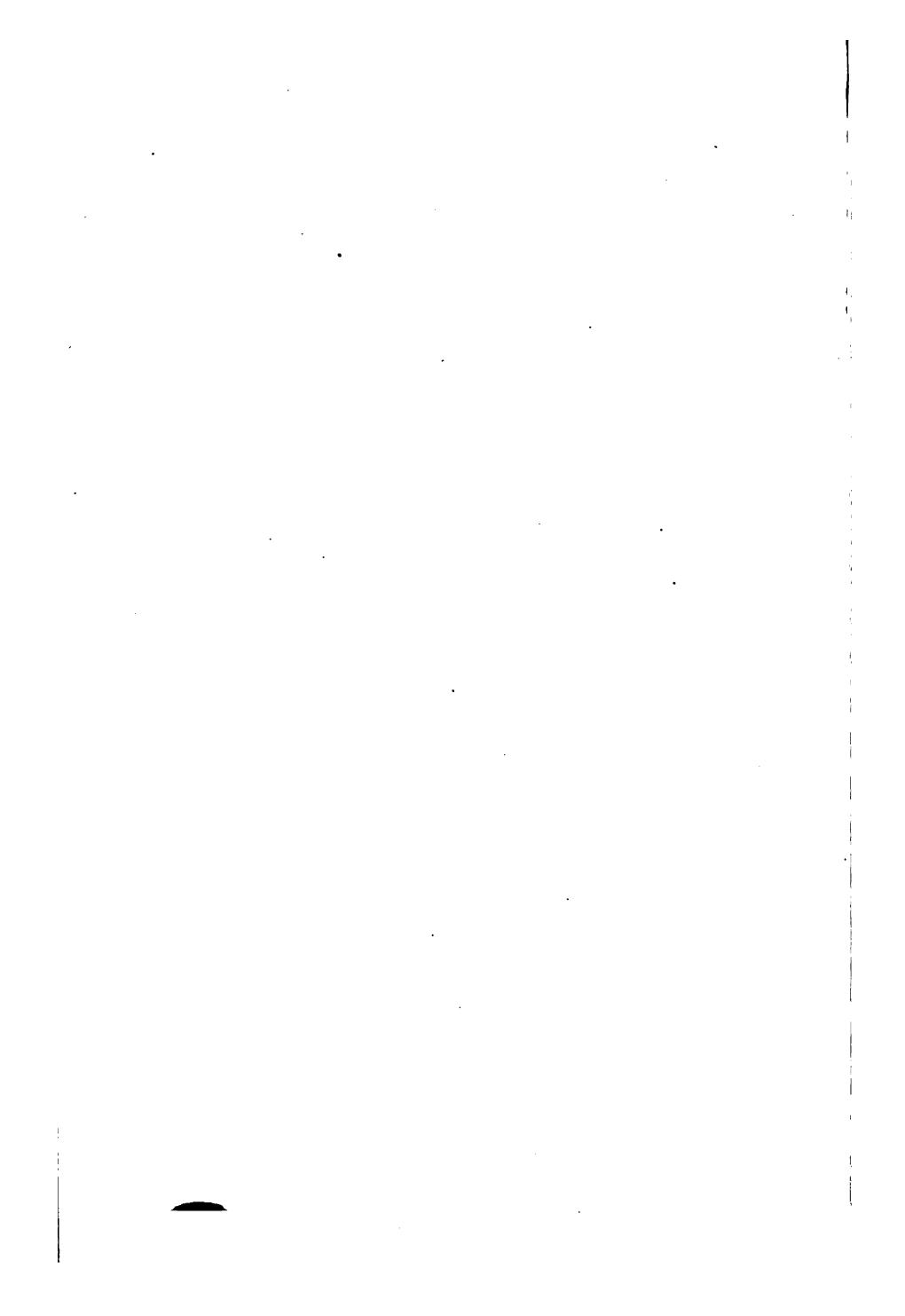
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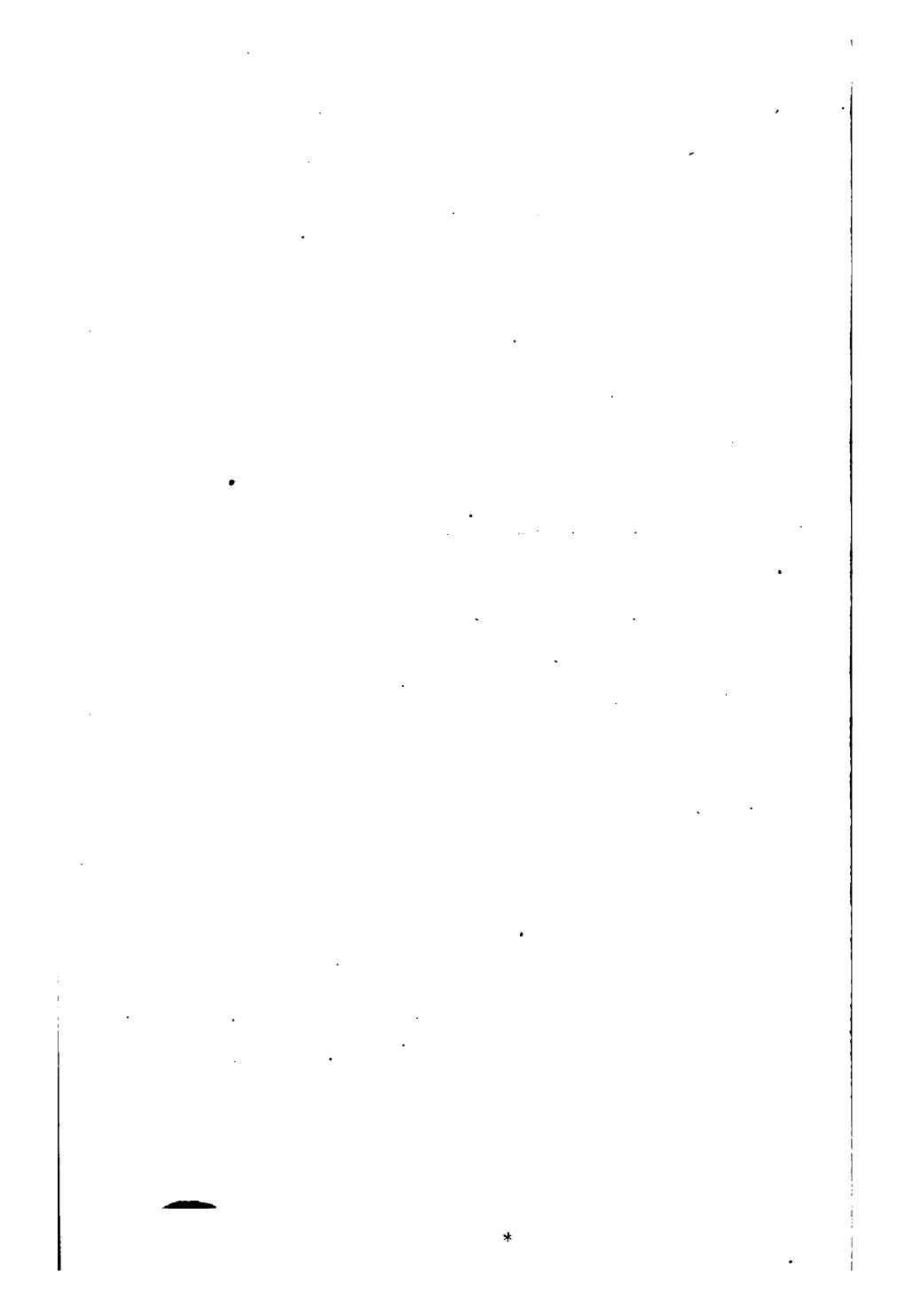
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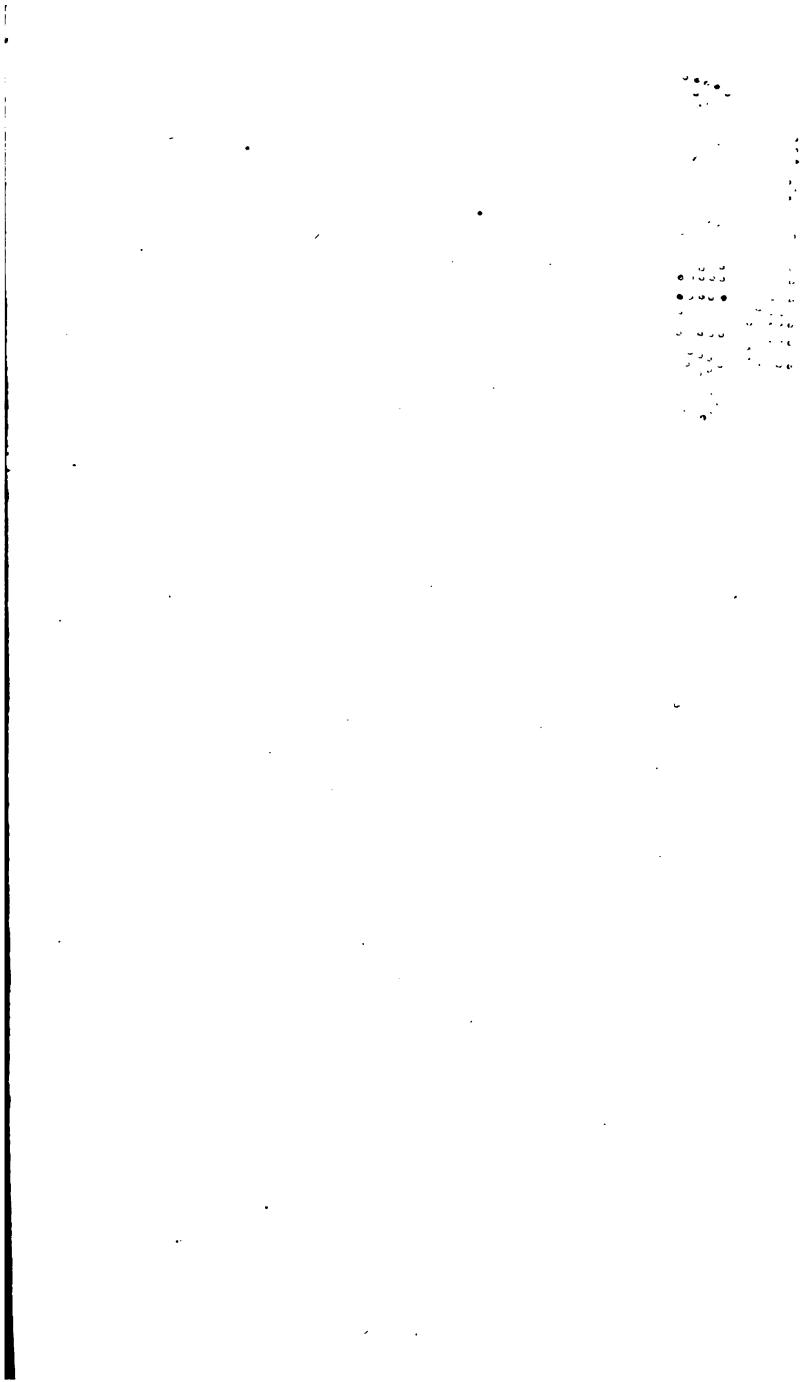
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LONGFELLOW'S
POETICAL WORKS

AUTHOR'S COPYRIGHT EDITION







EVANGELINE.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

*WITH 83 ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.,
AND OTHER ARTISTS*



LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE MASS.

AUTHOR'S COPYRIGHT EDITION

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL
NEW YORK: 9, LAFAYETTE PLACE

1883

953l
1883a

GIFT OF
A. F. MORRISON

THE AUTHOR'S COPYRIGHT EDITION
OF
THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

This edition contains not only every poem printed in any
other edition issued in England, but

86 COPYRIGHT POEMS

which can *only be found* in the Author's Copyright Edition,
published by

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CONTENTS.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT (1839).

	PAGE		PAGE
Prelude	1	The light of Stars	5
Hymn to the Night	3	The Beleaguered City	5
A Psalm of Life	3	Flowers	6
Footsteps of Angels	3	Midnight Mass for the Dying Year	7
The Reaper and the Flowers	5	L'Envoi	8

EARLIER POEMS.

An April Day	9	The Spirit of Poetry	11
Autumn	9	Sunrise on the Hills	13
Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem	11	Woods in Winter	13
		Burial of the Minnisink	15

BALLADS (1842).

The Skeleton in Armour	15	The Wreck of the Hesperus	18
The Luck of Edenhall	17	The Elected Knight	20

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS (1841, 1846, 1858).

The Village Blacksmith	21	To the River Charles	24
Endymion	22	Blind Bartimeus	25
The Two Locks of Hair	22	The Goblet of Life	25
God's-Acre	23	Maidenhood	26
It is not always May	24	Excelsior	27
The Rainy Day	24		

POEMS ON SLAVERY (1843).

To William E. Channing	28	The Slave Singing at Midnight	30
The Slave's Dream	28	The Witnesses	30
The Slave in the Dismal Swamp	29	The Quadroon Girl	30
The Good Part	29	The Warning	31

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES, AND OTHER POEMS (1845).

Carillon	31	To a Child	38
The Belfry of Bruges	32	The Norman Baron	40
A Gleam of Sunshine	33	Rain in Summer	42
Nuremberg	34	The Bridge	43
The Occultation of Orion	36	To the Driving Cloud	43
The Arsenal at Springfield	37	Curfew	44

CONTENTS.

THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE (1849).

	PAGE		PAGE
Dedication	45	The Builders	55
By THE SEASIDE.		Sand of the Desert in an Hour-Glass	55
The Building of the Ship	46	The Open Window	57
The Evening Star	50	Pegasus in Pound	57
The Secret of the Sea	51	King Witlaf's Drinking-Horn	57
Twilight	51	Tegner's Death	59
Sir Humphrey Gilbert	51	Gaspar Becerra	59
The Lighthouse	52	The Singers	60
The Fire of Driftwood	53	Suspiria	61
By THE FIRESIDE.		Hymn	61
Resignation	53		

TRANSLATIONS.

The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille	61 A Christmas Carol	70
---	----------------------------------	----

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE (1847).

Part the First	72 Part the Second	88
--------------------------	--------------------------------	----

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH (1858).

i. Miles Standish	105	vi. Priscilla	120
ii. Love and Friendship	107	vii. The March of Miles Standish	121
iii. The Lover's Errand	109	viii. The Spinning-wheel	124
iv. John Alden	114	ix. The Wedding-day	126
v. The Sailing of the May-flower	116		

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA (1842).

i. The Peace-Pipe	130	xiii. Blessing the Corn-fields	161
ii. The Four Winds	132	xiv. Picture-writing	164
iii. Hiawatha's Childhood	134	xv. Hiawatha's Lamentation	166
iv. Hiawatha and Mudjekeewis	137	xvi. Pau-puk-Keeewis	168
v. Hiawatha's Fasting	140	xvii. The Hunting of Pau-puk-Keeewis	170
vi. Hiawatha's Friends	143	xviii. The Death of Kwasind	174
vii. Hiawatha's Sailing	145	xix. The Ghosts	175
viii. Hiawatha's Fishing	146	xx. The Famine	177
ix. Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather	146	xxi. The White Man's Foot	179
x. Hiawatha's Wooing	151	xxii. Hiawatha's Departure	181
xi. Hiawatha's Wedding Feast	155	Vocabulary to Hiawatha	184
xii. The Son of the Evening Star	158		

THE SPANISH STUDENT (1843)	186
--------------------------------------	-----

JUDAS MACCABÆUS (1872)	229
----------------------------------	-----

TRANSLATIONS.

Coplas de Manrique	241	The Grave	252
The Good Shepherd	246	The Happiest Land	252
The Image of God	247	King Christian	254
To-morrow	248	The Wave	254
The Native Land	248	The Dead	254
The Brook	248	The Bird and the Ship	254
The Celestial Pilot	248	Whither	255
The Térestrial Paradise	249	The Castle by the Sea	255
Beatrice	250	Song of the Bell	256
Spring	250	The Black Knight	256
The Child Asleep	252	Beware !	256

CONTENTS.

TRANSLATIONS—continued.

	PAGE		PAGE
Song of the Silent Land	258	On the Terrace of the Aigalades	294
The Children of the Lord's Supper	258	To my Brooklet	294
The Hemlock Tree	265	Barèges	294
Annie of Tharaw	266	Forsaken	295
The Sea hath its Pearls	267	Allah	295
The Legend of the Crossbill	267	Cantos from Dante's Paradiso	295
The Statue over the Cathedral Door	268	Beowulf's Expedition to Heort	295
Poetic Aphorisms	268	The Soul's Complaint against the Body	295
The Fugitive	268	Frithiof's Homestead	295
The Siege of Kazan	269	Frithiof's Temptation	295
The Boy and the Brook	270	Silent Love	296
To the Stork	270	Childhood	296
Consolation	270	Death of Archbishop Turpin	296
To Cardinal Richelieu	271	Rondel	296
The Angel and the Child	271	Rondel	296
To Italy	272	Renouveau	296
Wanderer's Night Songs	272	The Nature of Love	296
Remorse	272	Friar Lubin	296
Santa Teresa's Book-mark	272	Blessed are the Dead	296
Virgil's First Eclogue	289	Song (from the Spanish)	296
Ovid in Exile	291	Song (from the Portuguese)	296

SONGS.

Seaweed	273	To an old Danish Song book	274
The Day is Done	273	Drinking Song	276
Afternoon in February	274	The Old Clock on the Stairs	276
Walter Von Der Vogelweid	274	The Arrow and the Song	277

SONNETS.

The Evening Star	277	The Sound of the Sea	281
Autumn	278	A Summer Day by the Sea	281
Dante	278	The Tides	282
Three Friends of Mine	278	A Shadow	282
Shakespeare	279	A Nameless Grave	282
Chaucer	279	Sleep	282
Milton	280	The Old Bridge at Florence	283
Keats	281	Il Ponte Vecchio di Firenze	283
The Galaxy	281		

SONNETS (1878).

Nature	283	The Two Rivers	286
In the Churchyard at Tarrytown	283	Boston	287
Eliot's Oak	284	St. John's, Cambridge	287
The Descent of the Muses	284	Moods	287
Venice	284	Woodstock Park	287
The Poets	284	The Four Princesses at Wilna	288
Parker Cleveland	285	Holidays	288
The Harvest Moon	285	Wapentake	288
To the River Rhone	285	The Broken Oar	288
The Three Silences of Molinos	285		

SEVEN SONNETS AND A CANZONE,

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

I. The Artist	295	v. To Vittoria Colonna	296
II. Fire	295	vi. To Vittoria Colonna	296
III. Youth and Age	296	vii. Dante	297
IV. Old Age	296	viii. Canzone	297

CONTENTS.

SONNET.

On Mrs. Kemble's Readings from Shakespeare	PAGE • 297
--	---------------

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN (1863).

PART FIRST.

Prelude.—The Wayside Inn	298
The Landlord's Tale.—Paul Revere's Ride	301
Interlude	304
The Student's Tale.—The Falcon of Ser Federigo	305
Interlude	309
The Spanish Jew's Tale.—The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi	309
Interlude	311
The Sicilian's Tale.—King Robert of Sicily	311
Interlude	315
The Musician's Tale.—The Saga of King Olaf	
I. The Challenge of Thor	315
II. King Olaf's Return	315
III. Thora of Rimol	316
IV. Queen Sigrid the Haughty	317
V. The Skerry of Shrieks	318
VI. The Wraith of Odin	319
VII. Iron-Beard	320
VIII. Gudrun	321
IX. Thangbrand the Priest	321
X. Raud the Strong	322
XI. Bishop Sigurd at Salten Fjord	322
XII. King Olaf's Christmas	323
XIII. The Building of the Long Serpent	324
XIV. The Crew of the Long Serpent	325
XV. A Little Bird in the Air	326
XVI. Queen Thyri and the Angelica Stalks	326
XVII. King Svend of the Forked Beard	327
XVIII. King Olaf and Earl Sigvard	329
XIX. King Olaf's War-Horns	329
XX. Einar Tamberskelver	330
XXI. King Olaf's Death-Drink	330
XXII. The Nun of Nidaros	331
Interlude	332
The Theologian's Tale.—Torquemada	333
Interlude	337

The Poet's Tale—The Birds of Killingworth	337
Finale	341

PART SECOND.

Prelude	341
The Sicilian's Tale.—The Bell of Atri	343
Interlude	344
The Spanish Jew's Tale.—Kamalau	345
Interlude	346
The Student's Tale.—The Cobbler of Hagenau	346
Interlude	349
The Musician's Tale.—The Ballad of Carmilhan	350
Interlude	353
The Poet's Tale.—Lady Wentworth	354
Interlude	356
The Theologian's Tale.—The Legend Beautiful	357
Interlude	358
The Student's Second Tale.—The Baron of St. Castine	358

PART THIRD (1873).

Prelude	362
The Spanish Jew's Tale.—Azrael	363
Interlude	364
The Poet's Tale.—Charlemagne	364
Interlude	365
The Student's Tale.—Emma and Eginhard	366
Interlude	369
The Theologian's Tale.—Elizabeth	370
Interlude	374
The Sicilian's Tale.—The Monk of Casal-Maggiore	375
Interlude	379
The Spanish Jew's Second Tale.—Scanderbeg	380
Interlude	381
The Musician's Tale.—The Mother's Ghost	382
Interlude	383
The Landlord's Tale.—The Rhyme of Sir Christopher	384
Finale	386

THE GOLDEN LEGEND (1851).

PROLOGUE

I. i. The Castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine	387
ii. Courtyard of the Castle	387
III. i. A Farm in the Odenwald	391
ii. A Room in the Farm-House	395
iii. Elsie's Chamber	397
iv. The Chamber of Gottlieb and Ursula	397

v. A Village Church	399
vi. A Room in the Farm-House	403
vii. In the Garden	403
III. i. A Street in Strasburg	404
ii. Square in Front of the Cathedral	406
iii. In the Cathedral	408
iv. The Nativity. A Miracle-Play	409

CONTENTS.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND—*continued.*

THE GOLDEN LEGEND—continued.	PAGE	PAGE	
IV.			
I. The Road to Hirschau	414	III. The St. Gotthard Pass	428
II. The Convent of Hirschau	415	IV. At the Foot of the Alps	429
III. The Scriptorium	416	V. The Inn at Genoa	431
IV.		VI. At Sea	432
I. The Cloisters	418	VI.	
II. The Chapel	419	I. The School of Salerno	432
III. The Refectory	420	II. The Cottage in the Odenwald	436
IV. The Neighbouring Nunnery	423	III. The Castle of Vautsburg	439
V.		EPILOGUE	440
I. A Covered Bridge at Lucerne	426	SECOND INTERLUDE. Martin Luther	441
II. The Devil's Bridge	427		

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

FLIGHT THE FIRST.		
Prometheus, or the Poet's Fore-thought	443	
The Ladder of St. Augustine	444	
The Phantom Ship	444	
The Warden of the Cinque Ports	445	
Haunted Houses	447	
In the Churchyard of Cambridge	447	
The Emperor's Bird's Nest	448	
The Two Angels	448	
Daylight and Moonlight	449	
The Jewish Cemetery at Newport	450	
Oliver Basselin	451	
Victor Galbraith	452	
My Lost Youth	452	
The Ropewalk	453	
The Golden Milestone	454	
Catawba Wine	456	
The Discoverer of the North Cape	456	
Santa Filomena	458	
Daybreak	459	
The Fiftieth Birthday of Agassiz	459	
Children	460	
Sandalphon	460	
Birds of Passage	461	
FLIGHT THE SECOND.		
The Children's Hour	461	
Enceladus	462	
Weariness	462	
The Cumberland	463	
A Day of Sunshine	464	
Something Left Undone	464	
Snow-flakes	464	
FLIGHT THE THIRD (1873).		
Fata Morgana	465	
The Haunted Chamber	466	
The Meeting	466	
Vox Populi	466	
The Castle-BUILDER.	467	
Changed	467	
The Challenge	467	
The Brook and the Wave	468	
From the Spanish Cancioneros	468	
Aftermath	469	
Epimetheus, or the Poet's After-thought	469	
FLIGHT THE FOURTH (1875).		
Charles Sumner	470	
Travels by the Fireside	470	
Cadenabbia	471	
Monte Cassino	471	
Amalfi	473	
The Sermon of St. Francis	474	
Belisarius	474	
Songo River	475	
FLIGHT THE FIFTH (1878).		
The Herons of Elmwood	476	
A Dutch Picture	477	
Castles in Spain	477	
Vittoria Colonna	478	
The Revenge of Rain-in-the-Face	479	
To the River Yvette	480	
The Emperor's Glove	480	
A Ballad of the French Fleet	480	
The Leap of Roushan Beg	481	
Haroun al Raschid	482	
King Trisanuk	482	
A Wraith in the Mist	482	
The Three Kings	482	
Song	484	
The White Czar	484	
Delia	485	

FLOWER-DE-LUCE (1866).

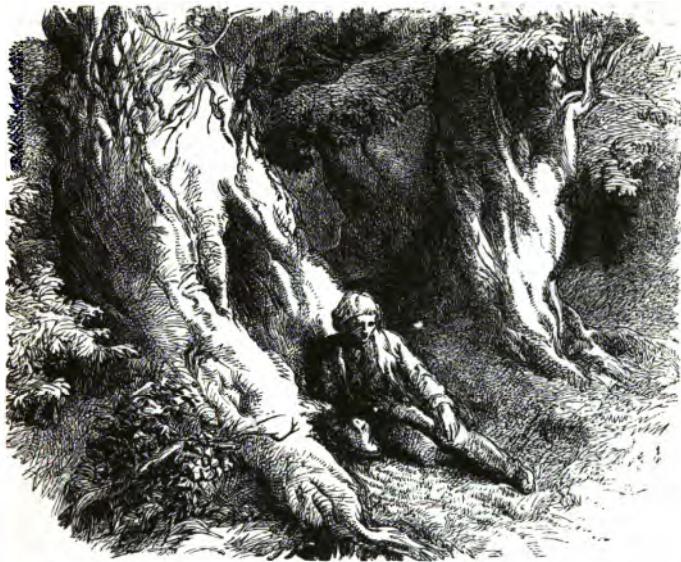
Flower-de-Luce	485	Killed at the Ford	491
Palingenesis	486	Giotto's Tower	491
The Bridge of Cloud	487	To-Morrow	491
Hawthorne	488	Divina Commedia	492
Christmas Bells	488	Noël	493
The Wind over the Chimney	489	My Secret	494
The Bells of Lynn	490		

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA (1875) 494

HANGING OF THE CRANE (1874) 505

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
KÉRAMOS (1878)			512
The Chamber over the Gate	517	Garfield	518
The Burial of the Poet	518	Hermes Trismegistus	519
Helen of Tyre	518	Mad River	520
ULTIMA THULE (1880).			
Dedication	521	The Sifting of Peter	525
Bayard Taylor	522	Maiden and Weathercock	526
Jugurtha	522	The Windmill	526
From my Arm-chair	522	The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls	526
The Iron Pen	523	My Cathedral	527
Robert Burns	524	Night	527
Elegiac	524	The Poet and his Songs	527
Old St. David's at Radnor	525		
IN THE HARBOUR.			
Becalmed	528	A Fragment	535
The Poet's Calendar	528	The Bells of San Blas	535
Auf Wiedersehen	530	Prelude	536
The Children's Crusade	530	From the French	536
The City and the Sea	531	The Wine of Jurançon	536
Sundown	532	At La Chaudeau	536
Decoration Day	532	A Quiet Life	537
Chimes	532	Loss and Gain	537
Four by the Clock	533	Autumn Within	537
The Four Lakes of Madison	533	Victor and Vanquished	537
Moonlight	533	Memories	538
To the Avon	533	My Books	538
Elegiac Verse	534	Possibilities	538
JUVENILE POEMS.			
Thanksgiving	539	The Sea Diver	546
Autumnal Nightfall	540	Musings	546
Italian Scenery	541	Song	547
The Lunatic Girl	542	Two Sonnets from the Spanish of Francisco de Medrano	547
The Venetian Gondolier	543	Agassiz	548
Dirge over a Nameless Grave	544	Inscription on the Shanklin Foun- tain	548
A Song of Savoy	544	Columbus	548
The Indian Hunter	544		
Jeckoyva	545		



LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Voices of the Night.

1839.

Πότνια, πότνια νύξ,
ὑπνοδότερα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,
ἐρεβόθεν ιδε· μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος

'Αγαμεμνόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον'
ὑπὸ γαρ ἀλγέον, ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς
διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα. EURIPIDES.

P R E L U D E.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;
Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above,

I

But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves
Underneath whose sloping eaves,
The shadows hardly move.
Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—

B

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

A slumberous sound, a sound that
brings
The feelings of a dream,
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapsed in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea ;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quelled ;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

And, loving still these quaint old
themes,
Even in the city's throng
I feel the freshness of the streams,
That, crossed by shades and sunny
gleams,
Water the green land of dreams,
The holy land of song.

Therefore, at Pentecost, which brings
The spring, clothed like a bride,
When nesting buds unfold their
wings,
And bishop-s-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low and
mild ;
It was a sound of joy !
They were my playmates when a
child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild !
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
" Come, be a child once more ! "
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow ;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar, —

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere !
Nature with folded hands seemed
there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer !
Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
Of tall and sombreous pines ;
Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
And, where the sunshine darted
through,
Spread a vapour soft and blue,
In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lisps of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood ! Stay, oh stay !
Ye were so sweet and wild !
And distant voices seemed to say,
" It cannot be ! They pass away !
Other themes demand thy lay :
Thou art no more a child !

" The land of Song within thee lies,
Watered by living springs ;
The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings.

" Learn, that henceforth thy song
shall be,
Not mountains capped with snow,
Nor forests sounding like the sea,
Nor rivers flowing ceaselessly,
Where the woodlands bend to see
The bending heavens below.

" There is a forest where the din
Of iron branches sounds !
A mighty river roars between,
And whosoever looks therein
Sees the heavens all black with sin,
Sees not its depths, nor bounds.

" Athwart the swinging branches cast,
Soft rays of sunshine pour ;
Then comes the fearful wintry blast ;
Our hopes, like withered leaves, fall
fast ;
Pallid lips say, ' It is past !
We can return no more ! '

" Look then into thine heart, and
write !
Yes, into Life's deep stream !
All forms of sorrow and delight,
All solemn Voices of the Night,
That can soothe thee, or affright, —
Be these henceforth thy theme."

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

'Ασπασίη, τριλλιστος.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls !
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls !
I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above ;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.
I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.
From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose ;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.
O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before !
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.
Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for,
the most fair,
The best-beloved Night !

A PSALM OF LIFE.
WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.
TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
" Life is but an empty dream ! "
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
" Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.
Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating Funeral marches to the grave.
In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !
Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead.
Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.
Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;
Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlour wall ;
Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;
He, the young and strong, who
cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life !



They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more !

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died !

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.
"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he;
"Have nought but the bearded grain?"
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."
He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves ;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.
"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled :
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.
They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."
And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day ;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;
And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
Drops down behind the sky.
There is no light in earth or heaven,
But the cold light of stars ;
And the first watch of night is given
To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams ? .
O no ! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armour gleams.
And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.
O star of strength ! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain ;
Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand,
And I am strong again.
Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars ;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.
The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.
And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.
O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

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### THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous tale,  
Some legend strange and vague,  
That a midnight host of spectres pale  
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.  
Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
With the wan moon overhead,  
There stood, as in an awful dream,  
The army of the dead.  
White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
The spectral camp was seen,  
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
The river flowed between.  
No other voice nor sound was there,  
No drum, nor sentry's pace ;  
The mist-like banners clasped the air,  
As clouds with clouds embrace.  
But, when the old cathedral bell,  
Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
The white pavilions rose and fell  
On the alarm'd air.

*LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.*

Down the broad valley, fast and far,  
The troubled army fled ;  
Up rose the glorious morning star,  
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvellous heart of  
man,  
That strange and mystic scroll,  
That an army of phantoms, vast and  
wan,  
Beleaguer the human soul.  
Encamped beside Life's rushing  
In Fancy's misty light, [stream,  
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
Portentous through the night.  
Upon its midnight battle-ground  
The spectral camp is seen,

And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,  
In the army of the grave ;  
No other challenge breaks the air,  
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church  
bell  
Entreats the soul to pray,  
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
The shadows sweep away.  
Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
The spectral camp is fled ;  
Faith shineth as a morning star,  
Our ghastly fears are dead.



**FLOWERS.**

SPEAK full well, in language quaint  
and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled  
Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue  
and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do  
- shine.  
Stars they are, wherein we read our  
history,  
As astrologers and seers of old ;

Yet not wrapped about with awful  
mystery,  
Like the burning stars, which they  
beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as  
wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars  
above ;  
But not less in the bright flowerets  
under us  
Stands the revelation of his love,

## VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
Written all over this great world of ours ;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the self-same, universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay ;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;  
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;  
Workings are they of the self-same powers,  
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'er-flowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn ;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
And in Summer's green emblazoned field,  
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,  
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,  
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers ;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection  
We behold their tender buds expand ;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

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MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR.

YES, the year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared !
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely,—sorely !

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow ;
Caw ! caw ! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe !

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll ;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, " Pray for this poor soul,
Pray,—Pray ! "

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
Tell their beads in drops of rain,
And patter their doleful prayers ;
But their prayers are all in vain,
All in vain !

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,



Crowned with wild flowers and with
heather,
Like weak, despiséd Lear,
A king,—a king !

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice !
His joy ! his last ! O, the old man
gray
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,—
To the voice gentle and low
Of the soft air, like a daughter's
breath,—
“ Pray do not mock me so !
Do not laugh at me ! ”

And now the sweet day is dead ;
Cold in his arms it lies ;
No stain from its breath is spread
Over the glassy skies,
No mist or stain !

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
“ Vex not his ghost ! ”

Then comes, with an awful roar,
Gathering and sounding on,
The storm-wind from Labrador,
The wind Euroclydon,
The storm-wind !

Howl ! howl ! and from the forest
Sweep the red leaves away !
Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
O Soul ! could thus decay,
And be swept away !

For there shall come a mighty blast,
There shall be a darker day ;
And the stars from heaven down-cast,
Like red leaves be swept away !
Kyrie, eleyon !
Christe, eleyon !

~~~~~  
L'ENVOL.

YE voices, that arose  
After the Evening's close,  
And whispered to my restless heart  
repose !  
Go, breathe it in the ear  
Of all who doubt and fear,  
And say to them, “ Be of good  
cheer ! ”

## EARLIER POEMS.

Ye sounds, so low and calm,  
That in the groves of balm  
Seemed to me like an angel's psalm !

Go, mingle yet once more  
With the perpetual roar  
Of the pine forest, dark and hoar !

Tongues of the dead, not lost,  
But speaking from death's frost,  
Like fiery tongues at Pentecost !

Glimmer, as funeral lamps,  
Amid the chills and damps  
Of the vast plain where Death en-  
camps !

## Earlier Poems.

[WRITTEN FOR THE MOST PART DURING MY COLLEGE LIFE, AND ALL  
OF THEM BEFORE THE AGE OF NINETEEN.]

### AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun that brings  
Seed-time and harvest, has returned  
again,  
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where  
springs

The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,  
When forest glades are teeming with  
bright forms,  
Nor dark and many-folded clouds  
foretell

The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould  
The sapling draws its sustenance and  
thrives ;  
Though stricken to the heart with  
Winter's cold,  
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song  
Comes from the pleasant woods, and  
coloured wings  
Glance quick in the bright sun, that  
moves along  
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills  
The silver woods with light, the green  
slope throws  
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,  
And wide the upland glows.

And when the eve is born,  
In the blue lake the sky, o'er-reaching  
far,  
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips  
her horn,  
And twinkles many'a star.

Inverted in the tide,  
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling  
shadows throw ;  
And the fair trees look over, side by  
side,  
And see themselves below.

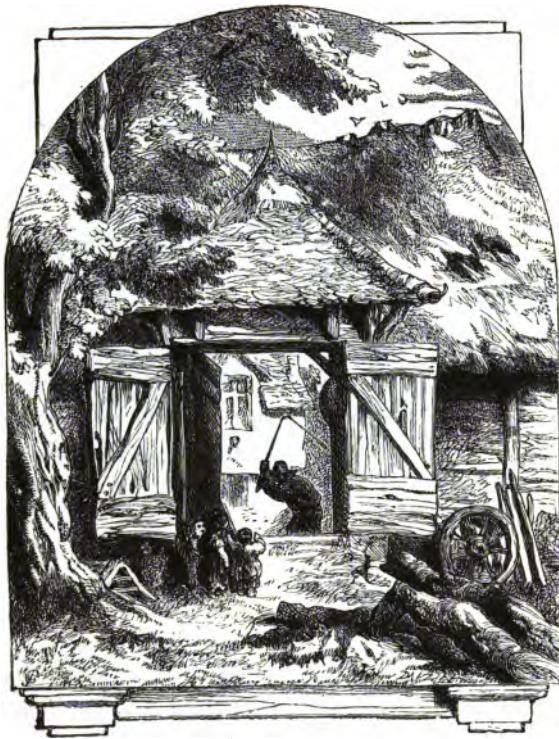
Sweet April!—many a thought  
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are  
wed ;  
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn  
brought,  
Life's golden fruit is shed.



### AUTUMN.

WITH what a glory comes and  
goes the year !  
The buds of spring, those beautiful  
harbingers  
Of sunny skies, and cloudless times,  
enjoy  
Life's newness, and earth's garniture  
spread out.  
And when the silver habit of the  
clouds  
Comes down upon the autumn sun,  
and with  
A sober gladness the old year takes up  
His high inheritance of golden fruits,  
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid  
scene.

There is a beautiful spirit breathing  
now  
Its mellow richness on the clustered  
trees,  
And, from a beaker, full of richest  
dyes,



Pouring new glory on the autumn woods,  
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.  
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,  
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales  
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,  
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life  
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,  
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,  
Where Autumn, like a faint old man,  
sits down

By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees  
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,  
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,  
A winter bird, comes with its plaintive whistle,  
And peeks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud  
From cottage roofs the warbling bluebird sings,  
And merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,  
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

O what a glory doth this world put on

## EARLIER POEMS.

For him who, with a fervent heat,  
goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and  
looks  
On duties well performed, and days  
well spent !  
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow  
leaves,  
Shall have a voice and give him elo-  
quent teachings.  
He shall so hear the solemn hymn,  
that Death  
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go  
To his long resting-place without a  
tear

### HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS OF BETHLEHEM.

#### AT THE CONSECRATION OF PU- LASKI'S BANNER.

WHEN the dying flame of day  
Through the chancel shot its ray,  
Far the glimmering tapers shed  
Faint light on the cowled head ;  
And the censer burning swung,  
Where, before the altar, hung  
The blood-red banner, that with  
prayer  
Had been consecrated there,  
And the nun's sweet hymn was heard  
the while,  
Sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner ! May it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave ;  
When the battle's distant wail  
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,  
When the clarion's music thrills  
To the hearts of these lone hills,  
When the spear in conflict shakes,  
And the strong lance shivering  
breaks.

"Take thy banner ! and, beneath  
The battle-cloud's encircling  
wreath,  
Guard it !—till our homes are  
free !  
Guard it !—God will prosper  
thee !  
In the dark and trying hour,  
In the breaking forth of power,  
In the rush of steeds and men,  
His right hand will shield thee  
then,

II.

"Take thy banner ! But, when  
night  
Closes round the ghastly fight,  
If the vanquished warrior bow,  
Spare him !—By our holy vow,  
By our prayers and many tears,  
By the mercy that endears,  
Spare him !—he our love hath  
shared !  
Spare him !—as thou wouldst be  
spared !  
"Take thy banner !—and if e'er  
Thou shouldst press the soldier's  
bier,  
And the muffled drums should  
beat  
To the tread of mournful feet  
Then this crimson flag shall be  
Martial cloak and shroud for  
thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,  
And it was his martial cloak and  
shroud !

### THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,  
That dwells where'er the gentle south  
wind blows ;  
Where, underneath the white-thorn,  
in the glade,  
The wild flowers bloom, or, kissing  
the soft air,  
The leaves above their sunny palms  
outspread.  
With what a tender and impassioned  
voice  
It fills the nice and delicate ear of  
thought,  
When the fast-ushering star of Morn-  
ing comes  
O'er-riding the gray hills with golden  
scarf ;  
Or when the cowled and dusky-  
sandaled Eve,  
In mourning weeds, from out the  
western gate,  
Departs with silent pace ! That  
spirit moves  
In the green valley, where the silver  
brook,  
From its full laver, pours the white  
cascade ;  
And, babbling low amid the tangled  
woods,



Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.  
And frequent, on the everlasting hills,  
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself  
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,  
And shouts the stern, strong wind.  
And here, amid  
The silent majesty of these deep woods,  
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,  
As to the sunshine and the pure bright air  
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards  
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.  
For them there was an eloquent voice in all

The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,  
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,  
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle wings,—  
The swelling upland, where the side-long sun [goes,—  
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening,  
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,  
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and and sunny vale,  
The distant lake, fountains,—and mighty trees,  
In many a lazy syllable, repeating Their old poetic legends to the wind.  
And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill  
The world; and, in these wayward days of youth,

## EARLIER POEMS.

My busy fancy oft embodies it,  
As a bright image of the light and  
beauty  
That dwell in nature,—of the heavenly  
forms  
We worship in our dreams, and the  
soft hues  
That stain the wild bird's wing, and  
flush the clouds  
When the sun sets. Within her eye  
The heaven of April, with its chang-  
ing light,  
And when it wears the blue of May, is  
hung,  
And on her lip the rich, red rose.  
Her hair  
Is like the summer tresses of the trees,  
When twilight makes them brown,  
and on her cheek  
Blushes the richness of an autumn  
sky,  
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her  
breath,  
It is so like the gentle air of spring,  
As, from the morning's dewy flowers,  
it comes  
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy  
To have it round us,—and her silver  
voice  
Is the rich music of a summer bird,  
Heard in the still night, with its  
passionate cadence.

~~~~~

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.
I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's
wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning
march,
And woods were brightened, and soft
gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me;—
bathed in light,
They gathered midway round the
wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle, with shifting
glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its
shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and
cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and
below

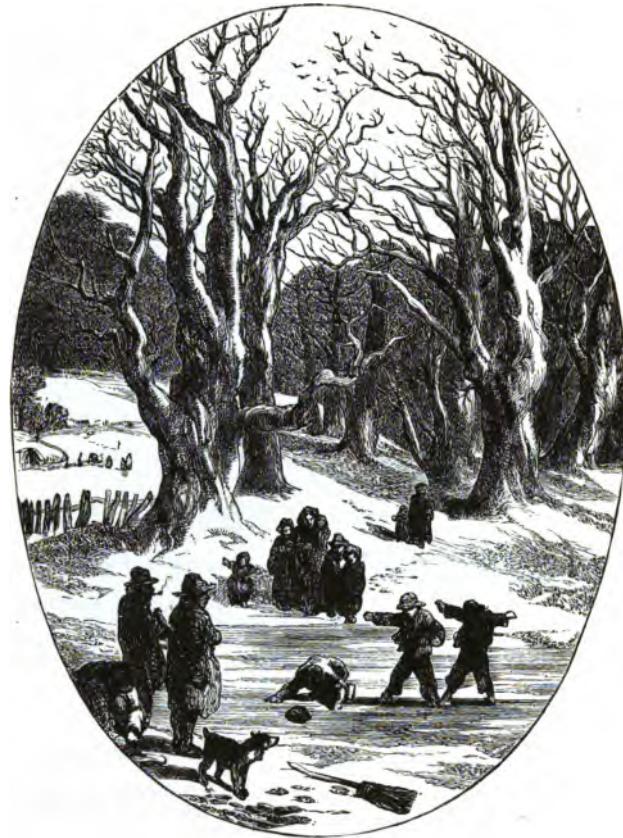
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Glowed the rich valley, and the river's
flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade;
Where upward, in the mellow blush
of day
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral
way.
I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,—
And richly, by the blue lake's silver
beach,
The woods were bending with a silent
reach.
Then o'er the vale, with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills;
And the wild horn, whose voice the
woodland hills,
Was ringing to the merry shout
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot,
thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from
the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldest
forget,
If thou wouldest read a lesson, that
will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul
from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature
wears.

WOODS IN WINTER.

WHEN Winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows
the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale.
O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert
woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely
play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.
Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.



Where, from their frozen urns, mute
springs
Pour out the river's gradual tide,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas ! how changed from the fair
scene,
When birds sang out their mellow [lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were
green,
And the song ceased not with the

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods ! within your
crowd ;
And gathering winds, in hoarse ac-
cord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds ! my ear
Has grown familiar with your
song ;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

BALLADS.

BURIAL OF THE MINNISINK.

ON sunny slope and beechen swell
The shadowed light of evening fell ;
And, where the maple's leaf was
brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills. One cloud of
Around a far uplifted cone, [white,
In the warm blush of evening shone ;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening
stirred

The tall, gray forest ; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave,
To lay the red chief in his grave.

They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty snows had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head ;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons, made
For the hard toils of war, were laid ;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and
beads.

Before, a dark-haired virgin train
Chanted the death-dirge of the slain ;
Behind, the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

Stripped of his proud and martial
dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,
And heavy and impatient tread,
He came ; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

They buried the dark chief—they
freed
Beside the grave his battle-steed :
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart ! One piercing
neigh
Arose,—and on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again.

Ballads.

1842.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The following ballad was suggested to me while riding on the seashore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour ; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the old Windmill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors. Professor Rafn, in the *Mémoires de la Société Royal des Antiquaires du Nord*, for 1838-9, says,

"There is no mistaking in this instance the style in which the more ancient stone edifices of the North were constructed, the style which belongs to the Roman or Anti-Gothic architecture, and which, especially after the time of Charlemagne, diffused itself from Italy over the whole of the West and North of Europe, where it continued to predominate until the close of the twelfth century ; a style which some authors have, from one of its most striking characteristics, called the round arch style, the same which in England is denominated Saxon, and sometimes Norman architecture."

"On the ancient structure in Newport there are no ornaments remaining which might possibly have served to guide us in assigning the probable date of its erection. That no vestige whatever is found of the pointed arch, nor any approximation to it, is indicative of an earlier rather than of a later period. From such characteristics as remain, however, we can scarcely form any other inference than one, in which I am persuaded that all who are familiar with old Northern architecture will concur, THAT THIS BUILDING WAS ERECTED AT A PERIOD DECIDEDLY NOT LATER THAN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. This remark applies, of course, to the original building only, and not to the alterations that it subsequently received ; for there are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were most likely

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

occasioned by its being adapted in modern times to various uses; for example, as the substructure of a windmill, and latterly as a hay magazine. To the same tower may be referred the windows, the fireplace, and the apertures made above the columns. That this building could not have been erected for a windmill is what an architect will easily discern."

I will not enter into a discussion of the point. It is sufficiently well established for the purpose of a ballad, though doubtless many an honest citizen of Newport, who has passed his days within sight of the Round Tower, will be ready to exclaim with Sancho, "God bless me! did I not warn you to have a care of what you were doing, for that it was nothing but a windmill? and nobody could mistake it but ones who had the like in his head."

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Comest to daunt me!"

Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long Winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendour.

"I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

"Bright in her father's hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts walt
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

BALLADS.

" Scarce had I put to sea,
 Bearing the maid with me,—
 Fairest of all was she

Among the Norsemen!—
 When on the white-sea strand,
 Waving his arm'd hand,
 Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.

" Then launched they to the b'ast,
 Bent like a reed each mast,
 Yet we were gaining fast,

When the wind failed us ;
 And with a sudden flaw
 Came round the gusty Skaw,
 So that our foe we saw

Laugh as he hailed us.

" And as to catch the gale
 Round veered the flapping sail,
 Death I was the helmsman's hail,

Death without quarter !
 Mid-ships with iron keel
 Struck we her ribs of steel ;
 Down her black hulk did reel

Through the black water !

" As with his wings aslant,
 Sails the fierce cormorant,
 Seeking some rocky haunt,

With his prey laden ;
 So toward the open main,
 Beating to sea again,
 Through the wild hurricane,

Bore I the maiden.

" Three weeks we westward bore,
 And when the storm was o'er,
 Cloud-like we saw the shore

Stretching to leeward ;
 There for my lady's bower
 Built I the lofty tower,
 Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking seaward.

" There lived we many years ;
 Time dried the maiden's tears ;
 She had forgot her fears,

She was a mother;
 Death closed her mild blue eyes,
 Under that tower she lies ;
 Ne'er shall the sun arise

On such another !

" Still grew my bosom then,
 Still as a stagnant fen !
 Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful !

In the vast forest here,
 Clad in my warlike gear,
 Fell I upon my spear,
 O, death was grateful !

" Thus, seamed with many scars,
 Bursting these prison-bars,
 Up to its native stars

My soul ascended !
 There from the flowing bowl
 Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skoo! to the Northland ! *skoo!* ! *
 —Thus the tale ended.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL. FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

[The tradition upon which this ballad is founded, and the "shards of the Luck of Edenhall," still exist in England. The goblet is in the possession of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden Hall, Cumberland; and is not so entirely shattered as the ballad leaves it.]

Of Edenhall the youthful Lord
 Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;
 He rises at the banquet board,
 And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers
 all,

" Now bring me the Luck of Eden-
 hall ! "

The butler hears the words with pain,
 The house's oldest seneschal,
 Takes slow from its silken cloth again
 The drinking glass of crystal tall ;
 They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord : " This glass to
 praise,
 Fill with red wine from Portugal ! "
 The graybeard with trembling hand
 obeys ;
 A purple light shines over all,
 It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it
 light,
 " This glass of flashing crystal tall
 Gave to my sires the Fountain Sprite ;
 She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,
 Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall !*

" 'Twas right a goblet the Fate should
 be
 Of the joyous race of Edenhall !
 Deep draughts drink we right will-
 ingly ;
 And willingly ring, with merry call,
 Kling ! klang ! to the Luck of Eden-
 hall ! "

* In Scandinavia this is the customary salutation when drinking a health. I have slightly changed the orthography of the word, in order to preserve the correct pronunciation.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale ;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild ;
Then mutters at last like the thunder's
fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.
" For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;
It has lasted longer than is right ;
Kling ! clang !—with a harder blow
than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall ! "
As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;
And through the rift the wild flames
start ;
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall.
In storms the foe, with fire and
sword ;
He in the night had scaled the wall.
Slain by the sword lies the youthful
Lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.
On the morrow the bairn gropes
alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.
" The stone wall," saith he, " doth fall
aside,
Down must the stately columns fall ;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride ;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,
One day like the Luck of Edenhall ! "

THE WRECK OF THE
HESPERUS.

IT was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea ;
And the skipper had taken his little
daughter,
To bear him company.
Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn
buds
That ope in the month of May.
The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,

And he watched how the veering flaw
did blow
The smoke now West, now South.
Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
" I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.
" Last night, the moon had a golden
ring,
And to-night no moon we see ! "
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his
pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.
Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east :
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.
Down came the storm, and smote
arain
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a
frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.
" Come hither ! come hither ! my little
daughter,
And do not tremble so ;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."
He wrapped her warm in his seaman's
coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.
" O father ! I hear the church-bells
ring,
O say what may it be ? "
" Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound
coast ! "
And he steered for the open sea.
" O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say what may it be ? "
" Some ship in distress, that cannot
live
In such an angry sea ! "
" O father ! I see a gleaming light,
O say what may it be ? "
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.
Lashed to the helm, all stiff and s'ark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the
gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

BALLADS.



Then the maiden clasped her hands
and prayed

That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ who stilled
the wave

On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark
and drear,

Through the whistling sleet and
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towardsthe reef of Norman's Woe.

19

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her
bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the
crew
Like icicles from her deck.

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LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves,
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her sides,
Like the horns of an angry bull.
Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !
At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.
The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.
Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

~~~~~  
THE ELECTED KNIGHT.

FROM THE DANISH.

[The following strange and somewhat mystical ballad is from Nyerup and Rahbek's *Danske Viser* of the Middle Ages. It seems to refer to the first preaching of Christianity in the North, and to the institution of Knight-Errantry. The three maidens I suppose to be Faith, Hope, and Charity. The irregularities of the original have been carefully preserved in the translation.]

SIR OLUF he rideth over the plain,  
Full seven miles broad and seven miles wide,  
But never, ah never, can meet with the man  
A tilt with him dare ride.  
He saw under the hill-side  
A Knight full well equipped ;  
His steed was black, his helm was barred ;  
He was riding at full speed.

He wore upon his spurs  
Twelve little golden birds ;  
Anon he spurred his steed with a clang,  
And there sat all the birds and sang.

He wore upon his mail  
Twelve little golden wheels ;  
Anon in eddies the wild wind blew,  
And round and round the wheels they flew.

He wore before his breast  
A lance that was poised in rest ;  
And it was sharper than diamond-stone,  
It made Sir Oluf's heart to groan.

He wore upon his helm  
A wreath of ruddy gold ;  
And that gave him the Maidens Three,  
The youngest was fair to behold.

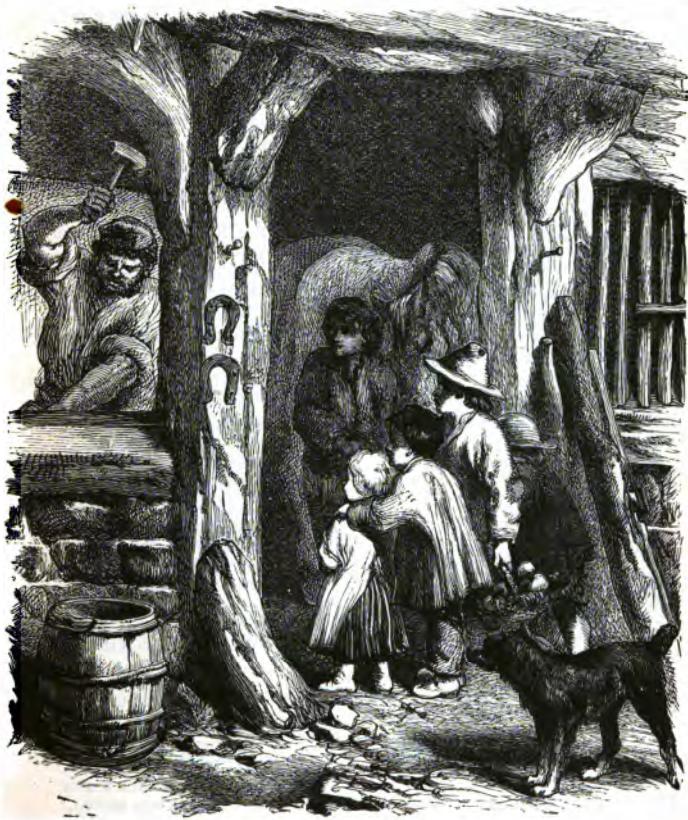
Sir Oluf questioned the Knight eft-soon  
If he were come from heaven down ;  
"Art thou Christ of Heaven," quoth he,  
"So will I yield me unto thee."

"I am not Christ the Great,  
Thou shalt not yield thee yet ;  
I am an Unknown Knight,  
Three modest maidens have me beguiled."

"Art thou a Knight elected,  
And have three Maidens thee bedight ;  
So shalt thou ride a tilt this day,  
For all the Maidens' honour !"

The first tilt they together rode  
They put their steeds to the test ;  
The second tilt they together rode,  
They proved their manhood best ;  
The third tilt they together rode,  
Neither of them would yield ;  
The fourth tilt they together rode,  
They both fell on the field.

Now lie the Lords upon the plain,  
And their blood runs unto death :  
Now sit the Maidens in the high tower,  
The youngest sorrows till death.



## Miscellaneous Poems.

1841, 1846, 1858.

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### THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands,  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands ;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

21

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan ;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow ;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.  
And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door ;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.  
He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And makes his heart rejoice.  
It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.  
Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees its close !  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.  
Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

~~~~~  
ENDYMION.

THE rising moon has hid the stars ;
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between.
And silver white the river gleams,
As if Diana, in her dreams,
Had dropt her silver bow
Upon the meadows low.
On such a tranquil night as this
She woke Endymion with a kiss,

When, sleeping in the grove,
He dreamed not of her love.
Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought ;
Nor voice, nor sound betrays
Its deep, impassioned gaze.

It comes,—the beautiful, the free,
The crown of all humanity,—
In silence and alone
To seek the elected one.

It lifts the boughs, whose shadows deep
Are Life's oblivion, the soul's sleep,
And kisses the closed eyes
Of him who slumbering lies.

O weary hearts ! O slumbering eyes !
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again !

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own :

Responds,—as if, with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings ;
And whispers, in its song,
" Where hast thou stayed so long ? "

~~~~~

THE TWO LOCKS OF HAIR.  
FROM THE GERMAN OF PFIZER.

A YOUTH, light-hearted and content,  
I wander through the world ;  
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,  
And straight again is furled.

Yet oft I dream, that once a wife  
Close in my heart was locked,  
And in the sweet repose of life  
A blessed child I rocked.

I wake ! Away that dream,—away !  
Too long did it remain !  
So long, that both by night and day  
It ever comes again.

The end lies ever in my thought ;  
To a grave so cold and deep  
The mother beautiful was brought ;  
Then dropt the child asleep.

Put now the dream is wholly o'er,  
I bathe mine eyes and see ; [more,  
And wander thro' the world once  
A youth so light and free.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Two locks—and they are wondrous  
Left me that vision mild ; [fair—  
The brown is from the mother's hair,  
The blond is from the child.

And when I see that lock of gold,  
Pale grows the evening-red ;  
And when the dark lock I behold,  
I wish that I were dead.



GOD'S-ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase  
which calls  
The burial-ground God's-Acre ! It  
is just ; [walls,  
It consecrates each grave within its  
And breathes a benison o'er the  
sleeping dust.

God's-Acre ! Yes, that blessed name  
imparts  
Comfort to those, who in the grave  
have sown [their hearts,  
The seed that they had garnered in  
Their bread of life—alas ! no more  
their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,  
In the sure faith that we shall rise  
again  
At the great harvest, when the arch-  
angel's blast  
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff  
and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal  
bloom,  
In the fair gardens of that second  
birth ;  
And each bright blossom mingle its  
perfume  
With that of flowers which never  
bloomed on earth.

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death,  
turn up the sod,  
And spread the furrow for the seed  
we sow ;  
This is the field and Acre of our God,  
This is the place where human har-  
vests grow !



### IT IS NOT ALWAYS MAY.

*No hay pájaros en los nidos de antaño.*  
—Spanish Proverb.

THE sun is bright,—the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The blue-bird prophesying Spring.  
So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where, waiting till the west wind  
blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.  
All things are new ;—the buds, the  
leaves,  
That gild the elm-tree's nodding  
crest,  
And even the nest beneath the eaves ;—  
There are no birds in last year's  
nest !  
All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fulness of their first delight !  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.  
Maiden, that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay ;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For O, it is not always May !  
Enjoy the Spring of Love and Youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest ;  
For Time will teach thee soon the  
truth,  
There are no birds in last year's  
nest !



### THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark, and  
dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
The vine still clings to the mouldering  
wall,  
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
My thoughts still cling to the moulder-  
ing Past,  
But the hopes of youth fall thick in  
the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.  
Be still, sad heart ! and cease repin-  
ing ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still  
shining ;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and  
dreary.

### TO THE RIVER CHARLES.

RIVER ! that in silence windest  
Through the meadows, bright and  
free,  
Till at length thy rest thou findest  
In the bosom of the sea !  
Four long years of mingled feeling,  
Half in rest, and half in strife,  
I have seen thy waters stealing,  
Onward, like the stream of life.  
Thou hast taught me, Silent River !  
Many a lesson, deep and long ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver ;  
I can give thee but a song.  
Oft in sadness and in illness  
I have watched thy current glide,  
Till the beauty of its stillness  
Overflowed me like a tide.  
And in better hours and brighter,  
When I saw thy waters gleam,  
I have felt my heart beat lighter,  
And leap onward with thy stream.  
Not for this alone I love thee,  
Nor because thy waves of blue  
From celestial seas above thee  
Take their own celestial hue.  
Where yon shadowy woodlands hide  
thee,  
And thy waters disappear,  
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,  
And have made thy margin dear.  
More than this ;—thy name reminds  
me  
Of three friends, all true and tried  
And that name, like magic, binds me  
Closer, closer to thy side.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Friends my soul with joy remembers !  
How like quivering flames they start,  
When I fan the living embers  
On the hearthstone of my heart !  
'Tis for this, thou Silent River !  
That my spirit leans to thee ;  
Thou hast been a generous giver,  
Take this idle song from me.

~~~~~  
BLIND BARTIMEUS.

BLIND Bartimeus at the gates
Of Jericho in darkness waits ;
He hears the crowd ;—he hears a breath
Say, "It is Christ of Nazareth !"
And calls, in tones of agony,
Ἴητοῦ, ἐλέγοντι με !
The thronging multitudes increase ;
Blind Bartimeus, hold thy peace !
But still, above the noisy crowd,
The beggar's cry is shrill and loud ;
Until they say, "He calleth thee !"
Θάρσει, ἔμειπα, φωνῇ οὐ !
Then saith the Christ, as silent stands
The crowd, "What wilt thou at my hands ?"
And he replies, "O give me light !
Rabbi, restore the blind man's sight !"
And Jesus answers, "*Υπάγε.*"
Ἡ πίστις σου σίεσκε οὐ !
Ye that have eyes, yet cannot see,
In darkness and in misery,
Recall those mighty Voices Three.
Ἴητοῦ, ἐλέγοντι με !
Θάρσει, ἔμειπα, φωνῇ οὐ !
Ἡ πίστις σου σίεσκε οὐ !

~~~~~

THE GOBLET OF LIFE.

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim ;  
And though my eyes with tears are dim,  
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,  
And chant a melancholy hymn  
With solemn voice and slow.  
No purple flowers, — no garlands green,  
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,  
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrate,  
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between  
Thick leaves of mistletoe.

25

This goblet, wrought with curious art,  
Is filled with waters, that upstart  
When the deep fountains of the heart,  
By strong convulsions rent apart,  
Are running all to waste.

And as it mantling passes round,  
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,  
[browned  
Whose seed and foliage sun-im-  
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,  
And give a bitter taste.

Above the lowly plants it towers,  
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,  
And in an earlier age than ours  
Was gifted with the wondrous powers,  
Lost vision to restore.

It gave new strength and fearless mood ;  
And gladiators, fierce and rude,  
Mingled it in their daily food ;  
And he who battled and subdued,  
A wreath of fennel wore.

Then in Life's goblet freely press  
The leaves that give it bitterness,  
Nor prize the coloured waters less,  
For in the darkness and distress  
New light and strength they give !

And he who has not learnt to know  
How false its sparkling bubbles show,  
How bitter are the drops of woe  
With which its brim may overflow,  
He has not learned to live.

The prayer of Ajax was for light ;  
Through all that dark and desperate fight,  
The blackness of that noonday night,  
He asked but the return of sight,  
To see his foeman's face.

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer  
Be, too, for light,—for strength to bear  
Our portion of the weight of care,  
That crushes into dumb despair  
One half the human race.

O suffering, sad humanity !  
O ye afflicted ones, who lie  
Steeped to the lips in misery,  
Longing, and yet afraid to die,  
Patient, though sorely tried !

I pledge you in this cup of grief,  
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf !  
The Battle of our Life is brief, [lief,—  
The alarm,—the struggle,—the re-  
Then sleep we side by side.



MAIDENHOOD.

MAIDEN ! with the meek brown eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies,  
Like the dusk in evening skies !

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,  
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,  
As the braided streamlets run !

Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet !

Gazing, with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance,  
On the river's broad expanse !

~ MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Deep and still, that gliding stream  
Beautiful to thee must seem,  
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with undecision,  
When bright angels in thy vision  
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,  
As the dove, with startled eye,  
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,  
That our ears perceive no more,  
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O, thou child of many prayers!  
Life hath quicksands,—Life hath  
snares!

Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,  
Morning rises into noon,  
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where  
slumbered  
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—  
Age, the bough with snows encum-  
bered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,  
When the young heart overflows,  
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;  
Gates of brass cannot withstand  
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O, that dew, like balm, shall steal  
Into wounds, that cannot heal,  
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine dart  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art.

~~~~~

EXCELSIOR !

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its
sheath,

And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and
bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not the Pass!" the old man
said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and
wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and
rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered
branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-
night.
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

Poems on Slavery.

1843.

[The following Poems, with one exception, were written at sea, in the latter part of October. I had not then heard of Dr. Channing's death. Since that event the poem addressed to him is no longer appropriate. I have decided, however, to let it remain as it was written, a feeble testimony of my admiration for a great and good man.]

TO WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

THE pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
"Servant of God! well done!"

Well done! Thy words are great and bold;
At times they seem to me,
Like Luther's, in the days of old,
Half-battles for the free.

Go on, until this land revokes
The old and chartered Lie,
The feudal curse, whose whips and yokes
Insult humanity.

A voice is ever at thy side
Speaking in tones of might,
Like the prophetic voice, that cried
To John in Patmos, "Write!"

Write! and tell out this bloody tale;
Record this dire eclipse,
This Day of Wrath, this Endless Wail,
This dread Apocalypse.



THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.
Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,

They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel.

Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,

Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds

Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,

Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,

With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled

At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

POEMS ON SLAVERY.



THE SLAVE IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The hunted Negro lay ;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp
And a bloodhound's distant bay.
Where will-o'-the-wisps and glow-worms shine,
In bulrush and in brake ;
Where waving mosses shroud the pine,
And the cedar grows, and the poisonous
Is spotted like the snake ;
Where hardly a human foot could pass,
Or a human heart would dare,
On the quaking turf of the green morass
He crouched in the rank and tangled
Like a wild beast in his lair.
A poor old slave, infirm and lame ;
Great scars deformed his face ;

On his forehead he bore the brand of shame, [frame,
And the rags, that hid his mangled Were the livery of disgrace.
All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free ;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty !
On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth ;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth !

THE GOOD PART

THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.
SHE dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool ;
And all her hope and all her pride
Are in the village school.
Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.
And thus she walks among her girls
With praise and mild rebukes ;
Subduing e'en rude village churls
By her angelic looks.
She reads to them at eventide
Of One who came to save ;
To cast the captive's chains aside,
And liberate the slave.
And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free ;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.
And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.
For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
And laboured in her lands.
Long since, beyond the Southern sea
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.
It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace ;
Their blessing is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sang the Psalm of David !
He, a Negro and enslaved,
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion, bright and free.
In that hour, when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear.
Songs of triumph, and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast
Perished Pharaoh and his host.
And the voice of his devotion
Filled my soul with strange emotion ;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly sad.
Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen,
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon-gates at night.

But, alas ! what holy ange.
Brings the Slave this glad evangèl ?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Breaks his dungeon-gates at night ?

THE WITNESSES.

IN Ocean's wide domains,
Half buried in the sands,
Like skeletons in chains,
With shackled feet and hands.
Beyond the fall of dews,
Deeper than plummet lies,
Float ships with all their crews,
No more to sink nor rise.
There the black Slave-ship swims,
Freighted with human forms,
Whose fettered, fleshless limbs,
Are not the sport of storms.
These are the bones of Slaves ;
They gleam from the abyss ;
They cry, from yawning waves,
" We are the Witnesses ! "
Within Earth's wide domains
Are markets for men's lives ;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with
gyves.
Dead bodies, that the kite
In deserts makes its prey ;
Murders, that with affright
Scare schooboys from their play !
All evil thoughts and deeds ;
Anger, and lust, and pride ;
The foulest, rankest weeds,
That choke Life's groaning tide !
These are the woes of Slaves ;
They glare from the abyss ;
They cry, from unknown graves,
" We are the Witnesses ! "

THE QUADROON GIRL.

THE Slaver in the broad lagoon
Lay moored with idle sail ;
He waited for the rising moon,
And for the evening gale.
Under the shore his boat was tied,
And all her listless crew
Watched the gray alligator slide
Into the still bayou.
Odours of orange-flowers, and spice,
Reached them from time to time,
Like airs that breathe from Paradise
Upon a world of crime.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES, AND OTHER POEMS.

The Planter, under his roof of thatch,
Smoked thoughtfully and slow ;
The Slaver's thumb was on the latch,
He seemed in haste to go.

He said, " My ship at anchor rides
In yonder broad lagoon ;
I only wait the evening tides,
And the rising of the moon."

Before them, with her face upraised,
In timid attitude,
Like one half-curious, half-amazed,
A Quadroon maiden stood.

Her eyes were large, and full of light,
Her arms and neck were bare ;
No garment she wore save a kirtle
bright,
And her own long raven hair.

And on her lips there played a smile
As holy, meek, and faint,
As lights in some cathedral aisle
The features of a saint.

" The soil is barren,—the farm is old,"
The thoughtful Planter said :
Then looked upon the Slaver's gold,
And then upon the maid.

His heart within him was at strife
With such accursed gains ; [life,
For he knew whose passions gave her
Whose blood ran in her veins.

But the voice of nature was too weak ;
He took the glittering gold !
Then pale as death grew the maiden's
cheek,
Her hands as icy cold.

The Slaver led her from the door,
He led her by the hand,
To be his slave and paramour
In a strange and distant land !

THE WARNING.

BEWARE ! The Israelite of old, who
tore
The lion in his path,—when poor
and blind, [more,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no
Shorn of his noble strength and
forced to grind
In prison, and at last led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Upon the pillars of the temple laid
His desperate hands, and in its
overthrow
Destroyed himself, and with him those
who made
A cruel mockery of his sightless woe ;
The poor, blind Slave, the scoff and
jest of all,
Expired, and thousands perished in
the fall !

There is a poor, blind Samson in this
land,
Shorn of his strength, and bound in
bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise
his hand, [monweal,
And shake the pillars of this Com-
Till the vast Temple of our liberties
A shapeless mass of wreck and rubbish
lies.

The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems.

1845.

CARILLON.

IN the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangour
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night ;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling ;
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelay,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities !
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,

And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas !
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long ;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous
eyes
Wet with most delicious tears .

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Ble,
Listening with the wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown ;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.
As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.
Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.
At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like, into air.
Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.
From their nests beneath the rafters sang the swallows wild and high ;
And the world beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant than the sky.
Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the ooden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes,
Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir ;
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar:
Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again !
All the Foresters of Flanders,—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.
I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old ;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold ;*

* Philippe de Bourgogne, surnamed Le Bon, espoused Isabella of Portugal, on the 10th of January, 1430; and on the same day instituted the famous order of the Fleece of Gold.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and ease.
I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground ;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound ;
And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the arm'd guard around them, and the sword unsheathed between.
I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold ;
Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the Golden Dragon's nest.*
And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote ;
And again the wild alarm sounded from the tocsin's throat ;
Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dyke of sand,
" I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the land ! " †
Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.
Hours had passed away like minutes ; and before I was aware,
Lo ! the shadow of the belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

THIS is the place. Stand still, my [steed,
Let me review the scene, And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.
The Past and Present here unite
Beneath Time's flowing tide,
Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side.
Here runs the highway to the town ;
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church
with thee,
O gentlest of my friends !
The shadow of the linden-trees
Lay moving on the grass ;
Between them and the moving boughs
A shadow, thou didst pass.
Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart as pure as they :
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day.
I saw the branches of the trees
Bend down thy touch to meet,

The clover-blossoms in the grass
Rise up to kiss thy feet.
" Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born ! "
Solemnly sang the village choir
On that sweet Sabbath morn.
Through the closed blinds the golden [sun
Poured in a dusty beam,
Like the celestial ladder seen
By Jacob in his dream.
And ever and anon, the wind,
Sweet-scented with the hay,
Turned o'er the hymn-book's flutter-
ing leaves
That on the window lay.
Long was the good man's sermon,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And still I thought of thee.
Long was the prayer he uttered,
Yet it seemed not so to me ;
For in my heart I prayed with him,
And still I thought of thee.

* The Golden Dragon, taken from the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, in one of the Crusades, and placed on the belfry of Bruges, was afterwards transported to Ghent, by Philip van Artevelde, and still adorns the belfry of that city.
† The inscription on the alarm-bell at Ghent is, " Mynen naem is Roland ; als ik klep is er brand, en als ik luy is er victoire in het land." My name is Roland ; when I toll there is fire, and when I ring there is victory in the land.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

But now, alas ! the place seems
Thou art no longer here : [changed,
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear.
Though thoughts, deep rooted in my
heart,
Like pine-trees dark and high,

Subdue the light of noon, and breathe
A low and ceaseless sigh ;
This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us
hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

NUREMBERG.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow-lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands.
Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng ;
Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;
And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every clime.
In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand ;
On the square the oriel window, where, in old heroic days,
Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.
Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art :
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart ;
And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.
In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust ;
In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.
Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;
Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.
Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;
Dead he is not, but departed,—for the artist never dies.
Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air !
Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains.
From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.
As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime ;
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.
Here Hans Sachs the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.



But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ;
Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,*
As the "old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long."

* Adam Puschman, in his poem on the death of Hans Sachs, describes him as he appeared
in a vision :—

"An old man,
Gray and white, and dove-like,
Who had, in sooth, a great beard,
And read in a fair, great book,
Beautiful with golden clasps,"

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his care and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingled shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard ;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and courtyards, sang in thought his careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil.

THE OCCULTATION OF ORION.*

I SAW, as in a dream sublime,
The balance in the hand of Time.
O'er East and West its beam im-
pended ;
And day, with all its hours of light,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While, opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.
Like the astrologers of old,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries,
I saw, with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth unto the fixed stars.
And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see, but hear,
Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard
of snows,

Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.
Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east ;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The kindling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,

Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast !
His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of its hair.

The moon was pallid, but not faint,
And beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay.
As if she feared the voice of God,
Un'armed with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars
That were to prove her strength, and
try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet pale face,
She reached the station of Orion.
Aghast he stood in strange alarm !
And suddenly from his outstretched
arm

Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull ; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by CEnopion,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And, climbing up the mountain-gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.

Then, through the silence overhead,
An angel with a trumpet said,
" For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er !"
And like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast

* Astronomically speaking, this title is incorrect, as I apply it to a constellation what can properly be applied to some of its stars only. But my observation is made from the hill of song, and not from that of science, and will, I trust, be found sufficiently accurate for the present purpose.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.



Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Reechoed down the burning chords,—
“For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er !”

~~~~~  
**THE ARSENAL AT SPRING-FIELD.**

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,  
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms,  
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing  
Startles the village with strange alarms.  
Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,  
When the death-angel touches those swift keys !

What loud lament and dismal Misere  
Will mingle with their awful symphonies ;  
I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,  
The cries of agony, the endless groan,  
Which through the ages that have gone before us,  
In long reverberations reach our own.  
On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,  
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,  
And loud, amid the universal clamour,  
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.  
I hear the Florentine, who from his palace  
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,

*LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.*

And Aztec priests upon their teocallis  
Beat the wild war-drums made of  
serpent's skin ;  
The tumult of each sacked and burn-  
ing village,  
The shout that every prayer for  
mercy drowns ;  
The soldier's revels in the midst of  
pillage ;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered  
towns ;  
The bursting shell, the gateway  
wrenched asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing  
blade ;  
And even and anon, in tones of  
thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade.  
Is it, O man, with such discordant  
noises, [these,  
With such accursed instruments as  
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and  
kindly voices.  
And jarrest the celestial harmonies ?  
Were half the power that fills the  
world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on  
camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind  
from error,  
There were no need for arsenals nor  
forts :  
The warrior's name would be a name  
abhorred !  
And every nation, that should lift  
again  
Its hand against a brother, on its  
forehead  
Would wear for evermore the curse  
of Cain !  
Down the dark future, through long  
generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter  
and then cease ;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet  
vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ  
say, " Peace ! "  
Peace ; and no longer from its brazen  
portals  
The blast of War's great organ  
shakes the skies !  
But beautiful as songs of the im-  
mortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise.

TO A CHILD.

DEAR child ! how radiant on thy  
mother's knee,  
With merry-making eyes and jocund  
smiles,  
Thou gazest at the painted tiles,  
Whose figures grace,  
With many a grotesque form and face,  
The ancient chimney of thy nursery !  
The lady with the gay macaw,  
The dancing girl, the brave bashaw  
With bearded lip and chin ;  
And, leaning idly o'er his gate,  
Beneath the imperial fan of state,  
The Chinese mandarin.

With what a look of proud command  
Thou shakest in thy little hand  
The coral rattle with its silver bells,  
Making a merry tune !  
Thousands of years in Indian seas  
That coral grew, by slow degrees,  
Until some deadly and wild monsoon  
Dashed it on Coromandel's sand !

Those silver bells  
Reposed of yore  
As shapeless ore,  
Far down in the deep-sunken wells  
Of darksome mines,  
In some obscure and sunless place,  
Beneath huge Chimborazo's base,  
Or Potosi's o'erhanging pines !

And thus for thee, O little child,  
Through many a danger and escape,  
The tall ships passed the stormy cape ;  
For thee in foreign lands remote,  
Beneath the burning, tropic skies,  
The Indian peasant, chasing the wild  
goat,  
Himself as swift and wild,  
In falling, clutched the frail arbute,  
The fibres of whose shallow root,  
Uplifted from the soil, betrayed  
The silver veins beneath it laid,  
The buried treasures of dead centuries.

But, lo ! thy door is left ajar !  
Thou hearest footsteps from afar !  
And, at the sound  
Thou turnest round  
With quick and questioning eyes,  
Like one who, in a foreign land,  
Beholds on every hand  
Some source of wonder and surprise !  
And, restlessly, impatiently,  
Thou strivest, strugglest, to be free,

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.

The four walls of thy nursery  
Are now like prison-walls to thee.  
No more thy mother's smiles,  
No more the painted tiles  
Delight thee, nor the playthings on  
the floor,  
That won thy little beating heart  
before;  
Thou strugglest for the open door.

Through these once solitary halls  
Thy pattering footstep falls.  
The sound of thy merry voice  
Makes the old walls  
Jubilant, and they rejoice  
With the joy of thy young heart,  
O'er the light of whose gladness  
No shadows of sadness  
From the sombre background of me-  
mory start.

Once, ah, once, within these walls,  
One whom memory oft recalls,  
The Father of his Country dwelt.  
And yonder meadows broad and damp  
The fires of the besieging camp  
Encircled with a burning belt.  
Up and down these echoing stairs,  
Heavy with the weight of cares,  
Sounded his majestic tread;  
Yes, within this very room  
Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
Weary both in heart and head.

But what are these grave thoughts to  
thee?  
Out, out! into the open air!  
Thy only dream is liberty,  
Thou carest little how or where.  
I see thee eager at thy play,  
Now shouting to the apples on the  
tree,

With cheeks as round and red as they;  
And now among the yellow stalks,  
Among the flowering shrubs and plants,  
As restless as the bee.  
Along the garden-walks  
The tracks of thy small carriage-  
wheels I trace;  
And see at every turn how they efface  
Whole villages of sand-roofed tents,  
That rise like golden domes  
Above the cavernous and secret homes  
Of wandering and nomadic tribes of  
Ah, cruel little Tamerlane, [ants.  
Who, with thy dreadful reign,  
Dost persecute and overwhelm  
These hapless Troglodytes of thy  
realm!"

39

What! tired already! with those sup-  
pliant looks,  
And voice more beautiful than a  
poet's books,  
Or murmuring sound of water as it  
flows,  
Thou comest back to parley with  
repose!  
This rustic seat in the old apple-tree,  
With its o'erhanging golden canopy  
Of leaves illuminate with autumnal  
hues, [dews,  
And shining with the argent light of  
Shall for a season be our place of rest.  
Beneath us, like an oriole's pendent  
nest,  
From which the laughing birds have  
taken wing,  
By thee abandoned, hangs thy vacant  
swing.  
Dream-like the waters of the river  
gleam;  
A sailless vessel drops adown the  
stream,  
And like it, to a sea as wide and deep,  
Thou driftest gently down the tides  
of sleep.  
O child! O new-born denizen  
Of life's great city! on thy head  
The glory of the morn is shed,  
Like a celestial benison!  
Here at the portal thou dost stand,  
And with thy little hand  
Thou openest the mysterious gate  
Into the future's undiscovered land.  
I see its valves expand,  
As at the touch of Fate!  
Into those realms of love and hate,  
Into that darkness blank and drear,  
By some prophetic feeling taught,  
I launch the bold, adventurous  
thought,  
Freighted with hope and fear;  
As upon subterranean streams,  
In caverns unexplored and dark,  
Men sometimes launch a fragile bark,  
Laden with flickering fire,  
And watch its swift-receding beams,  
Until at length they disappear,  
And in the distant dark expire.  
By what astrology of fear or hope  
Dare I to cast thy horoscope!  
Like the new moon thy life appears;  
A little strip of silver light,  
And widening outward into night  
The shadowy disk of future years;  
And yet upon its outer rim,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

A luminous circle faint and dim,  
And scarcely visible to us here,  
Rounds and completes the perfect  
sphere ;

A prophecy and intimation,  
A pale and feeble admiration,  
Of the great world of light, that lies  
Behind all human destinies.  
Ah ! if thy fate, with anguish fraught,  
Should be to wet the dusty soil  
With the hot tears and sweat of toil,—  
To struggle with imperious thought  
Until the overburdened brain,  
Weary with labour, faint with pain,  
Like a jarred pendulum, retain  
Only its motion, not its power,—  
Remember, in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppressed,  
From labour there shall come forth  
rest.

And if a more auspicious fate .  
On thy advancing steps await,  
Still let it ever be thy pride  
To linger by the labourer's side ;  
With words of sympathy or song  
To cheer the dreary march along

Of the great army of the poor,  
O'er desert sand, or dangerous moor.

Nor to thyself the task shall be  
Without reward ; for thou shalt learn  
The wisdom early to discern  
True beauty in utility ;  
As great Pythagoras of yore,  
Standing beside the blacksmith's door,  
And hearing the hammers, as they  
smote

The anvils with a different note,  
Stole from the varying tones, that  
hung  
Vibrant on every iron tongue,  
The secret of the sounding wire,  
And formed the seven-chorded lyre.

Enough ! I will not play the Seer ;  
I will no longer strive to ope  
The mystic volume, where appear  
The herald Hope, forerunning Fear,  
And Fear, the pursuivant of Hope.  
Thy destiny remains untold ;  
For, like Acestes' shaft of old,  
The swift thought kindles as it flies,  
And burns to ashes in the skies.

THE NORMAN BARON.

*“ Dans les moments de la vie où la réflexion devient plus calme et plus profonde, où l'intérêt et l'avarice parlent moins haut que la raison, dans les instants de chagrin domestique, de maladie, et de péril de mort, les nobles se repentirent de posséder des serfs, comme d'une chose peu agréable à Dieu, qui avait créé tous les hommes son image.” —THIERRY, Conquête de l'Angleterre*

In his chamber, weak and dying,  
Was the Norman baron lying; [dered,  
Loud, without, the tempest thun-  
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was death the gainer,  
Spite of vassal and retainer,  
And the lands his sires had plundered,  
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,  
Who in humble voice repeated  
Many a prayer and pater-noster  
From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,  
Sound of bells came faintly stealing,  
Bells, that, from the neighbouring  
Rang for the Nativity. [kloster,

In the hall, the serf and vassal [sail :  
Held, that night, their Christmas was—  
Many a carol, old and saintly,  
Sang the minstrels and the waits.

And so loud these Saxon gleemen  
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,  
That the storm was heard but faintly,  
Knocking at the castle-gates.

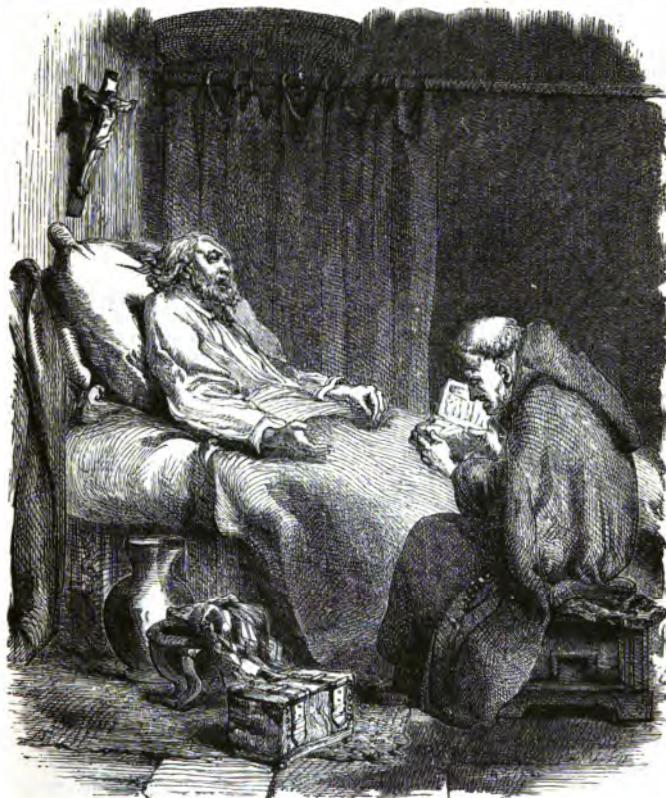
Till at length the lays they chaunted  
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,  
Where the monk, with accents holy,  
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,  
As he paused a while and listened,  
And the dying baron slowly  
Turned his weary head to hear.

“ Wassail for the kingly stranger  
Born and cradled in a manger !  
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,  
Christ is born to set us free ! ”

And the lightning showed the sainted  
Figures on the casement painted,  
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,  
“ Miserere, Domine ! ”

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.



In that hour of deep contrition,  
He beheld, with clearer vision,  
Throughall outward show and fashion,  
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,  
Falsehood and deceit were banished,  
Reason spake more loud than passion,  
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,  
Every serf born to his manor,  
All those wronged and wretched crea-  
tures

By his hand were freed again.

41

And, as on the sacred missal  
He recorded their dismissal,  
Death relaxed his iron features,  
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered  
Since in death the baron slumbered  
By the convent's sculptured portal,  
Mingling with the common dust :

But the good deed, through the ages,  
Living in historic pages,  
Brighter glows and gleams immortal,  
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

How beautiful is the rain !  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain !  
How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs !  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing  
spout !

Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours ;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain !

The sick man from his chamber  
Looks at the twisted brooks ;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool ;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighbouring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion ;  
And down the wet streets  
Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted  
hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
• How welcome is the rain !

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand !  
Lifting the yoke-encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,  
And the vapours that arise  
From the well-watered and smoking  
soil.

For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.

Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain  
As they bend their tops  
To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thirst and gain.

These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees !  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air ;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told --  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water-drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountain-head  
Of lakes and rivers underground ;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colpurs seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange  
Mysterious change,  
From birth to death, from death to  
birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to  
earth ;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable  
wheel  
Turning for evermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.

## THE BELFRY OF BRUGES AND OTHER POEMS.

### THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,  
As the clocks were striking the hour,  
And the moon rose o'er the city,  
Behind the dark church-tower.  
  
I saw her bright reflection  
In the waters under me,  
Like a golden goblet falling  
And sinking into the sea.  
  
And far in the hazy distance  
Of that lovely night in June,  
The blaze of the flaming furnace  
Gleamed redder than the moon.  
  
Among the long black rafters,  
The wavering shadows lay,  
And the current that came from the  
ocean  
Seemed to lift and bear them away ;  
As, sweeping and eddying through  
them,  
Rose the belated tide,  
And, streaming into the moonlight,  
The sea-weed floated wide.  
  
And like those waters rushing  
Among the wooden piers,  
A flood of thoughts came o'er me  
That filled my eyes with tears.  
  
How often, O how often,  
In the days that had gone by,  
I had stood on that bridge at mid-  
night  
And gazed on that wave and sky !

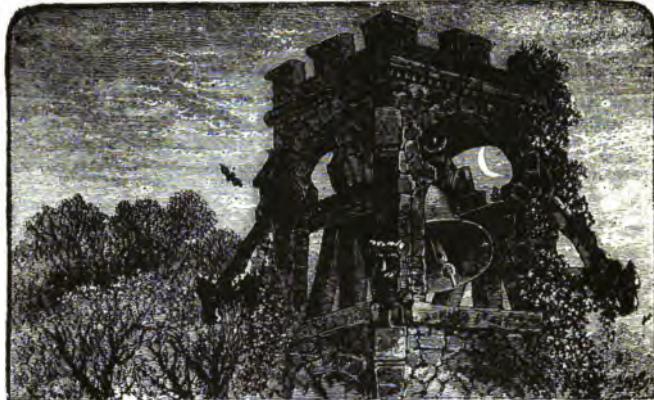
How often, O how often,  
I had wished that the ebbing tide  
Would bear me away on its bosom  
O'er the ocean wild and wide !  
  
For my heart was hot and restless,  
And my life was full of care,  
And the burden laid upon me  
Seemed greater than I could bear.  
  
But now it has fallen from me,  
It is buried in the sea ;  
And only the sorrow of others  
Throws its shadow over me.  
  
Yet whenever I cross the river  
On its bridge with wooden piers,  
Like the odour of brine from the ocean  
Comes the thought of other years.  
  
And I think how many thousands  
Of care-encumbered men,  
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,  
Have crossed the bridge since then.  
  
I see the long procession  
Still passing to and fro,  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow !  
  
And for ever and for ever,  
As long as the river flows,  
As long as the heart has passions,  
As long as life has woes ;  
  
The moon and its broken reflection  
And its shadows shall appear,  
As the symbol of love in heaven,  
And its wavering image here.

### TO THE DRIVING CLOUD.

GLOOMY and dark art thou, O chief of the mighty Omawhaws,  
Gloomy and dark, as the driving cloud, whose name thou hast taken.  
Wrapt in thy scarlet blanket, I see thee stalk through the city's  
Narrow and populous streets, as once by the margin of rivers  
Stalked those birds unknown, that have left us only their footprints.  
What, in a few short years, will remain of thy race but the footprints?  
How canst thou walk in these streets, who hast trod the green turf of the  
prairies? [mountains ?  
How canst thou breathe in this, who hast breathed the sweet air of the  
Ah ! 'tis in vain that with lordly looks of disdain thou dost challenge  
Looks of dislike in return, and question these walls and these pavements,  
Claiming the soil for thy hunting-grounds, while down-trodden millions  
Starve in the garrets of Europe, and cry from its caverns that they, too,  
Have been created heirs of the earth, and claim its division !  
  
Back, then, back to thy woods in the regions west of the Wabash !  
There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple  
Pave the floors of the palace-halls with gold, and in summer  
Pine-trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.  
There thou art strong and great, a hero, a tamer of horses !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

There thou chasest the stately stag on the banks of the Elk-horn,  
Or, by the roar of the Running-Water, or where the Omawhaw  
Calls thee, and leaps through the wild ravine like a brave of the Blackfeet !  
Hark ! what murmurs arise from the heart of those mountainous deserts ?  
Is it the cry of the Foxes and Crows, or the mighty Behemoth,  
Who, unharmed, on his tusks once caught the bolts of the thunder,  
And now lurks in his lair to destroy the race of the red man ?  
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the Crows and the Foxes,  
Far more fatal to thee and thy race than the tread of Behemoth,  
Lo ! the big thunder-canoe, that steadily breasts the Missouri's  
Merciless current ! and yonder, afar on the prairies, the camp-fires  
Gleam through the night ; and the cloud of dust in the gray of the daybreak  
Marks not the buffalo's track, nor the Mandan's dexterous horse-race ;  
It is a caravan, whitening the desert where dwell the Camanches !  
Ha ! how the breath of these Saxons and Celts, like the blast of the east-wind,  
Drifts evermore to the west the scanty smokes of thy wigwams !



CURFEW.

I.

SOLEMNLY, mournfully,  
Dealing its dole,  
The Curlew Bell  
Is beginning to toll.  
Cover the embers,  
And put out the light ;  
Toil comes with the morning,  
And rest with the night.  
Dark grow the windows,  
And quenched is the fire ;  
Sound fades into silence,—  
All footsteps retire.  
No voice in the chambers,  
No sound in the hall !  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all !

II.

The book is completed,  
And closed, like the day ;  
And the hand that has written it  
Lays it away.  
Dim grow its fancies,  
Forgotten they lie ;  
Like coals in the ashes,  
They darken and die.  
Song sinks into silence,  
The story is told,  
The windows are darkened,  
The hearthstone is cold.  
Darker and darker  
The black shadows fall ;  
Sleep and oblivion  
Reign over all !

## *THE SEASIDE AND THE FIRESIDE.*

### *The Seaside and the Fireside.*

1849.

#### *DEDICATION.*

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,  
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,  
And seeing not the forms from which they come,  
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;

So walking here, in twilight, O my friends !  
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,  
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends  
His words of friendship, comfort, and assistance.

If any thought of mine, or sung or told,  
Has ever given delight or consolation,  
Ye have repaid me back a thousandfold,  
By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown !  
Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,  
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,  
Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

Kind messages, that pass from land to land ;  
Kind letters, that betray the heart's deep history,  
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,—  
One touch of fire,—and all the rest is mystery !

The pleasant books, that silently among  
Our household treasures take familiar places,  
And are to us as if a living tongue  
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces !

Perhaps on earth I never shall behold,  
With eye of sense, your outward form and semblance ;  
Therefore to me ye never will grow old,  
But live for ever young in my remembrance.

Never grow old, nor change, nor pass away !  
Your gentle voices will flow on for ever,  
When life grows bare and tarnished with decay,  
As through a leafless landscape flows a river.

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,  
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,  
But the endeavour for the selfsame ends,  
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope to join your seaside walk,  
Saddened, and mostly silent, with emotion ;  
Not interrupting with intrusive talk  
The grand, majestic symphonies of ocean.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,  
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,  
To have my place reserved among the rest,  
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvented !



BY THE SEASIDE.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

"BUILD me straight, O worthy Master!  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"  
The merchant's word  
Delighted the Master heard; [heart  
For his heart was in his work, and the  
Giveth grace unto every art.  
A quiet smile played round his lips,  
As the eddies and dimples of the tide  
Play round the bows of ships,  
That steadily at anchor ride.  
And with a voice that was full of glee,  
He answered, "Ere long we will  
launch  
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and  
staunch,  
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"  
And first with nicest skill and art,  
Perfect and finished in every part,

A little model the Master wrought,  
Which should be to the larger plan  
What the child is to the man,  
Its counterpart in miniature;  
That with a hand more swift and sure  
The greater labour might be brought  
To answer to his inward thought.  
And as he laboured, his mind ran o'er  
The various ships that were built of  
yore,  
And above them all, and strangest of  
all,  
Towered the Great Harry, crank and  
tall,  
Whose picture was hanging on the  
wall,  
With bows and stern raised high in air,  
And balconies hanging here and there,  
And signal lanterns and flags afloat,  
And eight round towers, like those that  
frown  
From some old castle, looking down  
Upon the drawbridge and the moat.

## BY THE SEASIDE.

And he said with a smile, "Our ship,  
I wis,  
Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed;  
Built for freight, and yet for speed,  
A beautiful and gallant craft;  
Broad in the beam, that the stress of  
the blast,

Pressing down upon sail and mast,  
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;  
Broad in the beam but sloping aft  
With graceful curve and slow degrees,  
That she might be docile to the helm,  
And that the currents of parted seas,  
Closing behind, with mighty force,  
Might aid and not impede her course.  
In the ship-yard stood the Master,

With the model of the vessel,  
That should laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind  
wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,  
Lay the timber piled around;  
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,  
And scattered here and there, with  
these,  
The knarred and crooked cedar knees ;  
Brought from regions far away,  
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,  
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke !  
Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is  
To note how many wheels of toil  
One thought, one word, can set in  
motion !

There's not a ship that sails the ocean,  
But every climate, every soil,  
Must bring its tribute, great or small,  
And help to build the wooden wall !

The sun was rising o'er the sea,  
And long the level shadows lay,  
As if they, too, the beams would be  
Of some great, airy argosy,  
Framed and launched in a single day.  
That silent architect, the sun,  
Had hewn and laid them every one,  
Ere the work of man was yet begun.  
Beside the Master, when he spoke,  
A youth against an anchor leaning,  
Listened, to catch his slightest  
meaning.

Only the long waves, as they broke  
In ripples on the pebbly beach,  
Interrupted the old man's speech.  
Beautiful they were, in sooth,  
The old man and the fiery youth!  
The old man, in whose busy brain

Many a ship that sailed the main  
Was modelled o'er and o'er again ;—  
The fiery youth, who was to be  
The heir of his dexterity,  
The heir of his house, and his  
daughter's hand, [land  
When he had built and launched from  
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "we will build this  
ship !

Lay square the blocks upon the slip,  
And follow well this plan of mine.  
Choose the timbers with greatest care ;  
Of all that is unsound beware ;  
For only what is sound and strong  
To this vessel shall belong.  
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine  
Here together shall combine.  
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,  
And the UNION be her name !  
For the day that gives her to the sea  
Shall give my daughter unto thee !"

The Master's word  
Enraptured the young man heard ;  
And as he turned his face aside,  
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,  
Standing before  
Her father's door,  
He saw the form of his promised bride,  
The sun shone on her golden hair,  
And her cheek was glowing fresh and  
fair, [sea-air.  
With the breath of morn and the soft  
Like a beauteous barge was she,  
Still at rest on the sandy beach,  
Just beyond the billow's reach ;  
But he  
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea !

Ah, how skilful grows the hand  
That obeyeth Love's command !  
It is the heart and not the brain  
That to the highest doth attain,  
And he who followeth Love's behest  
Far exceedeth all the rest !  
Thus with the rising of the sun  
Was the noble task begun,  
And soon throughout the ship-yard's  
bounds

Were heard the intermingled sounds  
Of axes and of mallets, plied  
With vigorous arms on every side ;  
Plied so deftly and so well,  
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,  
The keel of oak for a noble ship,  
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,  
Was lying ready, and stretched along

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The blocks, well placed upon the slip,  
Happy, thrice happy every one  
Who sees his labour well begun,  
And not perplexed and multiplied,  
By idly waiting for time and tide !

And when the hot, long day was o'er,  
The young man at the Master's door  
Sat with the maiden, calm and still.  
And within the porch, a little more  
Removed beyond the evening chill,  
The father sat, and told them tales  
Of wrecks in the great September gales,  
Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,  
And ships that never came back again,  
The chance and change of a sailor's  
life,

Want and plenty, rest and strife,  
His roving fancy, like the wind,  
That nothing can stay and nothing  
can bind,

And the magic charm of foreign lands,  
With shadows of palms and shining  
sands,

Where the tumbling surf,  
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,  
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar,  
As he lies alone and asleep on the turf.  
And the trembling maiden held her  
breath

At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,  
With all its terror and mystery,  
The dim, dark sea, so like unto death,  
That divides and yet unites mankind !  
And whenever the old man paused, a  
gleam

From the bowl of his pipe would a  
while illumine

The silent group in the twilight gloom,  
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream ;  
And for a moment one might mark  
What had been hidden by the dark,  
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,  
Tenderly, on the young man's breast !

Day by day the vessel grew,  
With timbers fashioned strong and  
true, [knee,  
Stemson and keelson and sternson-  
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,  
A skeleton ship rose up to view !  
And around the bows and along the  
side

The heavy hammers and mallets plied,  
Till after many a week, at length,  
Wonderful for form and strength,  
Sublime in its enormous bulk,  
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk !

And around it columns of smoke, up-  
wreathing, [seething  
Rose from the boiling, bubbling,  
Caldron, that glowed,  
And overflowed [sheathing.  
With the black tar, heated for the  
And amid the clamours  
Of clattering hammers,  
He who listened heard now and then  
The song of the Master and his  
men :—

" Build me straight, O worthy Master,  
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,  
That shall laugh at all disaster,  
And with wave and whirlwind  
wrestle ! "

With oaken brace and copper band,  
Lay the rudder on the sand,  
That, like a thought, should have  
control  
Over the movement of the whole ;  
And near it the anchor, whose giant  
hand [the land,  
Would reach down and grapple with  
And immovable and fast  
Hold the great ship against the bellow-  
ing blast !

And at the bows an image stood,  
By a cunning artist carved in wood,  
With robes of white, that far behind  
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.  
It was not shaped in a classic mould,  
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,  
Or Naiad rising from the water,  
But modelled from the Master's  
daughter !

On many a dreary and misty night,  
'Twill be seen by the rays of the  
signal light,  
Speeding along through the rain and  
the dark,  
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,  
The pilot of some phantom bark,  
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,  
By a path none other knows aright !  
Behold, at last,  
Each tall and tapering mast  
Is swung into its place ; \*

\* Vessels are sometimes, though not usually, launched fully rigged. I have availed myself of the exception, as better suited to my purposes than the general rule; but the reader will see by the following extract of a letter from a friend in Portland, Maine, that it is neither a blunder nor a poetic licence.— "In this State, and also, I am told, in New York, ships are sometimes rigged upon the stocks, in order to save time, or to make a show. There was a fine large ship launched

## BY THE SEASIDE.

Shrouds and stays  
Holding it firm and fast !  
Long ago  
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,  
When upon mountain and plain  
Lay the snow,  
They fell,—those lordly pines !  
Those grand, majestic pines !  
'Mid shouts and cheers  
The jaded steers  
Panting beneath the goad, [road  
Dragged down the weary, winding  
Those captive kings so straight and  
tall,  
To be shorn of their streaming hair,  
And, naked and bare,  
To feel the stress and the strain  
Of the wind and the reeling main,  
Whose roar  
Would remind them for evermore  
Of their native forests they should not  
see again.

And everywhere  
The slender, graceful spars  
Poise aloft in the air,  
And at the mast-head,  
White, blue, and red,  
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.  
Ah ! when the wanderer, lonely, friend-  
less,  
In foreign harbours shall behold  
That flag unrolled,  
'Twill be as a friendly hand  
Stretched out from his native land,  
Filling his heart with memories sweet  
and endless !

All is finished ! and at length  
Has come the bridal day  
Of beauty and of strength.  
To-day the vessel shall be launched !  
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,  
And o'er the bay,  
Slowly, in his splendours dight, [sight.  
The great sun rises to behold the

The ocean old,  
Centuries old,  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold.  
His beating heart is not at rest ;  
And far and wide,  
With ceaseless flow,

last summer at Ellsworth, fully rigged and  
sparred. Some years ago a ship was launched  
here with her rigging, spars, sails, and cargo  
aboard. She sailed the next day, and was  
never heard of again ! I hope this will not be  
the fate of your poem !

His beard of snow  
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.  
He waits impatient for his bride.  
There she stands,  
With her foot upon the sands,  
Decked with flags and streamers gay,  
In honour of her marriage-day,  
Her snow-white signals fluttering,  
blending,  
Round her like a veil descending,  
Ready to be  
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride  
Is standing by her lover's side.  
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,  
Like the shadows cast by clouds,  
Broken by many a sunny fleck,  
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,  
The service read, [head :  
The joyous bridegroom bows his  
And in tears the good old Master  
Shakes the brown hand of his son,  
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek  
In silence, for he cannot speak,  
And ever faster  
Down his own the tears begin to run.  
The worthy pastor—  
The shepherd of that wandering flock,  
That has the ocean for its wold,  
That has the vessel for its fold,  
Leaping ever from rock to rock,  
Spake, with accents mild and clear,  
Words of warning, words of cheer,  
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.  
He knew the chart  
Of the sailor's heart,  
All its pleasures and its griefs,  
All its shallows and rocky reefs,  
All those secret currents that flow  
With such resistless undertow,  
And lift and drift, with terrible force,  
The will from its moorings and its  
course.

Therefore he spake, and thus said he :—  
" Like unto ships far off at sea,  
Outward or homeward bound, are we.  
Before, behind, and all around,  
Floats and swings the horizon's  
bound,  
Seems at its distant rim to rise [skies,  
And climb the crystal wall of the  
And then again to turn and sink,  
As if we could slide from its outer  
brink.

Ah ! it is not the sea,  
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

But ourselves  
That rock and rise  
With endless and uneasy motion,  
Now touching the very skies,  
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.  
Ah ! if our souls but poise and swing  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true  
To the toil and the task we have to do,  
We shall sail securely, and safely  
reach [beach]  
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining  
The sights we see, and the sounds we  
hear,  
Will be those of joy and not of fear ! "

Then the Master,  
With a gesture of command,  
Waved his hand ;  
And at the word,  
Loud and sudden there was heard,  
All around them and below,  
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,  
Knocking away the shores and spurs.  
And see ! she stirs !  
She starts,—she moves—she seems to  
feel  
The thrill of life along her keel,  
And spurning with her foot the  
ground,  
With one exulting, joyous bound,  
She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo ! from the assembled crowd  
There rose a shout, prolonged and  
loud,  
That to the ocean seemed to say,—  
" Take her, O bridegroom, old and  
gray,  
Take her to thy protecting arms,  
With all her youth and all her  
charms ! "

How beautiful she is ! How fair  
She lies within those arms, that  
press  
Her form with many a soft caress  
Of tenderness and watchful care !  
Sail forth into the sea, O ship !  
Through wind and wave, right on  
ard steer !  
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,  
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,  
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,  
And safe from all adversity  
Upon the bosom of that sea  
Thy comings and thy goings be !

For gentleness and love and trust  
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust ;  
And in the wreck of noble lives  
Something immortal still survives !

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State !  
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great !  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !  
We know what Master laid thy keel,  
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of  
steel, [rope,  
Who made each mast, and sail, and  
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,  
In what a forge and what a heat  
Were shaped the anchors of thy  
hope ! [shock,  
Fear not each sudden sound and  
Tis of the wave and not the rock ;  
(Tis but the flapping of the sail,  
And not a rent made by the gale !  
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,  
In spite of false lights on the shore,  
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !  
Our hearts, our hopes are all with  
thee ;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers,  
our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee,—are all with thee ! )

~~~~~  
THE EVENING STAR.

JUST above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows fainter and dim-
mer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glim-
mer.

Into the ocean faint and far
Falls the trail of its golden splen-
dour,
And the gleam of that single star
Is ever resplendent, soft, and tender.

Chrysaor, rising out of the sea,
Showed thus glorious and thus
emulous,
Leaving the arms of Callirhoe,
For ever tender, soft, and tremulous.

Thus o'er the ocean faint and far
Trailed the gleam of his falchion
brightly :
Is it a God, or is it a star
That, entranced, I gaze on nightly !

BY THE SEASIDE.

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

AH ! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea !
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams come back to me.

Sails of silk and ropes of sendal,
Such as gleam in ancient lore ;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answer from the shore !

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarryes long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines :—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
With his hawk upon his hand,
Saw a fair and stately galley
Steering onward to the land ;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman
Chant a song so wild and clear,
That the sailing sea-bird slowly
Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
And he cried, with impulse strong,—
“ Helmsman ! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous
song ! ”
“ Wouldst thou,”—so the helmsman
answered,
“ Learn the secret of the sea ?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery ! ”

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward-blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies ;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,

And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.
Close, close it is pressed to the
window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child ?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the
mother,
Drive the colour from her cheek ?

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.*

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death ;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun ;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain ;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night ;

* “ When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the Admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September he was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the *Hind* to say, ‘ We are as near heaven by sea as by land.’ In the following night the lights of the ship suddenly disappeared. The people in the other vessel kept a good look-out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 2nd of September they arrived through much tempest at Falmouth. But nothing more was seen or heard of the Admiral.”—BELKNAP'S *American Biography*, i. 203.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.
He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
“ Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,”
He said, “ by water as by land ! ”
In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal’s sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.
The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.
They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold !
As of a rock was the shock,
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.
Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish
main ;
Yet there seems no change of place.
Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day ;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-stream
Sinking, vanish all away.



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THE rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles
away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive
masonry, [day.
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by
Even at this distance I can see the
tides, [base,
Upheaving, break unheard along its
A speechless wrath, that rises and
subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the
face.
And as the evening darkens, lo ! how
bright, [twilight air,
Through the deep purple of the
Beams forth the sudden radiance of
its light
With strange, unearthly splendour
in its glare !
Not one alone ; from each projecting
cape [verge,
And perilous reef along the ocean’s

Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o’er the restless
surge.
Like the great giant Christopher it
stands [wave,
Upon the brink of the tempestuous
Wading far out among the rocks and
sands,
The night-o’ertaken mariner to save.
And the great ships sail outward and
return,
Bending and bowing o’er the billowy
swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes
and farewells.
They come forth from the darkness,
and their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the
blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while
they gaze.
The mariner remembers, when a child,
On his first voyage, he saw it fade
and sink ;
And when, returning from adventures
wild, [brink.
He saw it rise again o’er ocean’s
Steadfast, serene, immovable, the
same
Year after year, through all the
silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless
flame, [light !
Shines on that inextinguishable
It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the
kiss of peace ;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their
grasp,
And hold it up, and shake it like a
fleece.
The startled waves leap over it ; the
storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the
rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the
hurricane.
The sea-bird wheeling round it, with
the din [cries,
Of wings and winds and solitary

BY THE FIRESIDE.

Blinded and maddened by the light
within, [and dies.
Dashes himself against the glare,
A new Prometheus, chained upon the
rock,

Still grasping in his hand the fire of
Jove, [shock,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the
But hails the mariner with words of
love.

"Sail on!" it says, "sail on, ye
stately ships!

And with your floating bridge the
ocean span; [eclipse,
Be mine to guard this light from all
Be yours to bring man nearer unto
man!"

THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD.

We sat within the farmhouse old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the
bay, [cold,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and
An easy entrance night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,
The strange, old-fashioned, silent
town,
The lighthouse, the dismantled fort,
The wooden houses, quaint and
brown.

We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room;
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and
said, [been,
Of what had been, and might have
And who was changed, and who was
dead;

And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives henceforth have separate
ends,

And never can be one again.

The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but
mark;

The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then ex-
pire.

And, as their splendour flashed and
failed, [main,—
We thought of wrecks upon the
Of ships dismasted, that were hailed
And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames,
The ocean, roaring up the beach,
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part
Of fancies floating through the
brain,
The long-lost ventures of the heart,
That send no answer back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that
yearned!
They were indeed too much akin.
The driftwood fire without that
burned, [glowed within.
The thoughts that burned and

BY THE FIRESIDE.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched
and tended,
But one dead lamb is there! [fended,
There is no fireside, howso'er de-
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children
crying,
Will not be comforted!



Lct us be patient ! These sevre
afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
We see but dimly through the mists
and vapours,
Amid these earthly damps ;
What seem to us but sad, funereal
tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.
There is no Death ! What seems so
is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call Death.
She is not dead,—the child of our
affection,—
But gone unto that school

Where she no longer needs our poor
protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.
In that great cloister's stillness and
seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's
pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.
Day after day we think what she is
doing
In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pur-
suing,
Behold her grown more fair.
Thus do we walk with her, and keep
unbroken
The bond which nature gives,

BY THE FIRESIDE.

Thinking that our remembrance,
though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.
Not as a child shall we again behold
For when with raptures wild [her ;
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child ;
But a fair maiden, in her Father's
mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's ex-
pansion
Shall we behold her face.
And though at times impetuous with
emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning
like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—
We will be patient, and assuage the
feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE BUILDERS.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time :
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.
Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.
For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.
Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.
In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.
Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where Gods may
dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure ;
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And one boundless reach of sky.

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A HANDFUL of red sand, from the hot
clime
Of Arab deserts brought,
Within this glass becomes the spy of
Time,
The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it
been
About these deserts blown !
How many strange vicissitudes has
seen,
How many histories known !

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelits
Trampled and passed it o'er,
When into Egypt from the patriarch's
sight
His favourite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and
bare,
Crushed it beneath their tread ;
Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the
air
Scattered it as they sped ;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
Held close in her caress,
Whose pilgrimage of hope and love
and faith
Illumed the wilderness ;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's
palms
Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
And singing slow their old Armenian
psalms
In half-articulate speech ;



Or caravans, that from Bassora's gate
With westward steps depart ;
Or Mecca's pilgrims, confident of
Fate,
And resolute in heart !
These have passed over it, or may
have passed !
Now in this crystal tower
Imprisoned by some curious hand at
last,
It counts the passing hour.
And as I gaze, these narrow walls ex-
pand ;—
Before my dreamy eye
Stretches the desert with its shifting
sand,
Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
This little golden thread
Dilates into a column high and vast,
A form of fear and dread.
And onward, and across the setting
sun,
Across the boundless plain,
The column and its broader shadow
run,
Till Thought pursues in vain.
The vision vanishes ! These walls
again
Shut out the lurid sun,
Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain ;
The half-hour's sand is run !

BY THE FIRESIDE.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air ;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door ;
He looked for his little playmates,
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall ;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches,
With sweet, familiar tone ;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone !

And the boy that walked beside me,
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah ! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand !

PEGASUS IN POUND.

ONCE into a quiet village,
Without haste and without heed,
In the golden prime of morning,
Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails from shocks and
sheaves ;
And, like living coals, the apples
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;
'Twas the daily call to labour,
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape,
In its gleaming vapour veiled ;
Not the less he breathed the odours
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,
By the schoolboys he was found ;
And the wise men, in their wisdom,
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,
Ringing loud his brazen bell,

57

Wandered down the street proclaiming

There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,
Rich and poor, and young and old,
Came in haste to see this wondrous
Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening
Fell, with vapours cold and dim ;
But it brought no food nor shelter,
Brought no straw nor stall, for
him.

Patiently and still expectant,
Looked he through the wooden
bars,

Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,
Saw the tranquil, patient stars ;

Till at length the bell at midnight
Sounded from its dark abode,
And, from out a neighbouring farm-
yard,

Loud the cock Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide distended,
Breaking from his iron chain,
And unfolding far his pinions,
To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village
Woke to all its toil and care,
Lo ! the strange steed had departed,
And they knew not when nor
where.

But they found, upon the greensward,
Where his struggling hoofs had
trod,

Pure and bright, a fountain flowing
From the hoof-marks in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unsailing
Gladdens the whole region round,
Strengthening all who drink its
waters,
While it soothes them with its
sound.

KING WITLAF'S DRINKING-HORN.

WITLAF, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking-horn bequeathed,—
That, whenever they sat at their
revels,
And drank from the golden bowl,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.



They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass ;
In their beards the red wine glis-
tened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,

And to each of the Twelve Apostles
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty
They remembered one Saint more.

And the reader droned from the
pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,

BY THE FIRESIDE.

The legend of good St. Guthlac,
And St. Basil's homilies ;
Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthiac and Bartholomaeus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.
And the Yule-log cracked in the
chimney,
And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
But the Abbot was stark and dead.
Yet still in his pallid fingers
He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
Had sunk and dissolved his soul.
But not for this their revels
The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, " Fill high the goblet !
We must drink to one Saint more ! "

TEGNER'S DEATH.

I HEARD a voice that cried,
" Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead ! "
And through the misty air
Passed like the mournful cry
Of sunward-sailing cranes.
I saw the pallid corpse
Of the dead sun
Borne through the Northern sky..
Blasts from Nifelheim
Lifted the sheeted mists
Around him as he passed.
And the voice for ever cried,
" Balder the Beautiful
Is dead, is dead ! "
And died away
Through the dreary night,
In accents of despair.
Balder the Beautiful,
God of the summer sun,
Fairest of all the Gods !
Light from his forehead beamed,
Runes were upon his tongue,
As on the warrior's sword.
All things in earth and air
Bound were by magic spell
Never to do him harm ;
Even the plants and stones ;
All save the mistletoe,
The sacred mistletoe !

59

Hoeder, the blind old God,
Whose feet are shod with silence,
Pierced through that gentle breast
With his sharp spear, by fraud
Made of the mistletoe,
The accursed mistletoe !

They laid him in his ship,
With horse and harness,
As on a funeral pyre.
Odin placed
A ring upon his finger,
And whispered in his ear.

They launched the burning ship !
It floated far away
Over the misty sea,
Till like the sun it seemed,
Sinking beneath the waves.
Balder returned no more !
So perish the old Gods !
But out of the sea of Time
Rises a new land of song,
Fairer than the old.
Over its meadows green
Walk the young bards and sing.

Build it again,
O ye bards,
Fairer than before !
Ye fathers of the new race,
Feed upon morning dew,
Sing the new Song of Love !

The law of force is dead !
The law of love prevails !
Thor, the thunderer,
Shall rule the earth no more,
No more, with threats,
Challenge the meek Christ.

Sing no more,
O ye bards of the North,
Of Vikings and of Jarls !
Of the days of Eld
Preserve the freedom only,
Not the deeds of blood.

GASPAR BECERRA.

By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame ;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused, and dreamed of
fame.
Twas an image of the Virgin
That had tasked his utmost skill ;
But, alas ! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been
brought;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought;

Till, discouraged and desponding,
Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried, "Rise, O master!
From the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within
thee!"
And the startled artist woke,—
Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized and quenched the glowing
wood;
And therefrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.



O thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart:
That is best which lieth nearest;
Shape from that thy work of art.



THE SINGERS.

GOD sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of
men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first, a youth, with soul of fire,
Held in his hand a golden lyre;
Through groves he wandered, and by
streams,

Playing the music of our dreams.

The second, with a bearded face,
Stood singing in the market-place,
And stirred with accents deep and
loud

The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A gray old man, the third and last,
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,
While the majestic organ rolled
Coffrion from its mouths of gold.

TRANSLATIONS.

And those who heard the Singers three
Disputed which the best might be ;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in each heart.

But the great Master said, " I see
No best in kind, but in degree ;
I gave a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.

" These are the three great chords
of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony."

SUSPIRIA.

TAKE them, O Death ! and bear
away, [own !

Whatever thou canst call thine
Thine image, stamped upon this clay,
Doth give thee that, but that alone !

Take them, O Grave ! and let them lie
Folded upon thy narrow shelves,
As garments by the soul laid by,
And precious only to ourselves !

Take them, O great Eternity !
Our little life is but a gust
That bends the branches of thy tree,
And trails its blossoms in the dust !

HYMN

FOR MY BROTHER'S ORDINATION.

CHRIST to the young man said : " Yet
one thing more :

If thou wouldest perfect be, [poor,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the
And come and follow me !"

Within this temple Christ again, un-
seen,

Those sacred words hath said,
And his invisible hands to-day have
been

Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon his arm and
say,

" Dost thou, dear Lord, approve ? "

Beside him at the marriage-feast shall
be,

To make the scene more fair ;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest !
Like the beloved John [breast,
To lay his head upon the Saviour's
And thus to journey on !

Translations.

THE BLIND GIRL OF CASTEL-CUILLE.

FROM THE GASCON OF JASMIN.

Only the Lowland tongue of Scotland might
Rehearse this little tragedy aright :
Let me attempt it with an English quill ;
And take, O reader, for the deed the will.

JASMIN, the author of this beautiful poem, is to the South of France what Burns is to the South of Scotland—the representative of the heart of the people,—one of those happy bards who are born with their mouths full of birds (*la bouche pleno d'auzelous*). He has written his own biography in a poetic form, and the simple narrative of his poverty, his struggles, and his triumphs, is very touching. He still lives at Agen, on the Garonne ; and long may he live there to delight his native land with native songs !

Those who may feel interested in knowing something about " Jasmin, Coiffeur "—for such is his calling—will find a description of his person and mode of life in the graphic pages of *Bearn and the Pyrenees* (vol. i. p. 360, *et seq.*), by Louisa Stewart Costello, whose charming pen has done so much to illustrate the French provinces and their literature.

AT the foot of the mountain height
Where is perched Castel-Cuillé,
When the apple, the plum, and the almond-tree
In the plain below were growing white,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

This is the song one might perceive
On a Wednesday morn of Saint Joseph's Eve :

" The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day ! "

This old Te Deum, rustic rights attending,
Seemed from the clouds descending ;
When lo ! a merry company
Of rosy village girls, clean as the eye,
Each one with her attendant swain,
Came to the cliff, all singing the same strain ;
Resembling there, so near unto the sky,
Rejoicing angels, that kind Heaven has sent
For their delight and our encouragement

Together blending,
And soon descending
The narrow sweep
Of the hill-side steep,
They wind aslant
Toward Saint Amant,
Through leafy alleys
Of verdurous valley ;
With merry sallies
Singing their chant :

" The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to day ! "

It is Baptiste, and his affianced maiden,
With garlands for the bridal laden !

The sky was blue ; without one cloud of gloom,
The sun of March was shining brightly,
And to the air the freshening wind gave lightly
Its breathings of perfume.

When one beholds the dusky hedges blossom,
A rustic bridal, ah ! how sweet it is !
To sounds of joyous melodies,
That touch with tenderness the trembling bosom,

A band of maidens
Gaily frolicking,
A band of youngsters
Wildly rollicking !

Kissing,
Cuddling,

With fingers pressing,

Till in the veriest

Madness of mirth, as they dance,
They retreat and advance,

Trying whose laugh shall be loudest and merriest ;
While the bride, with roguish eyes,

Sporting with them, now escapes and cries :

" Those who catch me

Married verily

This year shall be ! "

TRANSLATIONS.

And all pursue with eager haste,
And all attain what they pursue,
And touch her pretty apron fresh and new,
And the linen kirtle round her waist.

Meanwhile, whence comes it that among
These youthful maidens fresh and fair,
So joyous, with such laughing air,
Baptiste stands sighing, with silent tongue ?
And yet the bride is fair and young !
Is it Saint Joseph would say to us all,
That love, o'er-hasty, precedeth a fall ?
O, no ! for a maiden frail, I trow,
Never bore so lofty a brow !
What lovers !—they give not a single caress !
To see them so careless and cold to-day,
These are grand people, one would say.
What ails Baptiste ? what grief doth him oppress ?

It is, that, half way up the hill,
In yon cottage, by whose walls
Stand the cart-house and the stalls,
Dwelleth the blind orphan still,
Daughter of a veteran old ;
And you must know, one year ago,
That Margaret, the young and tender,
Was the village pride and splendour,
And Baptiste her lover bold.
Love, the deceiver, them ensnared ;
For them the altar was prepared ;
But alas ! the summer's bright,
The dread disease that none can stay,
The pestilence that walks by night,
Took the young bride's sight away.

All at the father's stern command was changed ;
Their peace was gone, but not their love estranged ;
Wearied at home, ere long the lover fled ;
Returned but three short days ago,
The golden chain they round him throw,
He is enticed, and onward led
To marry Angela, and yet
Is thinking ever of Margaret.

Then suddenly a maiden cried,
" Anna, Theresa, Mary, Kate !
Here comes the cripple Jane ! " And by a fountain side
A woman, bent and gray with years,
Under the mulberry-trees appears,
And all towards her run, as fleet
As had they wings upon their feet.

It is that Jane, the cripple Jane,
Is a soothsayer, wary and kind.
She telleth fortunes, and none complain,
She promises one a village swain,
Another a happy wedding-day,
And the bride a lovely boy straightway.
All comes to pass as she avers ;
She never deceives, she never errs.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

But for this once the village seer
Wears a countenance severe,
And from beneath her eyebrows thin and white
Her two eyes flash like cannons bright
Aimed at the bridegroom in waistcoat blue,
Who, like a statue, stands in view ;



Changing colour, as well he might,
When the beldame, wrinkled and gray,
Takes the young bride by the hand,
And, with the tip of her reedy wand,
Making the sign of the cross, doth say,—
“ Thoughtless Angela, beware !
Lest, when thou weddest this false bridegroom,
Thou digest for thyself a tomb ! ”

And she was silent ; and the maidens fair
Saw from each eye escape a swollen tear ;
But on a little streamlet silver-clear,
What are two drops of turbid rain ?
Saddened a moment, the bridal train
Resumed the dance and song again ;
The bridegroom only was pale with fear ;

TRANSLATIONS.

And down green alleys
Of verdurous valleys,
With merry sallies,
They sang the refrain :—

"The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home !
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day !"

II.

And by suffering worn and weary,
But beautiful as some fair angel yet,
Thus lamented Margaret,
In her cottage lone and dreary :—

"He has arrived ! arrived at last !
Yet Jane has named him not these three days past ;

Arrived ! yet keeps aloof so far !
And knows that of my night he is the star !
Knows that long months I wait alone, benighted,
And count the moments since he went away !
Come ! keep the promise of that happier day,
That I may keep the faith to thee I plighted !
What joy have I without thee ?—what delight ?
Grief wastes my life, and makes it misery ;
Day for the others ever, but for me

For ever night ! for ever night !
When he is gone 'tis dark ! my soul is sad !
I suffer ! O my God ! come, make me glad.
When he is near, no thoughts of day intrude ;
Day has blue heavens, but Baptiste has blue eyes !
Within them shines for me a heaven of love,

A heaven all happiness, like that above,

No more of grief ! no more of lassitude !
Earth I forget,—and heaven, and all distresses,
When seated by my side my hand he presses ;

But when alone, remember all !
Where is Baptiste ? he hears not when I call !
A branch of ivy, dying on the ground,

I need some bough to twine around !
In pity come ! be to my suffering kind !
True love, they say, in grief doth more abound !

What then—when one is blind ?

"Who knows ? perhaps I am forsaken !
Ah ! woe is me ! then bear me to my grave !
O God ! what thoughts within me waken !
Away ! he will return ! I do but rave !

He will return ! I need not fear !
He swore it by our Saviour dear ;
He could not come at his own will ;
Is weary, or perhaps is ill !
Perhaps his heart, in this disguise,
Prepares for me some sweet surprise !
But some one comes ! Though blind, my heart can see !
And that deceives me not !—'tis he ! 'tis he !"
And the door ajar is set,
And poor, confiding Margaret

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Rises, with outstretched arms, but sightless eyes ;
'Tis only Paul, her brother, who thus cries :—
 “ Angela the bride has passed !
 I saw the wedding guests go by ;
Tell me, my sister, why were we not asked ?
 For all are there but you and I !”
 “ Angela married ! and not send
 To tell her secret unto me !
 O, speak ! who may the bridegroom be ?”
 “ My sister, 'tis Baptiste, thy friend !”

A cry the blind girl gave, but nothing said ;
A milky whiteness spreads upon her cheeks ;
 An icy hand, as heavy as lead,
 Descending, as her brother speaks,
 Upon her heart, that has ceased to beat,
 Suspends a while its life and heat.
She stands beside the boy, now sore distressed,
A wax Madonna as a peasant dressed.

At length, the bridal song again
Brings her back to her sorrow and pain.

“ Hark ! the joyous airs are ringing !
Sister, dost thou hear them singing ?
How merrily they laugh and jest !
Would we were bidden with the rest !
I would don my hose of homespun gray,
And my doublet of linen striped and gay ;
Perhaps they will come ; for they do not wed
Till to-morrow at seven o'clock, it is said !”

“ I know it ! ” answered Margaret ;
Whom the vision, with aspect black as jet,
Mastered again ; and its hand of ice
Held her heart crushed, as in a vice !
“ Paul, be not sad ! 'Tis a holiday ;
To-morrow put on thy doublet gay !
But leave me now for a while alone.”
Away, with a hop and a jump, went Paul,
And, as he whistled along the hall,
Entered Jane, the crippled crone.

“ Holy Virgin ! what dreadful heat !
I am faint, and weary, and out of breath !
But thou art cold—art chill as death ;
My little friend ! what ails thee, sweet ?”

“ Nothing ! I heard them singing home the bride ;
And, as I listened to the song,
I thought my turn would come ere long.
Thou knowest it is at Whitsuntide.
Thy cards forsooth can never lie,
To me such joy they prophesy,
Thy skill shall be vaunted far and wide .
When they behold him at my side.
And poor Baptiste, what sayest thou ?
It must seem long to him ;—methinks I see him now !”

Jane, shuddering, her hand doth press :
 “ Thy love I cannot all approve ;
 We must not trust too much to happiness ;—

TRANSLATIONS.

Go, pray to God, that thou mayst love him less ! "

 " The more I pray, the more I love !

It is no sin, for God is on my side ! "

It was enough ; and Jane no more replied.

Now to all hope her heart is barred and cold ;

 But to deceive the beldame old

 She takes a sweet, contented air :

 Speaks of foul weather, or of fair,

 At every word the maiden smiles !

 Thus the beguiler she beguiles ;

So that, departing at the evening's close,

 She says, " She may be saved ! she nothing knows ! "

Poor Jane, the cunning sorceress !

Now that thou wouldest, thou art no prophetess !

This morning, in the fulness of thy heart,

 Thou wast so, far beyond thine art !

III.

Now rings the bell, nine times reverberating,

And the white daybreak, stealing up the sky,

Sces in two cottages two maidens waiting,

 How differently !

Queen of a day, by flatterers caressed,

 The one puts on her cross and crown,

 Decks with a huge bouquet her breast,

 And flaunting, fluttering up and down,

 Looks at herself, and cannot rest.

The other, blind, within her little room,

 Has neither crown nor flower's perfume ;

But in their stead for something gropes apart,

 That in a drawer's recess doth lie,

And, 'neath her bodice of bright scarlet dye,

 Convulsive clasps it to her heart.

The one, fantastic, light as air,

 'Mid kisses ringing,

 And joyous singing,

Forgets to say her morning prayer !

The other, with cold drops upon her brow,

 Joins her two hands, and kneels upon the floor,

And whispers, as her brother opes the door,

 " O God ! forgive me now ! "

And then the orphan, young and blind,

Conducted by her brother's hand,

 Towards the church, through paths unscanned,

 With tranquil air, her way doth wind.

Odours of laurel, making her faint and pale,

 Round her at times exhale,

And in the sky as yet no sunny ray,

 But brumal vapours gray.

Near that castle, fair to see,

Crowded with sculptures old in every part,

 Marvels of nature and of art,

 And proud of its name of high degree,

A little chapel, almost bare



At the base of the rock, is builded there ;
All glorious that it lifts aloof,
Above each jealous cottage roof,
Its sacred summit, swept by autumn gales,
And its blackened steeple high in air,
Round which the osprey screams and sails.

"Paul, lay thy noisy rattle by ! "
Thus Margaret said. " Where are we ? we ascend ! "
" Yes ; seest thou not our journey's end ?
Hearrest not the osprey from the belfry cry ?
The hideous bird, that brings ill luck, we know !
Dost thou remember when our father said,
The night we watched beside his bed,
' O daughter, I am weak and low ;
Take care of Paul ; I feel that I am dying ! '
And thou, and he, and I, all fell to crying ?
Then on the roof the osprey screamed aloud ;
And here they brought our father in his shroud.
There is his grave ; there stands the cross we set ;
Why dost thou clasp me so, dear Margaret ?

TRANSLATIONS.

Come in ! The bride will be here soon :
Thou tremblest ! O my God ! thou art going to swoon ! "

She could no more—the blind girl, weak and weary !
A voice seemed crying from that grave so dreary,
" What wouldst thou do, my daughter ? "—and she started ;

And quick recoiled, aghast, faint-hearted ;
But Paul, impatient, urges evermore

Her steps towards the open door ;
And when, beneath her feet, the unhappy maid
Crushes the laurel near the house immortal,
And with her head, as Paul talks on again,

Touches the crown of filigrane
Suspended from the low-arched portal,
No more restrained, no more afraid,
She walks, as for a feast arrayed,
And in the ancient chapel's sombre night
They both are lost to sight.

At length the bell,
With booming sound,
Sends forth, resounding round,
Its hymneal peal o'er rock and down the dell.
It is broad day, with sunshine and with rain ;
And yet the guests delay not long,
For soon arrives the bridal train,
And with it brings the village throng.

In sooth, deceit maketh no mortal gay,
For lo ! Baptiste on this triumphant day,
Mute as an idiot, sad as yester-morning,
Thinks only of the beldame's words of warning.

And Angela thinks of her cross, I wis ;
To be a bride is all ! The pretty lisper
Feels her heart swell to hear all round her whisper,
" How beautiful ! how beautiful she is ! "

But she must calm that giddy head,
For already the Mass is said ;
At the holy table stands the priest ;
The wedding ring is blessed ; Baptiste receives it ;
Ere on the finger of the bride he leaves it,
He must pronounce one word at least !
'Tis spoken ; and sudden at the groomsman's side
" 'Tis he ! " a well-known voice has cried.
And while the wedding guests all hold their breath,
Opes the confessional, and the blind girl, see !
" Baptiste," she said, " since thou hast wished my death,
As holy water be my blood for thee ! "

And calmly in the air a knife suspended !
Doubtless her guardian angel near attended,
For anguish did its work so well,
That, ere the fatal stroke descended,
Lifeless she fell !

At eve, instead of bridal verse,
The De Profundis filled the air ;
Decked with flowers, a single hearse
To the churchyard forth they bear :
Village girls in robes of snow

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Follow, weeping as they go ;
Nowhere was a smile that day,
No, ah no ! for each one seemed to say :—

" The road shall mourn and be veiled in gloom,
So fair a corpse shall leave its home !
Should mourn, and should weep, ah, well-away !
So fair a corpse shall pass o-day ! "



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FROM THE NOEI BOURGUIGNON DE GUI BAROZAI.

I HEAR along our street
Pass the minstrel throngs ;
Hark ! they play so sweet,
On their hautboys, Christmas songs !

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

In December ring
Every day the chimes ;
Loud the gleemen sing
In the streets their merry rhymes.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

Shepherds at the grange,
Where the Babe was born,
Sang, with many a change,
Christmas carols until morn.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

These good people sang
Songs devout and sweet ;
While the rafters rang,
There they stood with freezing feet.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

EVANGELINE.

Nuns in frigid cells
At this holy tide,
For want of something else.
Christmas songs at times have tried.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

Washerwomen old,
To the sound they beat,
Sing by rivers cold,
With uncovered heads and feet.

Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

Who by the fireside stands
Stamps his feet and sings ;
But he who blows his hands
Not so gay a carol brings.
Let us by the fire
Ever higher
Sing them till the night expire !

Evangeline.

A TALE OF ACADIE.

1847.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE story of "EVANGELINE" is founded on a painful occurrence which took place in the early period of British colonization in the northern part of America.

In the year 1713, Acadia, or, as it is now named, Nova Scotia, was ceded to Great Britain by the French. The wishes of the inhabitants seem to have been little consulted in the change, and they with great difficulty were induced to take the oath of allegiance to the British Government. Some time after this, war having again broken out between the French and British in Canada, the Acadians were accused of having assisted the French, from whom they were descended, and connected by many ties of friendship, with provisions and ammunition, at the siege of Beau Séjour. Whether the accusation was founded on fact, or not, has not been satisfactorily ascertained; the result, however, was most disastrous to the primitive, simple-minded Acadians. The British Government ordered them to be removed from their homes, and dispersed throughout the other colonies, at a distance from their much-loved land. This resolution was not communicated to the inhabitants till measures had been matured to carry it into immediate effect, when the Governor of the colony, having issued a summons calling the whole people to a meeting, informed them that their lands, tenements, and cattle of all kinds were forfeited to the British crown, that he had orders to remove them in vessels to distant colonies, and they must remain in custody till their embarkation.

The poem is descriptive of the fate of some of the persons involved in these calamitous proceedings.

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval ; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman.
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers,
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven ?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers for ever departed !
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest ;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.



Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, hut ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.

EVANGELINE.

Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows ; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There, in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within-doors
Mingled their sound with the whirr of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them ; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the labourers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers,—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the voice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows ;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners ;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.
Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres ; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalwart and stately in form was the man of seventy winters ;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes ;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-
leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses !
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noon tide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heir-loom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.
Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudeley carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-trees were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard ;
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows ;
There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft.
There too the dove cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Fré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion ;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment !
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron ;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome ;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honoured of all men,
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister ; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters.
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place ; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the labouring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nest on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings ;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow !
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
" Sunshine of St. Eulalie " was she called ; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples ;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

EVANGELINE.



II.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in ; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed ; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season,
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints !
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light ; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapours around him ;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the sea-side,
Where was their favourite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,
Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers ;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept ; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odour.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand ; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the **farmyard**,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness ;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

In-doors, warm by the wide-mouthed fire-place, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall, with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his arm-chair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang, and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom, that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent a while were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.

Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.

EVANGELINE.



Benedict knew by the hob-nailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.

"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as the footsteps paused on the threshold,
"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."

Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:—
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheeruest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.

Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:—

"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors,
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."

Then made answer the farmer:—"Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children." "Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said, warmly, the blacksmith,
Shaking his head, as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:—
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of to-morrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower." Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:—
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields.
Safer within these peaceful dikes, besieged by the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend, and to-night may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about
them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.
Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?" As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And as they died on his lips the worthy notary entered.

III.

BENT like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hairs, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the time of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loup-garou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvellous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanour made answer the notary public,—
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?" "God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"

EVANGELINE.



But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public,—
“ Man is unjust, but God is just ; and finally justice
Triumphs ; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal.”
This was the old man’s favourite tale, and he loved to repeat it
When his neighbours complained that any injustice was done them.
“ Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted ;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman’s palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice,
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Lo ! o'er the city a tempest rose ; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language ;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapours
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the window-panes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table,
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré ;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver ;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men
Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful manœuvre,
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers, and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus passed the evening away. Aron the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed ; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearthstone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.
Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the
maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah ! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber !
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.

EVANGELINE.

Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And as she gazed from the window she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar !

IV.

PLEASANTLY rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labour
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and the neighbouring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labour were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people ; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted ;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant :
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father ;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated ;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind ; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gaily the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*.
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows ;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter !
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith !

So passed the morning away. And lo ! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the head-stones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangour
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement,—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.
Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
" You are convened this day," he said, " by His Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been ; but how you have answered his kindness,
Let your own hearts reply ! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.



Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch ;
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds,
Forfeited be to the Crown ; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people ! "
Prisoners now I declare you ; for such is his Majesty's pleasure ! "
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures ;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape ; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer ; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

EVANGELINE.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion ; and wildly he shouted,—
“ Down with the tyrants of England ! we never have sworn them allegiance,
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests ! ”
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo ! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng ; and thus he spake to his people.
Deep were his tones and solemn ; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin’s alarm, distinctly the clock strikes.
“ What is this that ye do, my children ? what madness has seized you ?
Forty years of my life have I laboured among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another !
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations ?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness ?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred ?
Lo ! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you !
See ! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion !
Hark ! how those lips still repeat the prayer, ‘ O Father, forgive them ! ’
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, O Father, forgive them ! ”
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded that passionate outbreak ;
And they repeated his prayer, and said, “ O Father, forgive them ! ”

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleaned from the altar,
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts ; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees, and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardour of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house, the women and children.
Long at her father’s door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendour, and roofed each
Peasant’s cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table ;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers ;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy ;
And at the head of the board the great arm-chair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father’s door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o’er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah ! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended,—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience !
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,
As o’er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed ;
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapours
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within ; and in vain at the door and the windows



Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
" Gabriel ! " cried she aloud with tremulous voice ; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smouldered the fire on the hearth, on the board stood the supper untasted,
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.

EVANGELINE.

In the dead of night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed ; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world he created !
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven ;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

v

FOUR times the sun had risen and set ; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farm-house.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried ; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply ;
All day long the wains came labouring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came ; and, raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions :—
“ Sacred heart of the Saviour ! O inexhaustible fountain !
Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience ! ”
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the way-side,
Joined in the sacred psalm, and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction,—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—
“ Gabriel ! be of good cheer ! for if we love one another,
Nothing in truth can harm us, whatever mischances may happen ! ”
Smiling she spake these words ; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she slowly advancing. Alas ! how changed was his aspect !
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats ; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their chil-
dren
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.



So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around ; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed,
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the waggons,
Like to a gipsy camp or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,

EVANGELINE.

Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers,
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures ;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odour of milk from their udders ;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard.—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets ; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shore meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from the wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate sea-shore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food ; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
“*Benedicite !*” murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his eyes, full of tears, to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were [martyr].
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
“We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré !”
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,
Thinking the day had dawned ; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud-bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and their fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them ;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo ! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the sea-shore
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head, and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side, and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber ;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her ;
Palid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illuminated the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people,—
“ Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard.”
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo ! with a mournful sound, like the voice of a vast congregation,
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
‘Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean,
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking ;
And with the ebb of that tide the ship sailed out of the harbour,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

PART THE SECOND.

I.

MANY a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the north-east
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas.—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes ; and many, despairing, heart-broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young ; but, alas ! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,

EVANGELINE.



As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished ;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the East again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavour ;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones,
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Sometimes a rumour, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers.
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O, yes! we have seen him.
He is a *Voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say,—"Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly,—"I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illuminates the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father-confessor,
Said, with a smile,—"O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labour; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike,
Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline laboured and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps;—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveller follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its banks, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur;
Happy, at length, if he find the spot where it reaches an outlet.

II.

IT was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles: a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.

EVANGELINE.

Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro-cabins and dove-cots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness,—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen and that cannot be compassed.
As at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom,
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.

Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence, and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers.
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off, indistinct, as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.
Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon ; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored ; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travellers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grape-vine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming-birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos,
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows,
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers ;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, — " O Father Felician !
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition ?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit ? "
Then, with a blush, she added, — " Alas for my credulous fancy !
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered, —
" Daughter, thy words are not idle ; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still ; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee ; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheep-fold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees ;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape ;
Twinkling vapours arose ; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

EVANGELINE.

Hanging between two skies, a cloud, with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountains of feeling
Glowed with a light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighbouring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighbouring dwelling;—
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III.

NEAR to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks, from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden
Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dove-cots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in a shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grape-vines.

Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman arrayed in gaithers and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine, that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapoury freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognised Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbour of roses, with endless question and answer,
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings
Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said,—“ If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous? ”
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,—
“ Gone ? is Gabriel gone? ” and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said,—and his voice grew blithe as he said it,—
“ Be of good cheer, my child ; it is only to-day he departed.
Foolish boy ! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tired and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer ; we will follow the fugitive lover ;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away to-morrow, and through the red dew of the morning
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison.”

Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,
Borne aloft on his comrades' arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
“ Long live Michael,” they cried, “ our brave Acadian minstrel ! ”
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession ; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marvelled to see the wealth of the cidevant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanour ;
Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take
them ;
Each one thought in his heart, that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and crossing the airy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return ; and they rested and feasted together.

EVANGELINE.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illumining the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars ; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened :—
“ Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless.
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one !
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers ;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer.
Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom ; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies ;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the axe are hewn and framed into houses.
Alter your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle.”
Speaking these words, he blew wrathful cloud from his nostrils,
And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started ; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff half-way to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer :—
“ Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever !
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one’s neck in a nutshell ! ”
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighbouring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbours :
Friend clasped friend in his arms ; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighbouring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael’s melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.

Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future ;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o’er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odours, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,



Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fire-flies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.
Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,

EVANGELINE.

Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them, "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fire-flies,
Wandered alone, and she cried,—"O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labour,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighbouring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "To-morrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the Bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake, or forest, or river;
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumours alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses, and guides, and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV.

FAR in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway
Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's waggon,
Westward the Oregon flows, and the Walloway and the Owyhee,
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the South, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras,
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children,
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens.
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders ;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers ;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brook-side ;
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.



Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his camp-fire
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain ; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting-grounds of the cruel Comanches,
Wherè her Canadian husband, a Coureur-des-Bois, had been murdered.

EVANGELINE.

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer, and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their
blankets,

Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when see had ended
Still was mute ; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis ;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,
Told she the tale of the fair Lilinaw, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight,
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And never more returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendour
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night ; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed ; and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along,—“ On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus ;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him.”
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered, —
“ Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us ! ”
Thither they turned their steeds ; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grape-vines,
Looked with its agonised face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aerial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with heads uncovered, the travellers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the Benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,
Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome ; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And with words of kindness conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-cake
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told ; and the priest with solemnity answered :—
“ Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale ; then arose and continued his journey ! ”
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness ;
But on Evangeline’s heart fell his words as with winter the snow-flakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
“ Far to the North he has gone,” continued the priest ; “ but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission.”
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,—
“ Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted.”
So seemed it wise and well unto all ; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.

Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other,—
Days and weeks and months ; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving before her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the corn-field.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
“ Patience ! ” the priest would say ; “ have faith, and thy prayer will be

answered !

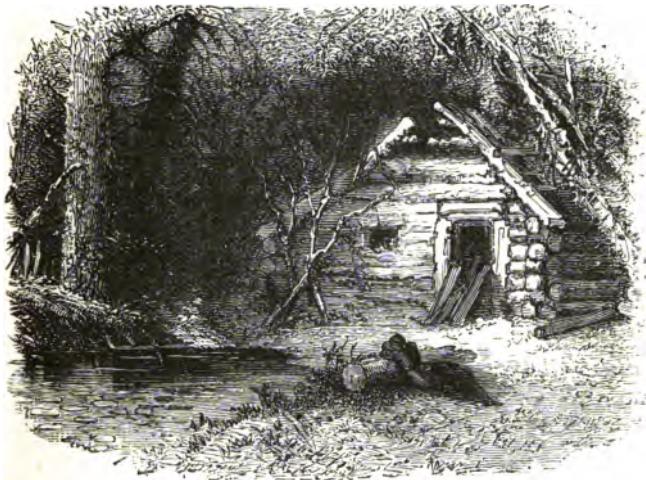
Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet ;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller’s journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe.”

So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter,—yet Gabriel came not ;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and blue-bird
Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumour was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odour of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw river,

EVANGELINE.

And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin.

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden ;—
Now in the tents of grace of the meek Moravian Missions,



Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey ;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V.

IN that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still reécho the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

There old René Leblanc had died ; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly street of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger ;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavour,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love ; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power ; he was not changed, but transfigured ;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent ;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Saviour.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy ; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night, when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their caws but an acorn.
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor ;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger ;—
Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands ;—
Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendour, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord :— “The poor ye always have with you.”
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there,
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendour,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,

EVANGELINE.

Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance,
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates ere long their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets deserted and silent
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odour of flowers in the garden ;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit ;
Something within her said,—“ At length thy trials are ended ; ”
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the road-side.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it for ever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time ;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colourless lips apart, while a shudder,
Ran through her frame, and forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples ;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood ;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those that are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, for ever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saint-like,
“ Gabriel ! O my beloved ! ” and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood ;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands ; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes ; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise ; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.



Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank Thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and for ever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey !

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

The Courtship of Miles Standish.

1858.

I. MILES STANDISH.

In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode with a martial air Miles Standish the Puritan Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him, and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corslet of steel, and his trusty sword of Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with its mystical Arabic sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling-piece, musket, and matchlock.
Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of iron;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in November.
Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household companion,
Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the window;
Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the captives
Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles but Angels."
Youngest of all was he of the men who came in the May-Flower.

Suddenly breaking the silence, the diligent scribe interrupting,
Spake, in the pride of his heart, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth.
"Look at these arms," he said, "the warlike weapons that hang here
Burnished and bright and clean, as if for parade or inspection!
This is the sword of Damascus I fought with in Flanders; this breastplate,



Well I remember the day! once saved my life in a skirmish;
Here in front you can see the very dent of the bullet
 Fired point-blank at my heart by a Spanish arcabucero.
 Had it not been of sheer steel, the forgotten bones of Miles Standish
 Would at this moment be mould, in their grave in the Flemish morasses." Thereupon answered John Alden, but looked not up from his writing:
 "Truly the breath of the Lord hath slackened the speed of the bullet;
 He in his mercy preserved you, to be our shield and our weapon!" Still the Captain continued, unheeding the words of the stripling:
 "See, how bright they are burnished, as if in an arsenal hanging,
 That is because I have done it myself, and not left it to others.
 Serve yourself, would you be well served, is an excellent adage;
 So I take care of my arms, as you of your pens and your inkhorn.
 Then, too, there are my soldiers, my great, invincible army,
 Twelve men, all equipped, having each his rest and his matchlock,
 Eighteen shillings a month, together with diet and pillage,

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

And, like Cæsar, I know the name of each of my soldiers!"
This he said with a smile, that danced in his eyes, as the sunbeams
Dance on the waves of the sea, and vanish again in a moment.
Alden laughed as he wrote, and still the Captain continued :
" Look ! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.
Now we are ready, I think, for any assault of the Indians;
Let them come, if they like, and the sooner they try it the better,—
Let them come, if they like, be it sagamore, sachem, or pow-wow,
Aspinet, Samoset, Corbitant, Squanto, or Tokamahamon ! "

Long at the window he stood, and wistfully gazed on the landscape,
Washed with a cold gray mist, the vapoury breath of the east wind,
Forest and meadow and hill, and the steel-blue rim of the ocean,
Lying silent and sad, in the afternoon shadow and sunshine.
Over his countenance flitted a shadow like those on the landscape,
Gloom intermingled with light ; and his voice was subdued with emotion,
Tenderness, pity, regret, as after a pause he proceeded :
" Yonder there, on the hill by the sea, lies buried Rose Standish ;
Beautiful rose of love, that bloomed for me by the wayside !
She was the first to die of all who came in the May-Flower !
Green above her is growing the field of wheat we have sown there,
Better to hide from the Indian scouts the graves of our people,
Lest they should count them and see how many already have perished ! "
Sadly his face he averted, and strode up and down and was thoughtful.

Fixed to the opposite wall was a shelf of books, and among them
Prominent three, distinguished alike for bulk and for binding ;
Bariffe's Artillery Guide, and the Commentaries of Cæsar,
Out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London,
And, as if guarded by these, between them was standing the Bible.
Musing a moment before them, Miles Standish paused, as if doubtful
Which of the three he should choose for his consolation and comfort,
Whether the wars of the Hebrews, the famous campaigns of the Romans,
Or the Artillery practice, designed for belligerent Christians.
Finally down from its shelf he dragged the ponderous Roman,
Seated himself at the window, and opened the book, and in silence
Turned o'er the well-worn leaves, where thumb-marks thick on the margin,
Like the trample of feet, proclaimed the battle was hottest.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Busily writing epistles important, to go by the May-Flower.
Ready to sail on the morrow, or next day at latest, God willing !
Homeward bound with the tidings of all that terrible winter,
Letters written by Alden, and full of the name of Priscilla,
Full of the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla !

II.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

NOTHING was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling,
Or an occasional sigh from the labouring heart of the Captain,
Reading the marvellous words and achievements of Julius Caesar.
After a while he exclaimed, as he smote with his hand palm downwards,
Heavily on the page, " A wonderful man was this Cæsar !
You are a writer, and I am a fighter, but here is a fellow
Who could both write and fight, and in both was equally skilful ! "

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Straightway answered and spake John Alden, the comely, the youthful :
" Yes, he was equally skilled, as you say, with his pen and his weapons.
Somewhere I have read, but where I forget, he could dictate
Seven letters at once, at the same time writing his memoirs."
" Truly," continued the Captain, not heeding or hearing the other,
" Truly a wonderful man was Caius Julius Caesar !
Better be first, he said, in a little Iberian village,
Than be second in Rome, and I think he was right when he said it.
Twice was he married before he was twenty, and many times after ;
Battles five hundred he fought, and a thousand cities he conquered ;
He, too, fought in Flanders, as he himself has recorded !
Finally he was stabbed by his friend, the orator Brutus !
Now, do you know what he did on a certain occasion in Flanders
When the rear-guard of his army retreated, the front giving way too,
And the immortal Twelfth Legion was crowded so closely together
There was no room for their swords ? Why, he seized a shield from a soldier,
Put himself straight at the head of his troops, and commanded the captains,
Calling on each by his name, to order forward the ensigns ;
Then to widen the ranks, and give more room for their weapons ;
So he won the day, the battle of Something-or-other.
That's what I always say ; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others ! "

All was silent again ; the Captain continued his reading.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the stripling
Writing epistles important to go next day by the May-Flower,
Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden Priscilla ;
Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of Priscilla !
Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his musket,
Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth :
" When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.
Be not however in haste ; I can wait ; I shall not be impatient ! "
Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,
Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention :
" Speak ; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,
Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish. ".
Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases :
" 'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it :
Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.
Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary.
Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla .
She is alone in the world ; her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together ; I saw her going and coming,
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,
Patient, courageous and strong, and said to myself, that if ever
There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,
Two have I seen and known ; and the angel whose name is Priscilla
Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.
Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,
Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.
So to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth,
Say that a blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,
Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier,

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning ;
I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.
You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and woosings of lovers,
Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling, All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered, Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness, Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom, Just as a timepiece stops in a house that is stricken by lightning, Thus made answer and spoke, or rather stammered than answered : " Such a message as that, I am sure I should mangle and mar it ; If you would have it well done,—I am only repeating your maxim,— You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others ! " But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose, Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth : " Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it ; But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing. Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases. I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender, But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not. I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon, But of a thundering ' No ! ' point-blank from the mouth of a woman,— That, I confess, I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it ! So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar, Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning of phrases." Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful, Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added : " Though I have spoken thus lightly, yet deep is the feeling that prompts me ; Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship ! " Then made answer John Alden : " The name of friendship is sacred : What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you ! " So the strong will prevailed, subduing and moulding the gentler ; Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

III.

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand, Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest, Into the tranquil woods, where blue-birds and robins were building Towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure, Peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom. All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict, Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse, To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing, As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel, Washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean ! " Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation, " Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion ? Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence ? Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow Over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England ? Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption Rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion : Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

All is clear to me now ; I feel it, I see it distinctly !
This is the hand of the Lord ; it is laid upon me in anger,
For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices,
Worshipping Astaroth blindly, and impious idols of Baal.
This is the cross I must bear ; the sin and the swift retribution."

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand ;
Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow,
Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him,
Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
" Puritan flowers," he said, " and the type of Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla !
So I will take them to her ; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth,
Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting-gift will I take them ;
Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish,
Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand ;
Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
Sailless, sombre, and cold with the comfortless breath of the east wind ;
Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow ;
Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
Singing the Hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of a maiden
Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift
Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion.
Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth,
Printed in Amsterdam, the words and music together,
Rough-hewn angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem,
She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being !
Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand ;
All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished.
All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.
Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
" Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards ;
Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains,
Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living,
It is the will of the Lord ; and his mercy endureth for ever ! "

So he entered the house ; and the hum of the wheel and the singing
Suddenly ceased ; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
Saying, " I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage ;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled
Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter,
After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.



Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway,
Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla
Laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm.
Had he but spoken then ! perhaps not in vain had he spoken ;
Now it was all too late ; the golden moment had vanished !
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful Spring-time,
Talked of their friends at home, and the May-Flower that sailed on the morrow.
" I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
" Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden ;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbours
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion ;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it : I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth : "Indeed I do not condemn you ;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on ;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage,
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth !"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters,—
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy ;
Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.
Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden
Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,
Feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless ;
Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence :
" If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me ?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning !"
Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,
Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy,—
Had no time for such things ;—such things ! the words grating harshly
Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash she made answer :
" Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding ?
That is the way with you men ; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,
Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another,
Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal,
And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman
Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected,
Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.
This is not right nor just : for surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited a while, had he only showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows ?—at last might have won me,
Old and rough as he is ; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding ;
Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction,
How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth ;
He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish ;
Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent,
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.
He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature ;
Though he was rough, he was kindly ; she knew how during the winter
He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's ;

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.



Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always.
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature ;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous ;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish !

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes over-running with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, " Why don't you speak for yourself, John ? "

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

IV.

JOHN ALDEN.

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the seaside ;
Paced up and down the sands, and bared his head to the east wind,
Cooling his heated brow, and the fire and fever within him.
Slowly as out of the heavens, with apocalyptic splendours,
Sank the City of God, in the vision of John the Apostle,
So, with its cloudy walls of chrysolite, jasper, and sapphire,
Sank the broad red sun, and over its turrets uplifted
Glimmered the golden reed of the angel who measured the city.
“ Welcome, O wind of the East ! ” he exclaimed in his wild exultation,
“ Welcome, O wind of the East, from the caves of the misty Atlantic !
Blowing o'er fields of dulse, and measureless meadows of sea-grass,
Blowing o'er rocky wastes, and the grottoes and gardens of ocean !
Lay thy cold, moist hand on my burning forehead, and wrap me
Close in thy garments of mist, to allay the fever within me ! ”

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing,
Beating remorseful and loud the mutable sands of the sea-shore.
Fierce in his soul was the struggle and tumult of passions contending ;
Love triumphed and crowned, and friendship wounded and bleeding,
Passionate cries of desire, and importunate pleadings of duty !
“ Is it my fault,” he said, “ that the maiden has chosen between us ?
Is it my fault that he failed,—my fault that I am the victor ? ”
Then within him there thundered a voice, like the voice of the Prophet :
“ It hath displeased the Lord ! ”—and he thought of David’s transgression.
Bathsheba’s beautiful face, and his friend in the front of the battle !
Shame and confusion of guilt, and abasement and self-condemnation,
Overwhelmed him at once ; and he cried in the deepest contrition :
“ It hath displeased the Lord ! It is the temptation of Satan ! ”

Then, uplifting his head, he looked at the sea, and beheld there
Dimly the shadowy form of the May-flower riding at anchor,
Rocked on the rising tide, and ready to sail on the morrow ;
Heard the voices of men through the mist, the rattle of cordage
Thrown on the deck, the shouts of the mate, and the sailors’ “ Ay, ay, Sir ! ”
Clear and distinct, but not loud, in the dripping air of the twilight.
Still for a moment he stood, and listened, and stared at the vessel,
Then went hurriedly on, as one who, seeing a phantom,
Stops, then quickens his pace, and follows the beckoning shadow.
“ Yes, it is plain to me now,” he murmured ; “ the hand of the Lord is
Leading me out of the land of darkness, the bondage of error,
Through the sea, that shall lift the walls of its waters around me,
Hiding me, cutting me off from the cruel thoughts that pursue me.
Back will I go o'er the ocean, this dreary land will abandon,
Her whom I may not love, and him whom my heart has offended.
Better to be in my grave in the green old churchyard in England,
Close by my mother’s side, and among the dust of my kindred ;
Better be dead and forgotten, than living in shame and dishonour ;
Sacred and safe and unseen, in the dark of the narrow chamber
With me my secret shall lie, like a buried jewel that glimmers
Bright on the hand that is dust, in the chambers of silence and darkness,—
Yes, as the marriage-ring of the great espousal hereafter ! ”

Thus as he spake, he turned, in the strength of his strong resolution,
Leaving behind him the shore, and hurried along in the twilight,
Through the congenial gloom of the forest silent and sombre,

THE COURTSCHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Till he beheld the lights in the seven houses of Plymouth,
Shining like seven stars in the dusk and mist of the evening.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable Captain
Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Caesar,
Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders,
“ Long have you been on your errand,” he said with a cheery demeanour,
Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.
“ Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us ;
But you have lingered so long, that while you were going and coming
I have fought ten battles and sacked and demolished a city.
Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened.”

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened ;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had spoken,
Words so tender and cruel : “ Why don’t you speak for yourself, John ? ”
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor, till his armour
Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.
All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,
Even as a hand-grenade, that scatters destruction around it.
Wildly he shouted, and loud : “ John Alden ! you have betrayed me !
Me, Miles Standish, your friend ! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me !
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of Wat Tyler ;
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the heart of a traitor ?
Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to friendship !
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved as a brother ;
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to whose keeping
I have entrusted my honour, my thoughts the most sacred and secret, —
You, too, Brutus ! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter !
Brutus was Caesar’s friend, and you were mine, but henceforward
Let there be nothing between us save war and implacable hatred ! ”

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage ; like cords were the veins on his temples.
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent importance,
Rumours of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians :
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further question or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely, departed.
Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth in secret.

Meanwhile the choleric Captain strode wrathful away to the council,
Found it already assembled, impatiently waiting his coming ;
Men in the middle of life, austere and grave in deportment,
Only one of them old, the hill that was nearest to heaven,
Covered with snow, but erect, the excellent Elder of Plymouth.
God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation ;
So say the chroniclers old, and such is the faith of the people !
Near them was standing an Indian, in attitude stern and defiant,
Naked down to the waist, and grim and ferocious in aspect ;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

While on the table before them was lying unopened a Bible,
Ponderous, bound in leather, brass-studded, printed in Holland,
And beside it outstretched the skin of a rattle-snake glittered,
Filled, like a quiver, with arrows ; a signal and challenge of warfare,
Brought by the Indian, and speaking with arrowy tongues of defiance.
This Miles Standish beheld, as he entered, and heard them debating
What were an answer befitting the hostile message and menace,
Talking of this and of that, contriving, suggesting, objecting ;
One voice only for peace, and that the voice of the Elder,
Judging it wise and well that some at least were converted,
Rather than any were slain, for this was but Christian behaviour !
Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth,
Muttering deep in his throat, for his voice was husky with anger :
" What ! do you mean to make war with milk and the water of roses ?
Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted
There on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils ?
Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon ! "
Thereupon answered and said the excellent Elder of Plymouth,
Somewhat amazed and alarmed at this irreverent language :
" Not so thought Saint Paul, nor yet the other Apostles :
Not from the cannon's mouth were the tongues of fire they spake with ! "
But unheeded fell this mild rebuke on the Captain,
Who had advanced to the table, and thus continued discoursing :
" Leave this matter to me, for to me by right it pertaineth.
War is a terrible trade ; but in the cause that is righteous,
Sweet is the smell of powder ; and thus I answer the challenge ! "

Then from the rattlesnake's skin, with a sudden, contemptuous gesture,
Jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets
Full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage,
Saying, in thundering tones, " Here, take it ! this is your answer ! "
Silently out of the room then glided the glistening savage,
Bearing the serpent's skin, and seeming himself like a serpent,
Winding his sinuous way in the dark to the depths of the forest.

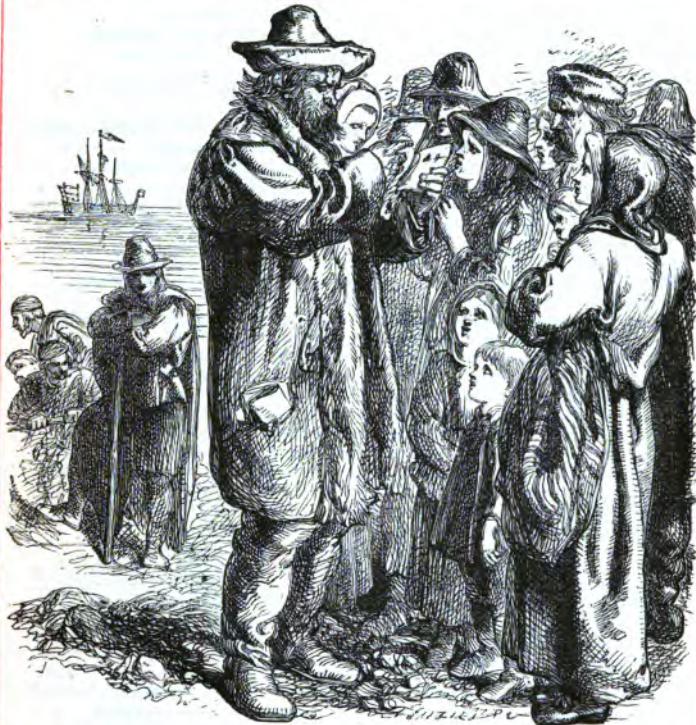
v

THE SAILING OF THE MAY-FLOWER.

JUST in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth ;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, " Forward ! "
Given in tones suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, marched slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage.
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David ;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—
Ay, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning :
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labours.
Sweet was the air and soft ; slowly the smoke from the chimneys

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.



Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward ;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the May-Flower ;
Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming ;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains !
Beautiful on the sails of the May-Flower riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter,
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward ; anon rang
Loud over field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure ;
Ah ! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people !
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty !
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May-Flower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing.
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence ;
Then he had turned away, and said : " I will not awake him ;
Let him sleep on, it is best ; for what is the use of more talking ?"
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning.—
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,—
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose : in the twilight Alden beheld him
Put on his corslet of steel, and all the rest of his armour,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon ;
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions ;
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,—
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not !
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying.
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richahd and Gilbert,
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a door-step
Into a world unknown,—the corner-stone of a nation !

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward.
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odour of ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.
Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from a verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick mysterious instincts ;
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine !
• Here I remain ! " he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
" Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether !
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me ; I heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil !
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her for ever, protecting, supporting her weakness ;
Yes ! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving ! "

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands ; and the people crowded around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel !
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true ! not one went back in the May-Flower !
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this ploughing !

Soon was heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sail set to the west wind,
Blowing steady and strong : and the May-Flower sailed from the harbour,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the sand of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human ;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapped in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, " Let us pray ! " and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took
courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard ;
Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of escaping.
Lo ! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill ; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying, " Look ! " he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes ; but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

VI.

PRISCILLA.

THUS for a while he stood, and mused by the shore of the ocean,
Thinking of many things, and most of all of Priscilla :
And as if thought had the power to draw to itself, like the loadstone,
Whatsoever it touches, by subtle laws of its nature,
Lo ! as he turned to depart, Priscilla was standing beside him.

"Are you so much offended you will not speak to me?" said she,
"Am I so much to blame, that yesterday, when you were pleading
Warmly the cause of another, my heart, impulsive and wayward,
Pleaded your own, and spake out, forgetful perhaps of decorum?
Certainly you can forgive me for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it :
For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.
Yesterday I was shocked when I heard you speak of Miles Standish.
Praising his virtues, transforming his very defects into virtues,
Praising his courage and strength, and even his fighting in Flanders,
As if by fighting alone you could win the heart of a woman,
Quite overlooking yourself and the rest, in exalting your hero.
Therefore I spake as I did, by an irresistible impulse.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of the friendship between us,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!"
Thereupon answered John Alden, the scholar, the friend of Miles Standish :
"I was not angry with you, with myself alone I was angry,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping."
"No!" interrupted the maiden, with answer prompt and decisive ;
"No, you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.
It was wrong, I acknowledge ; for it is the fate of a woman,
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers.
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."
Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women :
"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla ; and truly they seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,
More like the river Euphrates, through deserts of Havilah flowing,
Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!"
"Ah, by these words, I can see," again interrupted the maiden,
"How very little you prize me, or care for what I am saying.
When from the depths of my heart, in pain and with secret misgiving,
Frankly I speak to you, asking for sympathy only and kindness,
Straightway you take up my words, that are plain and direct in earnest,
Turn them away from their meaning, and answer with flattering phrases.
This is not right, is not just, is not true to the best that is in you ;
For I know and esteem you, and feel that your nature is noble,
Lifting mine up to a higher, a more ethereal level.
Therefore I value your friendship, and feel it perhaps the more keenly
If you say aught that implies I am only as one among many,
If you make use of those common and complimentary phrases
Most men think so fine, in dealing and speaking with women,
But which women reject as insipid, if not as insulting."

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Mute and amazed was Alden : and listened and looked at Priscilla,
Thinking he never had seen her more fair, more divine in her beauty.
He who but yesterday pleaded so glibly the cause of another,
Stood there embarrassed and silent, and seeking in vain for an answer.
So the maiden went on, and little divined or imagined
What was at work in his heart, that made him so awkward and speechless.
"Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things
Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred professions of friendship.
It is no secret I tell you, nor am I ashamed to declare it :
I have liked to be with you, to see you, to speak with you always.
So I was hurt at your words, and a little affronted to hear you
Urge me to marry your friend, though he were the Captain Miles Standish,
For I must tell you the truth : much more to me is your friendship
Than all the love he could give, were he twice the hero you think him."
Then she extended her hand, and Alden, who eagerly grasped it,
Felt all the wounds in his heart, that were aching and bleeding so sorely.
Healed by the touch of that hand, and he said, with a voice full of feeling :
"Yes, we must ever be friends ; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be even the first, the truest, the nearest, and dearest !"

Casting a farewell look at the glimmering sail of the May-Flower,
Distant, but still in sight, and sinking below the horizon,
Homeward together they walked with a strange indefinite feeling,
That all the rest had departed and left them alone in the desert.
But, as they went through the fields in the blessing and smile of the sunshine,
Lighter grew their hearts, and Priscilla said, very archly :
"Now that our terrible Captain has gone in pursuit of the Indians,
Where he is happier far than he would be commanding a household,
You may speak boldly, and tell me of all that happened between you,
When you returned last night, and said how ungrateful you found me."
Thereupon answered John Alden, and told her the whole of the story,—
Told her his own despair, and the direful wrath of Miles Standish.
Whereat the maiden smiled, and said, between laughing and earnest,
"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment!"
But as he gently rebuked her, and told her how much he had suffered,—
How he had even determined to sail that day in the May-Flower,
And had remained for her sake, on hearing the dangers that threatened,—
All her manner was changed, and she said with a faltering accent,
"Truly I thank you for this : how good you have been to me always!"

Thus, as a pilgrim devout, who toward Jerusalem journeys,
Taking three steps in advance, and one reluctantly backward,
Urged by impulsive zeal, and withheld by pangs of contrition ;
Slowly but steadily onward, receding, yet ever advancing,
Journeyed this Puritan youth to the Holy Land of his longings,
Urged by the fervour of love, and withheld by remorseful misgivings.

VII.

THE MARCH OF MILES STANDISH.

MEANWHILE the stalwart Miles Standish was marching steadily northward,
Winding through forest and swamp, and along the trend of the sea-shore.
All day long, with hardly a halt, the fire of his anger
Burning and crackling within, and the sulphurous odour of powder
Seeming more sweet to his nostrils than all the scents of the forest.
Silent and moody he went, and much he revolved his discomfort ;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

He who was used to success, and to easy victories always,
Thus to be flouted, rejected, and laughed to scorn by a maiden,
Thus to be mocked and betrayed by the friend whom most he had trusted !
Ah ! 'twas too much to be borne, and he fretted and chafed in his armour !

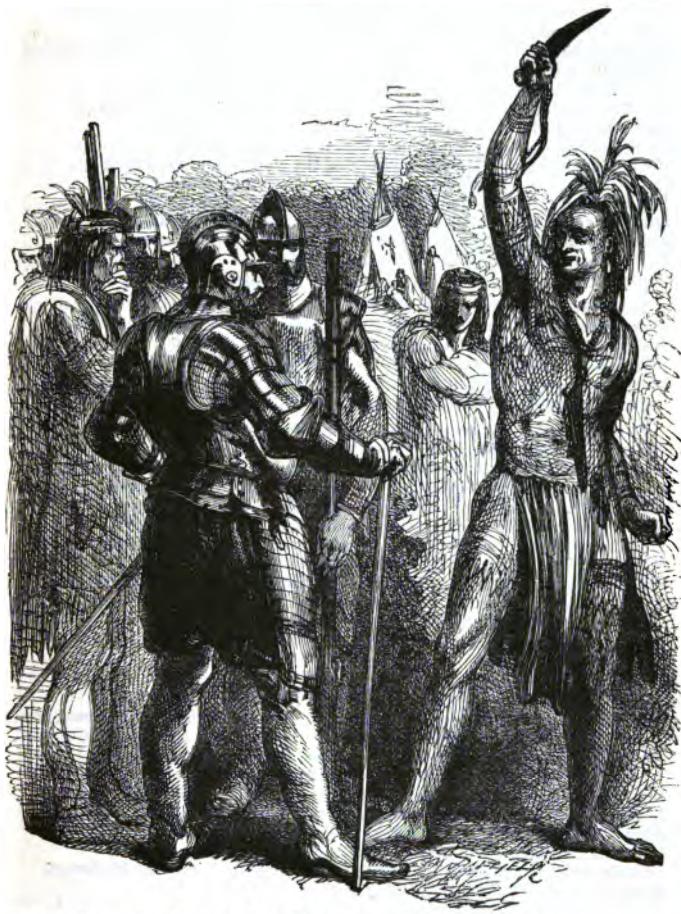
"I alone am to blame," he muttered, "for mine was the folly.
What was a rough old soldier, grown grim and gray in the harness,
Used to the camp and its ways, to do with the wooing of maidens ?
'Twas but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others !
What I thought was a flower, is only a weed, and is worthless ;
Out of my heart will I pluck it, and throw it away, and henceforward
Be but a fighter of battles, a lover and woerer of dangers !"
Thus he revolved in his mind his sorry defeat and discomfort,
While he was marching by day or lying at night in the forest,
Looking up at the trees, and the constellations beyond them.

After a three days' march he came to an Indian encampment
Pitched on the head of a meadow, between the sea and the forest ;
Women at work by the tents, and the warriors, horrid with war-paint,
Seated about a fire, and smoking and talking together ;
Who, when they saw from afar the sudden approach of the white men,
Saw the flash of the sun on breastplate, and sabre, and musket,
Straightway leaped to their feet, and two from among them advancing,
Came to parley with Standish, and offer him furs as a present ;
Friendship was in their looks, but in their hearts there was hatred.
Braves of the tribes were these, and brothers gigantic in stature,
Huge as Goliath of Gath, or the terrible Og, king of Bashan ;
One was Pecksuot named, and the other was called Wattawamat.
Round their necks were suspended their knives in scabbards of wampum,
Two-edged, trenchant knives, with points as sharp as a needle.
Other arms had they none, for they were cunning and crafty.
"Welcome, English !" they said,—these words they had learned from the
traders

Touching at times on the coast, to barter and chaffer for peltries.
Then in their native tongue they began to parley with Standish,
Through his guide and interpreter, Hobomok, friend of the white man,
Begging for blankets and knives, but mostly for muskets and powder,
Kept by the white man, they said, concealed, with the plague, in his cellars,
Ready to be let loose, and destroy his brother the red man !
But when Standish refused, and said he would give them a Bible,
Suddenly changing their tone, they began to boast and to bluster,
Then Wattawamat advanced with a stride in front of the other,
And, with a lofty demeanour, thus vauntingly spake to the Captain :
"Now Wattawamat can see, by the fiery eyes of the Captain,
Angry is lie in his heart ; but the heart of the brave Wattawamat
Is not afraid at the sight. He was not born of a woman,
But on a mountain, at night, from an oak-tree riven by lightning,
Forth he sprang at a bound, with all his weapons about him,
Shouting, 'Who is there here to fight with the brave Wattawamat ?'"
Then he unsheathed his knife, and, whetting the blade on his left hand,
Held it aloft, and displayed a woman's face on the handle,
Saying, with bitter expression and look of sinister meaning :
"I have another at home, with the face of a man on the handle ;
By and by they shall marry ; and there will be plenty of children !"

Then stood Pecksuot forth, self-vaunting, insulting Miles Standish :
While with his fingers he patted the knife that hung at his bosom,
Drawing it half from its sheath, and plunging it back, as he muttered,
"By and by it shall see ; it shall eat ; ah, ah ! but shall speak not !

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.



This is the mighty Captain the white men have sent to destroy us :
He is a little man ; let him go and work with the women ! "

Meanwhile Standish had noted the faces and figures of Indians
Peeping and creeping about from bush to tree in the forest,
Feigning to look for game, with arrows set on their bow-strings,
Drawing about him still closer and closer the net of their ambush.
But undaunted he stood, and dissembled and treated them smoothly ;
So the old chronicles say, that were writ in the days of the fathers.
But when he heard their defiance, the boast, the taunt, and the insult,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

All the hot blood of his race, of Sir Hugh and of Thurston de Standish,
Boiled and beat in his heart, and swelled in the veins of his temples.
Headlong he leapt on the boaster, and snatching his knife from its scabbard,
Plunged it into his heart, and, reeling backward, the savage
Fell with his face to the sky, and a fiendlike fierceness upon it.
Straight there arose from the forest the awful sound of the war-whoop,
And, like a flurry of snow, on the whistling wind of December,
Swift and sudden and keen came a flight of feathery arrows.
Then came a cloud of smoke, and out of the cloud came the lightning,
Out of the lightning thunder ; and death unseen ran before it.
Frightened the savages fled for shelter in swamp and in thicket,
Hotly pursued and beset ; but their sachem, the brave Wattawamat,
Fled not ; he was dead. Unswerving and swift had a bullet
Passed through his brain, and he fell with both hands clutching the greensward
Seeming in death to hold back from his foe the land of his fathers.

There on the flowers of the meadow the warriors lay, and above them,
Silent with folded arms, stood Hobomok, friend of the white man.
Smiling at length he exclaimed to the stalwart Captain of Plymouth :
" Pecksuot bragged very loud, of his courage, his strength, and his stature,—
Mocked the great Captain, and called him a little man ; but I see now
Big enough have you been to lay him speechless before you ! "

Thus the first battle was fought and won by the stalwart Miles Standish.
When the tidings thereof were brought to the village of Plymouth,
And as a trophy of war the head of the brave Wattawamat
Scowled from the roof of the fort, which at once was a church and a fortress,
All who beheld it rejoiced, and praised the Lord, and took courage.
Only Priscilla averted her face from the spectre of terror.
Thanking God in her heart that she had not married Miles Standish :
Shrinking, fearing almost, lest, coming home from his battles,
He should lay claim to her hand, as the prize and reward of his valour.

VIII.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

MONTH after month passed away, and in Autumn the ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims.
All in the village was peace ; the men were intent on their labours,
Busy with hewing and building, with garden-plot and with mere-stead,
Busy with breaking the glebe, and mowing the grass in the meadows,
Searching the sea for its fish, and hunting the deer in the forest.
All in the village was peace ; but at times the rumour of warfare
Filled the air with alarm and the apprehension of danger.
Bravely the stalwart Miles Standish was scouring the land with his forces,
Waxing valiant in fight and defeating the alien armies,
Till his name had become a sound of fear to the nations.
Anger was still in his heart, but at times remorse and contrition,
Which in all noble natures succeed the passionate outbreak,
Came like a rushing tide, that encounters the rush of a river,
Staying its current a while, but making it bitter and brackish.

Meanwhile Alden at home had built him a new habitation,
Solid, substantial, of timber rough-hewn from the firs of the forest.
Wooden-barred was the door, and the roof was covered with rushes ;
Latticed the windows were, and the window-panes were of paper,
Oiled to admit the light, while wind and rain were excluded.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

There too he dug a well, and around it planted an orchard :
Still may be seen to this day some trace of the well and the orchard.
Close to the house was the stall, where, safe and secure from annoyance,
Raghorn, the snow-white steer, that had fallen to Alden's allotment
In the division of cattle, might ruminant in the night-time
Over the pastures he cropped, made fragrant by sweet pennyroyal.

Oft when his labour was finished, with eager feet would the dreamer
Follow the pathway that ran through the woods to the house of Priscilla,
Led by illusions romantic and subtle deceptions of fancy,
Pleasure disguised as duty, and love in the semblance of friendship.
Ever of her he thought, when he fashioned the walls of his dwelling ;
Ever of her he thought, when he delved in the soil of his garden ;
Ever of her he thought, when he read in his Bible on Sunday
Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving !

So as she sat at her wheel one afternoon in the Autumn,
Alden, who opposite sat, and was watching her dexterous fingers,
As if the thread she was spinning were that of his life and his fortune.
After a pause in their talk, thus spake to the sound of the spindle.
" Truly, Priscilla," he said, " when I see you spinning and spinning,
Never idle a moment, but thrifty and thoughtful of others,
Suddenly you are transformed, are visibly changed in a moment ;
You are no longer Priscilla, but Bertha the Beautiful Spinner."
Here the light foot on the treadle grew swifter and swifter ; the spindle
Uttered an angry snarl, and the thread snapped short in her fingers,
While the impetuous speaker, not heeding the mischief, continued :
" You are the beautiful Bertha, the spinner, the Queen of Helvetia ;
She whose story I read at a stall in the streets of Southampton,
Who, as she rode on her palfrey, o'er valley and meadow and mountain
Ever was spinning her thread from a distaff fixed to her saddle.
She was so thrifty and good, that her name passed into a proverb.
So shall it be with your own, when the spinning-wheel shall no longer
Hum in the house of the farmer, and fill its chambers with music.
Then shall the mothers, reproofing, relate how it was in their childhood,
Praising the good old times, and the days of Priscilla the spinner ! "
Straight uprose from her wheel the beautiful Puritan maiden,
Pleased with the praise of her thrift from him whose praise was the sweetest,
Drew from the reel on the table a snowy skein of her spinning.
Thus making answer, meanwhile, to the flattering phrases of Alden :
" Come, you must not be idle ; if I am a pattern for housewives,
Show yourself equally worthy of being the model of husbands ;
Hold this skein on your hands, while I wind it ready for knitting.
Then who knows but hereafter, when fashions have changed and the manners,
Fathers may talk to their sons of the good old times of John Alden ! "
Thus, with a jest and a laugh, the skein on his hands she adjusted,
He sitting awkwardly there, with his arms extended before him,
She standing graceful, erect, and winding the thread from his fingers,
Sometimes chiding a little his clumsy manner of holding,
Sometimes touching his hands, as she disentangled expertly
Twist or knot in the yarn, unawares—for how could she help it ;—
Sending electrical thrills through every nerve in his body.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Lo ! in the midst of this scene, a breathless messenger entered,
Bringing in hurry and heat the terrible news from the village.
Yes ; Miles Standish was dead !—an Indian had brought them the tidings,—
Slain by a poisoned arrow, shot down in the front of the battle,
Into an ambush beguiled, cut off with the whole of his forces ;
All the town would be burned, and all the people be murdered !
Such were the tidings of evil that burst on the hearts of the hearers.
Silent and statue-like stood Priscilla, her face looking backward
Still at the face of the speaker, her arms uplifted in horror ;
But John Alden, upstarting, as if the barb of the arrow
Piercing the heart of his friend had struck his own and had sundered
Once and for ever the bonds that held him bound as a captive,
Wild with excess of sensation, the awful delight of his freedom
Mingled with pain and regret, unconscious of what he was doing,
Clasped, almost with a groan, the motionless form of Priscilla,
Pressing her close to his heart, as for ever his own, and exclaiming :
“ Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder ! ”

Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leaped from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Run together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest ;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.

IX.

THE WEDDING-DAY.

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High-Priest, in his garments resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pomegranates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapour beneath him
Gleamed like a grate of brass, and the sea at his feet was a laver !

This was the wedding-morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.
Friends were assembled together ; the Elder and Magistrate also
Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,
One with the sanction of earth and one with the blessing of heaven.
Simple and brief was the wedding, as that of Ruth and of Boaz,
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,
After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home, that were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and imploring divine benedictions.

Lo ! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,
Clad in armour of steel, a sombre and sorrowful figure !
Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition ?
Why does the bride turn pale and hide her face on his shoulder ?
Is it a phantom of air,—a bodiless, spectral illusion ?
Is it a ghost from a grave, that has come to forbid the betrothal ?
Long had it stood there unseen, a guest uninvited, unwelcomed ;
Over its clouded eyes there had passed at times an expression
Softening the gloom and revealing the warm heart hidden beneath them.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.



As when across the sky the driving rack of the rain-cloud
Grows for a moment thin, and betrays the sun by its brightness.
Once it had lifted its hand, and moved its lips, but was silent,
As if an iron will had mastered the fleeting intention.
But when were ended the troth and the prayer and the last benediction,
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement
Bodily there in his armour Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth !
Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion, "Forgive me !
I have been angry and hurt,—too long have I cherished the feeling ;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God ! it is ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of Hugh Standish,

LONGFELLOWS POETICAL WORKS.

Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of John Alden." Thereupon answered the bridegroom : "Let all be forgotten between us,— All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older and dearer!" Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla, Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in England, Something of camp and of court, of town and of country, commingled, Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her husband, Then he said with a smile : "I should have remembered the adage,— If you would be well served, you must serve yourself : and moreover, No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!"

Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their rejoicing, Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their Captain, Whom they had mourned as dead ; and they gathered and crowded about him, Eager to see him and hear him, forgetful of bride and of bridegroom, Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting the other, Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered and bewildered, He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment, Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been invited.

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride at the doorway, Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning. Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine, Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation ; There were the graves of the dead, and the barren waste of the sea-shore, There the familiar fields, the groves of pine, and the meadows ; But to their eyes transfigured, it seemed as the Garden of Eden, Filled with the presence of God, whose voice was the sound of the ocean.

Soon was their vision disturbed by the noise and stir of departure, Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of longer delaying, Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left uncompleted. Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of wonder, Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of Priscilla, Brought out his snow-white steer, obeying the hand of its master, Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils, Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a saddle. She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday ; Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant. Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others, Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of her husband, Gaily, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey. "Nothing is wanting now," he said, with a smile, "but the distaff ; Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new habitation, Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together. Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in the forest, Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love, through its bosom, Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure abysses. Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his splendours, Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them suspended, Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and the fir-tree, Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of Eschol. Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages, Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca and Isaac, Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always, Love immortal and young in the endless succession of lovers. So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal procession.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

The Song of Hiawatha.

1842.

THIS Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michaboo, Chiabo, Manaboozo, Tarenyawagon; and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algic Researches*, Vol. I. p. 134, and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States*, Part III. p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

SHOULD you ask me, whence these stories?

Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odours of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,
“From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-
lands.

Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer.”

Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs, so wild and way-
ward,

Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
“In the birds’-nests of the forests,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyrie of the eagle!

“All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fenlands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahng, the loon, the wild goose,
Wawa,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!”

If still further you should ask me,
Saying, “Who was Nawadaha?
Tell us of this Nawadaha,”
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow.

“In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the corn-
fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.

“And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the
valley,

By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the Vale of Tawasentha,*
In the green and silent valley.
“There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!”

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,

* This valley, now called Norman’s Kill, is in Albany County, New York.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,

And the rushing of great rivers,
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries ;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken ;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,

For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness

And are lifted up and strengthened ;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

Ye, who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter ;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this Song of Hiawatha !

I. THE PEACE-PIPE.

ON the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manitou, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,

On the red crags of the quarry
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet,
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, " Run in this way ! "

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures ;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it ;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow ;
Breathed upon the neighbouring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled ;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manitou, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapour,
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven,
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the Northern lakes and rivers,
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations
Said : " Behold it, the Pukwana !
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manitou, the mighty,
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council ! "

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Came the Pawnees and Omawhaws,
Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.
And they stood there on the meadow,

With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manitou, the mighty,
The creator of the nations,
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling

But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children!
Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic
As the sound of far-off waters
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:—

"O my children! my poor children!

Listen to the words of wisdom,
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life who made you!

"I have given you lands to hunt in,
I have given you streams to fish in,
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes;
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

"I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.

"I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach
you,
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels,
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

"Bathe now in the stream before
you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces,
Wash the blood-stains from your
fingers,
Buy your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you,
Deck them with your brightest
feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!"

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of
deer-skin,
Threw their weapons and their war-
gear,
Leaped into the rushing river,
Washed the war-paint from their faces,
Clear above them flowed the water,
Clear and limpid from the footprints
Of the Master of Life descending;
Dark below them flowed the water,
Soiled and stained with streaks of
crimson,

As if blood were mingled with it!
From the river came the warriors,
Clean and washed from all their war-
paint;

On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
Gitche Manitou, the mighty,
The Great Spirit, the creator,
Smiled upon his helpless children
And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-
Pipes,

Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest
feathers,
And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

II.

THE FOUR WINDS.

" HONOUR be to Mudjekeewis ! "
 Cried the warriors, cried the old men,
 When he came in triumph homeward
 With the sacred belt of Wampum,
 From the regions of the North-Wind,
 From the kingdom of Wabasso,
 From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the belt of Wampum,
 From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,
 From the Great Bear of the mountains,
 From the terror of the nations,
 As he lay asleep and cumbrous
 On the summit of the mountains,
 Like a rock with mosses on it,
 Spotted brown and gray with mosses.
 Silently he stole upon him,
 Till the red nails of the monster
 Almost touched him, almost scared
 him,

Till the hot breath of his nostrils
 Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis,
 As he drew the belt of Wampum,
 Over the round ears, that heard not,
 Over the small eyes, that saw not,
 Over the long nose, and nostrils,
 The black muffle of the nostrils,
 Out of which the heavy breathing
 Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.
 Then he swung aloft his war-club,
 Shouted loud and long his war-cry,
 Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa
 In the middle of the forehead,
 Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,
 Rose the Great Bear of the mountains ;
 But his knees beneath him trembled,
 And he whimpered like a woman,
 As he reeled and staggered forward,
 As he sat upon his haunches ;
 And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
 Standing fearlessly before him,
 Taunted him in loud derision,
 Spake disdainfully in this wise :—

" Hark you, Bear ! you are a
 coward,
 And no brave, as you pretended ;
 Else you would not cry and whimper
 Like a miserable woman !
 Bear ! you know our tribes are hostile,
 Long have been at war together ;
 Now you find that we are strongest,
 You go sneaking in the forest,
 You go hiding in the mountains !
 Had you conquered me in battle,
 Not a groan would I have uttered :

But you, Bear, sit here and whimper,
 And disgrace your tribe by crying,
 Like a wretched Shaugodaya,
 Like a cowardly old woman !"
 Then again he raised his war-club,
 Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa
 In the middle of his forehead,
 Broke his skull, as ice is broken
 When one goes to fish in Winter.
 Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
 He the Great Bear of the mountains,
 He the terror of the nations.

" Honour be to Mudjekeewis ! "
 With a shout exclaimed the people,
 " Honour be to Mudjekeewis !
 Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,
 And hereafter and for ever
 Shall he hold supreme dominion
 Over all the winds of heaven.
 Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
 Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind ! "

Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen
 Father of the Winds of Heaven.
 For himself he kept the West-Wind,
 Gave the others to his children ;
 Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,
 Gave the South to Shawondasee,
 And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,
 To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun ;
 He it was who brought the morning,
 He it was whose silver arrows
 Chased the dark o'er hill and valley ;
 He it was whose cheeks were painted
 With the brightest streaks of crimson,
 And whose voice awoke the village.
 Called the deer, and called the hunter.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun ;
 Though the birds sang gaily to him,
 Though the wild-flowers of the meadow
 Filled the air with odours for him,
 Though the forests and the rivers
 Sang and shouted at his coming,
 Still his heart was sad within him,
 For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,
 While the village still was sleeping,
 And the fog lay on the river,
 Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
 He beheld a maiden walking
 All alone upon a meadow,
 Gathering water-flags and rushes
 By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,
 Still the first thing he beheld there
 Was her blue eyes looking at him,
 Two blue lakes among the rushes.
 And he loved the lonely maiden,

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Who thus waited for his coming ;
For they both were solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses,
Wooed her with his smile of sunshine,
With his flattering words he wooed
her,

With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odours,
Till he drew her to his bosom,
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Trembling still upon his bosom ;
And for ever in the heavens
They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs,
In the everlasting snow-drifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow ;
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,
Drove the cormorant and heron
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts,
From his home among the icebergs,
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,
Streamed behind him like a river,
Like a black and wintry river,
As he howled and hurried southward,
Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes
Found he Shingebis, the diver,
Trailing strings of fish behind him,
O'er the frozen fens and moorlands,
Lingering still among the moorlands,
Though his tribe had long departed
To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,
" Who is this that dares to brave me ?
Dares to stay in my dominions,
When the Wawa has departed,
When the wild-goose has gone south-
ward,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Long ago departed southward ?
I will go into his wigwam,
I will put his smouldering fire out ! "

And at night Kabibonokka
To the lodge came wild and wailing,
Heaped the snow in drifts about it,
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
Flapped the curtain of the doorway.
Shingebis, the diver, feared not ;
Shingebis, the diver, cared not ;
Four great logs had he for firewood,
One for each moon of the winter,
And for food the fishes served him.
By his blazing fire he sat there,
Warm and merry, eating, laughing,
Singing, " O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal ! "

Then Kabibonokka entered,
And though Shingebis, the diver,
Felt his presence by the coldness,
Felt his icy breath upon him ;
Still he did not cease his singing,
Still he did not leave his laughing,
Only turned the log a little,
Only made the fire-burn brighter,
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,
Making dints upon the ashes,
As along the eaves of lodges,
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,
Drips the melting snow in Spring-
time,

Making hollows in the snow-drifts.
Till at last he rose defeated,
Could not bear the heat and laughter,
Could not bear the merry singing,
But rushed headlong through the
doorway,

Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,
Stamped upon the lakes and rivers,
Made the snow upon them harder,
Made the ice upon them thicker,
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
To come forth and wrestle with him,
To come forth and wrestle naked
On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,
Wrestled all night with the North-
Wind,

Wrestled naked on the moorlands
With the fierce Kabibonokka,
Till his panting breath grew fainter,
Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,
Till he reeled and staggered back-
ward,

And retreated, baffled, beaten,
To the kingdom of Wabasso,
To the land of the White Rabbit,

LONGFELLOWS POETICAL WORKS.

Hearing still the gusty laughter,
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal !"
Shawondasee, fat and lazy,
Had his dwelling far to southward,
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
In the never-ending Summer.
He it was who sent the wood-birds,
Sent the Opechee, the robin,
Sent the blue-bird, the Owaisse,
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,
Sent the melons and tobacco,
And the grapes in purple clusters.
From his pipe the smoke ascending
Filled the sky with haze and vapour,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,
Gave a twinkle to the water,
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian Summer,
In the Moon when nights are brightest,
In the dreary Moon of Snow-Shoes.
Listless, careless Shawondasee !
In his life he had one shadow,
In his heart one sorrow had he.
Once, as he was gazing northward,
Far away upon a prairie
He beheld a maiden standing,
Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie ;
Brightest green were all her garments,
And her hair was like the sunshine.
Day by day he gazed upon her,
Day by day he sighed with passion,
Day by day his heart within him
Grew more hot with love and longing
For the maid with yellow tresses.
But he was too fat and lazy
To bestir himself and woo her ;
Yes, too indolent and easy
To pursue her and persuade her.
So he only gazed upon her,
Only sat and sighed with passion
For the maiden of the prairie.
Till one morning, looking northward,
He beheld her yellow tresses
Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,
Covered as with whitest snow-flakes.
"Ah ! my brother from the North-land,
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit !
You have stolen the maiden from me,

You have laid your hand upon her,
You have wooed and won my maiden,
With your stories of the Northland !"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee
Breathed into the air his sorrow ;
And the South-wind o'er the prairie
Wandered warm with sighs of passion,
With the sighs of Shawondasee,
Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,
Full of thistle-down the prairie,
And the maid with hair like sunshine
Vanished from his sight for ever ;
Never more did Shawondasee
See the maid with yellow tresses !

Poor, deluded Shawondasee !
'Twas no woman that you gazed at,
'Twas no maiden that you sighed for,
'Twas the prairie dandelion
That through all the dreary Summer
You had gazed at with such longing,
You had sighed for with such passion,
And had puffed away for ever,
Blown into the air with sighing.
Ah ! deluded Shawondasee !

Thus the Four Winds were divided ;
Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis
Had their stations in the heavens,
At the corners of the heavens ;
For himself the West-Wind only
Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNDOWN through the evening twilight,

In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife, but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,

On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
"See ! a star falls !" said the people ;
"From the sky a star is falling !"

There among the ferns and mosses,
There among the prairie lilies,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter,
And she called her name Wenonah,
As the firstborn of her daughters.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
“ O, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis ;
Listen not to what he tells you ;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm
you ! ”

But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not those words of wisdom,
And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blos-
soms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Wood her with his words of sweet-
ness,

Wooded her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder ;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faith-
less,

By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis ;
“ O that I were dead ! ” she mur-
mured,

“ O that I were dead, as thou art !
No more work, and no more weeping,
Wahonomin ! Wahonomin ! ”

By the shores of Githchee Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them ;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled, old Nokomis

Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews ;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
“ Hush ! the naked bear will get
thee ! ”

Lulled him into slumber, singing,
“ Ewa-yea ! my little owl !
Who is this, that lights the wigwam ?
With his great eyes lights the wig-
wam ?

Ewa-yea ! my little owl ! ”

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven ;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses ;
Showed the Death Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-
clubs,

Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter ;
Showed the broad, white road in
heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,

Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the sha-
dows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha,
Hear'd the whispering' of the pine-
trees,

Heard the lapping of the water,
Sounds of music, words of wonder ;
“ Minne-wawa ! ” said the pine-trees,
“ Mudway-aushka ! ” said the water.

Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him :
“ Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids ! ”

Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, “ What is that, Noko-
mis ? ”

And the good Nokomis answered :
“ Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw
her
Up into the sky at midnight ;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Right against the moon he threw her :
"Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered :
" 'Tis the heaven of flowers you see
there :

All the wild flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
" What is that ? " he cried, in terror ;
" What is that, " he said, " Nokomis ?"
And the good Nokomis answered :
" That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their
secrets,

How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met
them,

Called them " Hiawatha's Chickens."
Of all beasts he learned the lan-
guage, [secrets,
Learned their names and all their
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met
them,

Called them " Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvellous story-teller,
He the traveller and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha ;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak bow made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with
feathers,

And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha :

" Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers ! "

Forth into the forest straightway

All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly with his bow and arrows :
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,

" Do not shoot us, Hiawatha ! "

Sang the Opechee, the robin,
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaisa,
" Do not shoot us, Hiawatha ! "

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-
tree, [ing,

Laughed, and said between his laugh-
" Do not shoot me, Hiawatha ! "

And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,

" Do not shoot me, Hiawatha ! "

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red
deer ;

On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look through the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow ;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow ;
Ah ! the singing, fatal arrow,
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him !

Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river ;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha,
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honour.
All the village came and feasted,

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.



All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-
taha ! [taysee !
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-

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IV.

HIAWATHA AND MUD-  
JEKEEWIS.

OUT of childhood into manhood  
Now had grown my Hiawatha,  
Skilled in all the craft of hunters,

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Learned in all the lore of old men,  
In all youthful sports and pastimes,  
In all manly arts and labours.  
Swift of foot was Hiawatha ;  
He could shoot an arrow from him,  
And run forward with such fleetness,  
That the arrow fell behind him !  
Strong of arm was Hiawatha ;  
He could shoot ten arrows upward  
Shoot them with such strength and  
swiftness,  
That the tenth had left the bow-string  
Ere the first to earth had fallen !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Magic mittens made of deer-skin ;  
When upon his hands he wore them,  
He could smite the rocks asunder,  
He could grind them into powder.  
He had moccasons enchanted,  
Magic moccasons of deer-skin ;  
When he bound them round his ankles,  
When upon his feet he tied them,  
At each stride a mile he measured !

Much he questioned old Nokomis  
Of his father Mudjekeewis ;  
Learned from her the fatal secret  
Of the beauty of his mother,  
Of the falsehood of his father ;  
And his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,  
" I will go to Mudjekeewis,  
See how fares it with my father,  
At the doorways of the West-Wind,  
At the portals of the Sunset ! "

From his lodge went Hiawatha,  
Dressed for travel, armed for hunting ;  
Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,  
Richly wrought with quills and wampum ;  
On his head his eagle-feathers,  
Round his waist his belt of wampum,  
In his hand his bow of ash-wood,  
Strung with sinews of the reindeer ;  
In his quiver oaken arrows,  
Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers ;

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
With his moccasons enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,  
" Go not forth, O Hiawatha !  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
To the realms of Mudjekeewis,  
Lest he harm you with his magic,  
Lest he kill you with his cunning ! "

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Heeded not her woman's warning ;  
Forth he strode into the forest,  
At each stride a mile he measured ;  
Lurid seemed the sky above him,  
Lurid seemed the earth beneath him,  
Hot and close the air around him,  
Filled with smoke and fiery vapours,  
As of burning woods and prairies,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,  
Left the fleetest deer behind him,  
Left the antelope and bison ;  
Crossed the rushing Esconabaw,

Crossed the mighty Mississippi,  
Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,  
Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,  
Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,  
Came unto the rocky Mountains,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind,  
Where upon the gusty summits  
Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,  
Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha  
At the aspect of his father.  
On the air about him wildly  
Tossed and streamed his cloudy  
tresses,

Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,  
Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet,  
Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis  
When he looked on Hiawatha,  
Saw his youth rise up before him,  
In the face of Hiawatha,  
Saw the beauty of Wenonah.

From the grave rise up before him.  
" Welcome ! " said he, " Hiawatha,  
To the kingdom of the West-Wind !  
Long have I been waiting for you !  
Youth is lovely, age is lonely,  
Youth is fiery, age is frosty ;  
You bring back the days departed,  
You bring back my youth of passion,  
And the beautiful Wenonah ! "

Many days they talked together,  
Questioned, listened, waited, an-  
swered ;

Much the mighty Mudjekeewis  
Boasted of his ancient prowess,  
Of his perilous adventures,  
His indomitable courage,  
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,  
Listening to his father's boasting ;  
With a smile he sat and listened,  
Uttered neither threat nor menace,  
Neither word nor look betrayed him,  
But his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, " O Mudjekeewis,  
Is there nothing that can harm you ?  
Nothing that you are afraid of ?"  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Grand and gracious in his boasting,  
Answered, saying, " There is nothing,  
Nothing but the black rock yonder,  
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek. "

And he looked at Hiawatha  
With a wise look and benignant,  
With a countenance paternal,  
Looked with pride upon the beauty

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Of his tall and graceful figure,  
Saying, " O my Hiawatha !  
Is there anything can harm you ?  
Anything you are afraid of ? "

But the wary Hiawatha  
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,  
Held his peace, as if resolving,  
And then answered, " There is no-  
thing,

Nothing but the bulrush yonder,  
Nothing but the great Apukwa ! "

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,  
Stretched his hand to pluck the bul-  
rush,

Hiawatha cried in terror,  
Cried in well-dissembled terror,  
" Kago ! kago ! do not touch it ! "  
" Ah, kaween ! " said Mudjekeewis,  
" No, indeed, I will not touch it ! "

Then they talked of other matters ;  
First of Hiawatha's brothers,  
First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,  
Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,  
Of the North, Kabibonokka ;  
Then of Hiawatha's mother,  
Of the beautiful Wenonah,  
Of her birth, upon the meadow,  
Of her death, as old Nokomis  
Had remembered and related.

And he cried " O Mudjekeewis,  
It was you who killed Wenonah,  
Took her young life and her beauty,  
Broke the Lily of the Prairie,  
Trampled it beneath your footsteps.  
You confess it ! you confess it ! "  
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,  
Tossed his gray hairs to the West-  
Wind,

Bowed his hoary head in anguish,  
With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,  
And with threatening look and gesture  
Laid his hand upon the black rock,  
On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Rent the jutting crag asunder,  
Smote and crushed it into fragments,  
Hurled them madly at his father,  
The remorseful Mudjekeewis,  
For his heart was hot within him,  
Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind  
Blew the fragments backward from  
him,

With the breathing of his nostrils,  
With the tempest of his anger,  
Blew them back at his assailant ;  
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa,

Dragged it with its roots and fibres  
From the margin of the meadow,  
From its ooze, the giant bulrush ;  
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha :

Then began the deadly conflict,  
Hand to hand among the mountains :  
From his eyrie screamed the eagle ;  
The Keneu, the great War-Eagle ;  
Sat upon the crags around them,  
Wheeling flapped his wings above  
them.

Like a tall tree in the tempest  
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush  
And in masses huge and heavy  
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek ;  
Till the earth shook with the tumult  
And confusion of the battle,  
And the air was full of shoutings,  
And the thunder of the mountains,  
Starting, answered, " Bain-wawa ! "

Back retreated Mudjekeewis,  
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,  
Stumbling westward down the moun-  
tains,

Three whole days retreated fighting  
Still pursued by Hiawatha  
To the door-ways of the West-Wind,  
To the portals of the Sunset,  
To the earth's remotest border,  
Where into the empty spaces  
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo  
Drops into her nest at nightfall,  
In the melancholy marshes. [keewis,  
" Hold ! " at length cried Mudje-  
" Hold, my son, my Hiawatha !  
'Tis impossible to kill me,  
For you cannot kill the immortal.  
I have put you to this trial,  
But to know and prove your courage ;  
Now receive the prize of valour !

" Go back to your home and people,  
Live among them, toil among them,  
Cleanse the earth from all that  
harms it,  
Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,  
Slay all monsters and magicians,  
All the giants, the Wendigoes,  
All the serpents, the Kenabeeks,  
As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,  
Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

" And at last when Death draws  
near you,  
When the awful eyes of Pauguk  
Glare upon you in the darkness,  
I will share my kingdom with you,  
Ruler shall you be thenceforward  
Of the North-West Wind, Keewaydin,  
Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin."

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Thus was fought that famous battle  
In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,  
In the days long since departed,  
In the kingdom of the West-Wind.  
Still the hunter sees its traces  
Scattered far o'er hill and valley ;  
Sees the giant bulrush growing  
By the ponds and water-courses,  
Sees the masses of the Wawbeek  
Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha ;  
Pleasant was the landscape round him,  
Pleasant was the air above him,  
For the bitterness of anger  
Had departed wholly from him,  
From his brain the thought of ven-  
geance,

From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,  
Only once he paused or halted,  
Paused to purchase heads of arrows  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Where the falls of Minnehaha\*  
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,  
Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker  
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,  
Hard and polished, keen and costly.

With him dwelt his dark-eyed  
daughter,  
Wayward as the Minnehaha,  
With her moods of shade and sun-  
shine,  
Eyes that smiled and frowned alter-  
nate,

Feet as rapid as the river,  
Tresses flowing like the water,  
And as musical a laughter ;  
And he named her from the river,  
From the water-fall he named her,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water.

Was it then for heads of arrows,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,  
That my Hiawatha halted  
In the land of the Dacotahs ?

\* "The scenery about Fort Snelling is rich in beauty. The Falls of St. Anthony are familiar to travellers, and to readers of Indian sketches. Between the fort and these falls are the 'Little Falls,' forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi. The Indians call them Mine-hab-hab, or 'laughing waters.'"—Mrs. Eastman's *Dacotah, or Legends of the Sioux*, Introd., p. ii.

Was it not to see the maiden,  
See the face of Laughing Water  
Peeping from behind the curtain,  
Hear the rustling of her garments  
From behind the waving curtain,  
As one sees the Minnehaha  
Gleaming, glancing through the  
branches,

As one hears the Laughing Water  
From behind its screen of branches ?  
Who shall say what thoughts and  
visions

Fill the fiery brains of young men ?  
Who shall say what dreams of beauty  
Filled the heart of Hiawatha ?  
All he told to old Nokomis,  
When he reached the lodge at sunset,  
Was the meeting with his father,  
Was his fight with Mudjekeewis ;  
Not a word he said of arrows,  
Not a word of Laughing Water !

### v.

#### HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

You shall hear how Hiawatha  
Prayed and fasted in the forest,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumphs in the battle,  
And renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

First he built a lodge for fasting,  
Built a wigwam in the forest,  
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
In the blithe and pleasant Spring-  
time,

In the Moon of Leaves he built it.  
And with dreams and visions many,  
Seven whole days and nights he fasted.

On the first day of his fasting  
Through the leafy woods he wan-  
dered ;

Saw the deer start from the thicket,  
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,  
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming,  
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Rattling in his horde of acorns  
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,  
Building nests among the pine-trees,  
And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa,  
Flying to the fenlands northward,  
Whirring, wailing far above him.

"Master of Life!" he cried, despond-  
ing,

"Must our lives depend on these

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

On the next day of his fasting  
By the river's brink he wandered,  
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,  
Saw the wild-rice, Mahnomonee,  
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,  
And the strawberry, Odahmin,  
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,  
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,  
Trailing o'er the elder-branches,  
Filling all the air with fragrance !  
"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding.

"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the third day of his fasting  
By the lake he sat and pondered,  
By the still, transparent water,  
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,  
Scattering drops like beads of wam-pum,

Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,  
And the herring, Okahahwisi,  
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish !

"Master of Life!" he cried, desponding.

"Must our lives depend on these things?"

On the fourth day of his fasting  
In his lodge he lay exhausted ;  
From his couch of leaves and branches  
Gazing with half-open eyelids,  
Full of shadowy dreams and visions,  
On the dizzy, swimming landscape,  
On the gleaming of the water,  
On the splendour of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,  
Dressed in garments green and yellow,  
Coming through the purple twilight,  
Through the splendour of the sunset ;  
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,  
And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,  
Long he looked at Hiawatha,  
Looked with pity and compassion  
On his wasted form and features,  
And, in accents like the sighing  
Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,  
Said he, "O my Hiawatha !  
All your prayers are heard in heaven,  
For you pray not like the others,  
Not for greater skill in hunting,  
Not for greater craft in fishing,  
Not for triumph in the battle,  
Nor renown among the warriors,  
But for profit of the people,  
For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,  
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,  
Come to warn you and instruct you,  
How by struggle and by labour  
You shall gain what you have prayed  
for

Rise up from your bed of branches,  
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me ! "

Faint with famine, Hiawatha  
Started from his bed of branches,  
From the twilight of his wigwam  
Forth into the flush of sunset  
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin ;  
At his touch he felt new courage  
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,  
Felt new life and hope and vigour  
Run through every nerve and fibre.  
So they wrestled there together

In the glory of the sunset,  
And the more they strove and struggled,

Stronger still grew Hiawatha ;  
Till the darkness fell around them,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her haunts among the fenlands,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'Tis enough !" then said Mondamin,

Smiling upon Hiawatha,  
"But to-morrow, when the sun sets,  
I will come again to try you."

And he vanished, and was seen not ;  
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,  
Whether rising as the mists rise,  
Hiawatha saw not, knew not,  
Only saw that he had vanished,  
Leaving him alone and fainting,  
With the misty lake below him,  
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day,  
When the sun through heaven descending,

Like a red and burning cinder  
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,  
Fell into the western waters,  
Came Mondamin for the trial,  
For the strife with Hiawatha ;  
Came as silent as the dew comes  
From the empty air appearing,  
Taking shape when earth it touches,  
But invisible to all men  
In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together,  
In the glory of the sunset,  
Till the darkness fell around them.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From her haunts among the fenlands,  
Uttered her loud cry of famine,  
And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there,  
In his garments green and yellow ;  
To and fro his plumes above him  
Waved and nodded with his breathing,  
And the sweat of the encounter  
Stood like drops of dew upon him.

And he cried, "O Hiawatha !  
Bravely have you wrestled with me,  
Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,  
And the Master of Life who sees us,  
He will give to you the triumph ! "

Then he smiled, and said : " To-morrow  
Is the last day of your conflict,  
Is the last day of your fasting.  
You will conquer and o'ercome me ;  
Make a bed for me to lie in,  
Where the rain may fall upon me,  
Where the sun may come and warm  
me :

Strip these garments, green and  
yellow,  
Strip this nodding plumage from me,  
Lay me in the earth, and make it  
Soft and loose and light above me.

" Let no hand disturb my slumber,  
Let no weed nor worm molest me,  
Let not Kahgahegee, the raven,  
Come to haunt me and molest me,  
Only come yourself to watch me  
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,  
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And thus saying, he departed :  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha,  
But he heard the Wawonaissa,  
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,  
Perched upon his lonely wigwam ;  
Heard the rushing Sibowisha,  
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,  
Talking to the darksome forest ;  
Heard the sighing of the branches,  
As they lifted and subsided  
At the passing of the night-wind,  
Heard them, as one hears in slumber  
Far-off in murmurs, dreamy whispers :  
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,  
On the seventh day of his fasting,  
Came with food for Hiawatha,  
Came imploring and bewailing,  
Lest his hunger should o'ercome him,  
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,  
Only said to her, " Nokomis,

Wait until the sun is setting,  
Till the darkness falls around us,  
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Crying from the desolate marshes,  
Tells us that the day is ended."

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,  
Sorrowing for her Hiawatha,  
Fearing lest his strength should fail  
him,

Lest his fasting should be fatal.  
He meanwhile sat weary waiting  
For the coming of Mondamin,  
Till the shadows, pointing eastward,  
Lengthened over field and forest,  
Till the sun dropped from the heaven,  
Floating on the waters westward,  
As a red leaf in the Autumn  
Falls and floats upon the water,  
Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold ! the young Mondamin,  
With his soft and shining tresses,  
With his garments green and yellow,  
With his long and glossy plumage,  
Stood and beckoned at the doorway.  
And as one in slumber walking,  
Pale and haggard, but undaunted,  
From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,  
Sky and forest reeled together,  
And his strong heart leaped within  
him,

As the sturgeon leaps and struggles  
In a net to break its meshes.  
Like a ring of fire around him  
Blazed and flared the red horizon,  
And a hundred suns seemed looking  
At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward  
All alone stood Hiawatha,  
Panting with his wild exertion,  
Palpitating with the struggle ;  
And before him, breathless, lifeless,  
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,  
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,  
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha  
Made the grave as he commanded,  
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,  
[him,  
Stripped his tattered plumage from  
Laid him in the earth, and made it  
Soft and loose and light above him ;  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
From the melancholy moorlands,  
Gave a cry of lamentation,  
Gave a cry of pain and anguish !

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Homeward then went Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis,  
And the seven days of his fasting  
Were accomplished and completed.  
But the place was not forgotten  
Where he wrestled with Mondamin ;  
Nor forgotten nor neglected  
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,  
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,  
Where his scattered plumes and garments

Faded in the rain and sunshine.

Day by day did Hiawatha  
Go to wait and watch beside it ;  
Kept the dark mould soft above it,  
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,  
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings,  
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather  
From the earth shot slowly upward,  
Then another and another,  
And before the Summer ended,  
Stood the maize in all its beauty,  
With its shining robes about it,  
And its long, soft, yellow tresses ;  
And in rapture Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, " It is Mondamin !  
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin ! "

Then he called to old Nokomis  
And Iagoo, the great boaster,  
Showed them where the maize was  
growing,

Told them of his wondrous vision,  
Of his wrestling and his triumph,  
Of this new gift to the nations,  
Which should be their food for ever.  
And still later, when the Autumn  
Changed the long, green leaves to  
yellow,

And the soft and juicy kernels,  
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,  
Then the ripened ears he gathered,  
Stripped the withered husks from off

them,

As he once had stripped the wrestler,

Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,

And made known unto the people

This new gift of the Great Spirit.



### VI.

#### HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,  
Singled out from all the others,  
Bound to him in closest union,  
And to whom he gave the right hand  
Of his heart, in joy and sorrow ;

Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
Straight between them ran the path-way,

Never grew the grass upon it ;  
Singing-birds, that utter falsehoods,  
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,  
Found no eager ear to listen,  
Could not breed ill-will between them,  
For they kept each other's counsel,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much, and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibiabos,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers.  
Beautiful and childlike was he,  
Brave as man is, soft as woman,  
Pliant as a wand of willow,  
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened ;  
All the warriors gathered round him,  
All the women came to hear him ;  
Now he stirred their souls to passion,  
Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned  
Flutes so musical and mellow,  
That the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,  
That the wood-birds ceased from singing.

And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,  
Pausing, said, " O Chibiabos,  
Teach my waves to flow in music,  
Softly as your words in singing ! "

Yes, the blue-bird, the Owaisa,  
Envious, said, " O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,  
Teach me songs as full of frenzy ! "

Yes, the Opechee, the robin,  
Joyous, said, " O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,  
Teach me songs as full of gladness ! "

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,  
Sobbing said, " O Chibiabos,  
Teach me tones as melancholy,  
Teach me songs as full of sadness ! "

All the many sounds of nature  
Borrowed sweetness from his singing,  
All the hearts of men were softened  
By the pathos of his music ;  
For he sang of peace and freedom,  
Sang of beauty, love, and longing ;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Sang of death, and life undying  
In the Islands of the Blessed,  
In the kingdom of Ponemah,  
In the land of the Hereafter.

Very dear to Hiawatha  
Was the gentle Chibabos,  
He the best of all musicians,  
He the sweetest of all singers ;  
For his gentleness he loved him,  
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha  
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,  
He the strongest of all mortals,  
He the mightiest among many ;  
For his very strength he loved him,  
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,  
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,  
Never played with other children,  
Never fished and never hunted,  
Not like other children was he ;  
But they saw that much he fasted,  
Much his Manitou entreated,  
Much besought his Guardian Spirit.

"Lazy Kwasind !" said his mother,  
" In my work you never help me !  
In the Summer you are roaming,  
Idly in the fields and forests ;  
In the Winter you are cowering  
O'er the firebrands in the wigwam !  
In the coldest days of Winter  
I must break the ice for fishing ;  
With my nets you never help me !  
At the door my nets are hanging,  
Dripping, freezing with the water ;  
Go and wring them, Yenadizze !  
Go and dry them in the sunshine ! "

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind  
Rose, but made no angry answer ;  
From the lodge went forth in silence,  
Took the nets that hung together,  
Dripping, freezing at the doorway,  
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,  
Like a wisp of straw he broke them,  
Could not wring them without break-

ing,

Such the strength was in his fingers.  
"Lazy Kwasind !" said his father,  
" In the hunt you never help me ;  
Every bow you touch is broken,  
Snapped asunder every arrow ;  
Yet come with me to the forest,  
You shall bring the hunting home-  
ward."

Down a narrow pass they wan-  
dered,  
Where a brooklet led them onward,  
Where the trail of deer and bison

Marked the soft mud on the margin,  
Till they found all further passage  
Shut against them, barred securely  
By the trunks of trees uprooted,  
Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,  
And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old  
man,  
" O'er these logs we cannot clamber ;  
Not a woodchuck could get through  
them,

Not a squirrel clamber o'er them ! "  
And straightway his pipe he lighted,  
And sat down to smoke and ponder.  
But before his pipe was finished,  
Lo ! the path was cleared before him ;  
All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,  
To the right hand, to the left hand,  
Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,  
Hurled the cedars light as lances.

"Lazy Kwasind !" said the young  
men,

As they sported in the meadow,  
" Why stand idly looking at us,  
Leaning on the rock behind you ?  
Come and wrestle with the others,  
Let us pitch the quoit together ! "

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,  
To their challenge made no answer,  
Only rose, and, slowly turning,  
Seized the huge rock in his fingers,  
Tore it from its deep foundation,  
Poised it in the air a moment,  
Pitched it sheer into the river,  
Sheer into the swift Pauwating,  
Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river,  
Down the rapids of Pauwating,  
Kwasind sailed with his companions,  
In the stream he saw a beaver,  
Saw Ahmeeck, the King of Beavers,  
Struggling with the rushing currents,  
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,  
Kwasind leaped into the river,  
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,  
Through the whirlpools chased the  
beaver,

Followed him among the islands,  
Stayed so long beneath the water,  
That his terrified companions  
Cried, "Alas ! good-bye to Kwasind !"  
We shall never more see Kwasind ! "  
But he reappeared triumphant,  
And upon his shining shoulders  
Brought the beaver, dead and  
dripping,  
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

And these two, as I have told you,  
Were the friends of Hiawatha,  
Chibiabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind.  
Long they lived in peace together,  
Spake with naked hearts together,  
Pondering much and much contriving  
How the tribes of men might prosper.



### VII.

#### HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

" Give me of your bark, O Birch-  
Tree !  
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree !  
Growing by the rushing river.

Tall and stately in the valley !  
I a light canoe will build me,  
Build a swift Cheernaun for sailing,  
That shall float upon the river,  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water lily ! [Tree !

" Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-  
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,  
For the Summer-time is coming,  
And the sun is warm in heaven,  
And you need no white-skin wrapper !"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha  
In the solitary forest,  
By the rushing Taquamenaw,  
When the birds were singing gaily,  
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,  
And the sun, from sleep awaking,  
Started up and said, " Behold me !  
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me ! "

And the tree with all its branches  
Rustled in the breeze of morning,  
Saying, with a sigh of patience,  
" Take my cloak, O Hiawatha ! "

With his knife the tree he girdled ;  
Just beneath its lowest branches,  
Just above the roots, he cut it.  
Till the sap came oozing outward ;  
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,  
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,  
With a wooden wedge he raised it,  
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

" Give me of your boughs, O Cedar,  
Of your strong and pliant branches,  
My canoe to make more steady,  
Make more strong, and firm beneath  
me ! "

Through the summit of the Cedar  
Went a sound, a cry of horror,  
Went a murmur of resistance ;  
But it whispered, bending downward,  
" Take my boughs, O Hiawatha ! "

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,  
Shaped them straightway to a frame-  
work,

[them,  
Like two bows he formed and shaped  
Like two bended bows together.

" Give me of your roots, O Tama-  
rak !

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree  
My canoe to bind together,  
So to bind the ends together,  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me ! "

And the Larch, with all its fibres,  
Shivered in the air of morning,  
Touched its forehead with its tassels,  
Said with one long sigh of sorrow,  
" Take them all, O Hiawatha ! "

From the earth he tore the fibres,  
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-  
Tree,

Closely sewed the bark together,  
Bound it closely to the framework.

" Give me of your balm, O Fir-  
Tree !

Of your balsam and your resin,  
So to close the seams together  
That the water may not enter,  
That the river may not wet me ! "

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,  
Sobbed through all its robes of dark-  
ness,

Rattled like a shore with pebbles,  
Answered wailing, answered weeping,  
" Take my balm, O Hiawatha ! "

And he took the tears of balsam,  
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,  
Smear'd therewith each seam and  
fissure,

Made each crevice safe from water.

" Give me of your quills, O Hedge-  
hog ! [hog !

All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedge-  
I will make a necklace of them,  
Make a girdle for my beauty,  
And two stars to deck her bosom ! "

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog  
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,  
Shot his shining quills like arrows,  
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,  
Through the tangle of his whiskers,  
" Take my quills, O Hiawatha ! "

From the ground the quills he  
gathered,

All the little shining arrows,  
Stained them red and blue and yellow  
With the juice of roots and berries ;  
Into his canoe he wrought them,  
Round its waist a shining girdle,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Round its bows a gleaming necklace,  
On its breast two stars resplendent.  
Thus the Birch Canoe was builded  
In the valley, by the river,  
In the bosom of the forest ;  
And the forest's life was in it,  
All its mystery and its magic,  
All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
All the toughness of the cedar,  
All the larch's supple sinews ;  
And it floated on the river  
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,  
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,  
Paddles none he had or needed,  
For his thoughts as paddles served  
him,  
And his wishes served to guide him ;  
Swift or slow at will he glided,  
Veed to right or left at pleasure.  
Then he called aloud to Kwasind,  
To his friend, the strong man,  
Kwasind,  
Saying, " Help me clear this river,  
Of its sunken logs and sandbars."  
Straight into the river Kwasind  
Plunged as if he were an otter,  
Dove as if he were a beaver,  
Stood up to his waist in water,  
To his arm-pits in the river,  
Swam and shouted in the river,  
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,  
With his hands he scooped the sand-  
bars,  
With his feet the ooze and tangle.  
And thus sailed my Hiawatha,  
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,  
Sailed through all its bends and wind-  
ings,  
Sailed through all its deeps and  
shallows,  
While his friend, the strong man,  
Kwasind,  
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.  
Up and down the river went they,  
In and out among its islands,  
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,  
Dragged the dead trees from its  
channel,  
Made its passage safe and certain,  
Made a pathway for the people,  
From its springs among the moun-  
tains,  
To the waters of Pauwating,  
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

VIII.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,  
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
With his fishing line of cedar,  
Of the twisted bark of cedar,  
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma,  
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes,  
In his birch canoe exulting  
All alone went Hiawatha.  
Through the clear, transparent water  
He could see the fishes swimming  
Far down in the depths below him :  
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water,  
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,  
Like a spider on the bottom,  
On the white and sandy bottom.  
At the stern sat Hiawatha,  
With his fishing line of cedar ;  
In his plumes the breeze of morning  
Played as in the hemlock branches ;  
On the bows, with tail erected,  
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo ;  
In his fur the breeze of morning  
Played as in the prairie grasses.  
On the white sand of the bottom  
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,  
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes ;  
Through his gills he breathed the  
water,  
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,  
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.  
There he lay in all his armour ;  
On each side a shield to guard him,  
Plates of bone upon his forehead,  
Down his sides and back and shoulders  
Plates of bone with spines projecting !  
Painted was he with his war-paints,  
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,  
Spots of brown and spots of sable ;  
And he lay there on the bottom,  
Fanning with his fins of purple,  
As above him Hiawatha  
In his birch canoe came sailing,  
With his fishing-line of cedar.  
" Take my bait ! " cried Hiawatha  
Down into the depths beneath him,  
" Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma !  
Come up from below the water,  
Let us see which is the stronger ! "  
And he dropped his line of cedar  
Through the clear, transparent water,  
Waited vainly for an answer,  
Long sat waiting for an answer,  
And repeating loud and louder,  
" Take my bait, O King of Fishes ! "

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Fanning slowly in the water,  
Looking up at Hiawatha,  
Listening to his call and clamour,  
His unnecessary tumult,  
Till he weared of the shouting ;  
And he said to the Kenoza,  
To the pike, the Maskenoza,  
" Take the bait of this rude fellow,  
Break the line of Hiawatha ! "

In his fingers Hiawatha  
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten ;  
As he drew it in, it tugged so  
That the birch canoe stood endwise,  
Like a birch log in the water,  
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha  
When he saw the fish rise upward,  
Saw the pike, the Maskenoza,  
Coming nearer, nearer to him,  
And he shouted through the water,  
" Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !  
You are but the pike, Kenoza,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes ! "

Reeling downward to the bottom  
Sank the pike in great confusion,  
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,  
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
" Take the bait of this great boaster,  
Break the line of Hiawatha ! "

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming  
Like a white moon in the water,  
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
Seized the line of Hiawatha,  
Swung with all his weight upon it,  
Made a whirlpool in the water,  
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,  
Round and round in gurgling eddies.  
Till the circles in the water  
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,  
Till the water-flags and rushes  
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him  
Slowly rising through the water,  
Lifting his great disc of whiteness,  
Loud he shouted in derision,  
" Esa ! esa ! shame upon you !  
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
You are not the fish I wanted,  
You are not the King of Fishes ! "

Wavering downward, white and  
ghastly,  
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,  
And again the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Heard the shout of Hiawatha,  
Heard his challenge of defiance,

The unnecessary tumult,  
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom  
Up he rose with angry gesture,  
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,  
Clashing all his plates of armour,  
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint ;  
In his wrath he darted upward,  
Flashing leaped into the sunshine,  
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed  
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern  
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,  
As a log on some black river  
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,  
Found himself in utter darkness,  
Groped about in helpless wonder,  
Till he felt a great heart beating,  
Throbbing in that utter darkness.

And he smote it in his anger,  
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,  
Felt the mighty King of Fishes  
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,  
Heard the water gurgle round him  
As he leaped and staggered through it,  
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha  
Drag his birch canoe for safety,  
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma,  
In the turmoil and confusion,  
Forth he might be hurled and perish,  
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Frisked and chattered very gaily,  
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha  
Till the labour was completed.

Then said Hiawatha to him,  
" O my little friend, the squirrel,  
Bravely have you toiled to help me ;  
Take the thanks of Hiawatha,  
And the name which now he gives you ;  
For hereafter and for ever  
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo.  
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you ! "

And again the sturgeon Nahma,  
Gasped and quivered in the water,  
Then was still and drifted landward  
Till he grated on the pebbles,  
Till the listening Hiawatha  
Heard him grate upon the margin,  
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,  
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,  
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,  
As of many wings assembling,  
Heard a screaming and confusion,  
As of birds of prey contending,  
Saw a gleam of light above him,  
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls,  
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,  
Gazing at him through the opening,  
Heard them saying to each other,  
" 'Tis our brother, Hiawatha ! "

And he shouted from below them,  
Cried exulting from the caverns,  
" O ye sea-gulls ! O my brothers !  
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma ;  
Make the rifts a little larger,  
With your claws the openings widen,  
Set me free from this dark prison,  
And henceforward and for ever  
Men shall speak of your achievements,  
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,  
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratches ! "

And the wild and clamorous sea-  
gulls

Toiled with beak and claws together,  
Made the rifts and openings wider  
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,  
And from peril and from prison,  
From the body of the sturgeon,  
From the peril of the water,  
Was released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,  
On the margin of the water,  
And he called to old Nokomis,  
Called and beckoned to Nokonis,  
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,  
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,  
With the sea-gulls feeding on him.  
" I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,  
Slain the King of Fishes ! " said he ;  
" Look ! the sea-gulls feed upon him,  
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls ;  
Drive them not away, Nokomis,  
They have saved me from great peril  
In the body of the sturgeon.

Wait until their meal is ended,  
Till their caws are full with feasting,  
Till they homeward fly, at sunset,  
To their nests among the marshes ;  
Then bring all your pots and kettles,  
And make oil for us in Winter."

And she waited till the sunset,  
Till the pallid moon, the night-sun,  
Rose above the tranquil water,  
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,  
From their banquet rose with clamour,  
And across the fiery sunset  
Winged their way to far-off islands,  
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,  
And Nokomis to her labour,  
Toiling patient in the moonlight,  
Till the sun and moon changed places,  
Till the sky was red with sun-rise,

And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,  
Came back from the reedy islands,  
Clamorous for their morning banquet.

Three whole days and nights alter-  
nate

Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls  
Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,  
Till the waves washed through the  
rib-bones,  
Till the sea-gulls came no longer,  
And upon the sands lay nothing  
But the skeleton of Nahma.

IX.  
HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-  
FEATHER.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,  
Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,  
Stood Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
O'er the water pointing westward,  
To the purple clouds of sunset.

Fiercely the red sun descending  
Burned his way along the heavens,  
Set the sky on fire behind him,  
As war-parties, when retreating,  
Burn the prairies on their war-trail ;  
And the moon, the Night-Sun, east-  
ward,

Suddenly, starting from his ambush,  
Followed fast those bloody footprints,  
Followed in that fiery war-trail,  
With its glare upon his features.

And Nokomis, the old woman,  
Pointing with her finger westward,  
Spake these words to Hiawatha :  
" Yonder dwells the great Pearl-  
Feather"

Megissogwon, the Magician,  
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,  
Guarded by his fiery serpents,  
Guarded by the black pitch water.  
You can see his fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Coiling, playing in the water ;  
You can see the black pitch-water  
Stretching far away beyond them,  
To the purple clouds of sunset !

" He it was who slew my father,  
By his wicked wiles and cunning,  
When he from the moon descended,  
When he came on earth to seek me.  
He, the mightiest of Magicians,  
Sends the fever from the marshes,  
Sends the pestilential vapours,  
Sends the poisonous exhalations,

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.



Sends the white foam from the fen-  
lands,

Sends disease and death among us !

"Take your bow, O Hiawatha,  
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,  
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,  
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,  
And your birch canoe for sailing,  
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,  
So to smear its sides, that swiftly  
You may pass the black pitch-water ;  
Slay this merciless magician,  
Save the people from the fever

That he breathes across the fenlands,  
And avenge my father's murder ! "

Straightway then my Hiawatha  
Armed himself with all his war-gear,  
Launched his birch canoe for sailing ;  
With his palm its sides he patted,  
Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my  
darling,  
O my Birch-Canoe ! leap forward,  
Where you see the fiery serpents,  
Where you see the black pitch-water ! "

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,  
And the noble Hiawatha  
Sang his war-song wild and woful,  
And above him the war-eagle,

The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Master of all fowls with feathers,  
Screamed and hurtled through the  
heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,  
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,  
Lying huge upon the water,  
Sparkling, rippling in the water,  
Lying coiled across the passage,  
With their blazing crests uplifted,  
Breathing fiery fogs and vapours,  
So that none could pass beyond them.

But the fearless Hiawatha  
Cried aloud, and spake in this wise :  
"Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,  
Let me go upon my journey ! "  
And they answered, hissing fiercely,  
With their fiery breath made answer :  
"Back, go back ! O Shaugodaya !  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-Heart ! "

Then the angry Hiawatha  
Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree,  
Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,  
Shot them fast among the serpents ;  
Every twanging of the bow-string  
Was a war-cry and a death-cry,  
Every whizzing of an arrow  
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Weltering in the bloody water,  
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,  
And among them Hiawatha  
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting :  
" Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling !  
Onward to the black pitch-water ! "  
Then he took the oil of Nahma,  
And the bows and sides anointed,  
Smeared them well with oil, that  
        swiftly

He might pass the black pitch-water  
All night long he sailed upon it,  
Sailed upon that sluggish water,  
Covered with its mould of ages,  
Black with rotting water-rushes.

• Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,  
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,  
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,  
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,  
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled,  
In their weary night encampments.  
• All the air was white with moonlight,  
All the water black with shadow,  
And around him the Suggema,  
The mosquitos, sang their war-song,  
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Waved their torches to mislead him ;  
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,  
Thrust his head into the moonlight,  
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him,  
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface,  
And anon a thousand whistles  
Answered over all the fenlands,  
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,  
Far off on the reedy margin,  
Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,  
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,  
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,  
Till the level moon stared at him,  
In his face stared pale and haggard,  
Till the sun was hot behind him,  
Till it burned upon his shoulders,  
And before him on the upland  
He could see the Shining Wigwam  
Of the Manito of Wampum,  
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he  
        patted,  
To his birch canoe said, " Onward ! "  
And it stirred in all its fibres,  
And with one great bound of triumph  
Leaped across the water-lilies,  
Leaped through tangled flags and  
        rushes,  
And upon the beach beyond them  
Dryshod landed Hiawatha.

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,

One end on the sand he rested,  
With his knee he pressed the middle,  
Stretched the faithful bow-string  
tighter,  
Took an arrow, jasper-headed,  
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,  
Sent it singing as a herald,  
As a bearer of his message,  
Of his challenge loud and lofty :  
" Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-  
Feather !

Hiawatha waits your coming ! "  
Straightway from the Shining Wig-  
wam

Came the mighty Megissogwon,  
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,  
Dark and terrible in aspect,  
Clad from head to foot in wampum,  
Armed with all his warlike weapons,  
Painted like the sky of morning,  
Streaked with crimson, blue, and  
        yellow,

Crested with great eagle-feathers,  
Streaming upward, streaming outward.

" Well I know you, Hiawatha ! "  
Cried he in a voice of thunder,  
In a tone of loud derision.  
" Haste back, O Shaugodaya !  
Haste back among the women,  
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart !  
I will slay you as you stand there,  
As of old I slew her father ! "

But my Hiawatha answered,  
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing :  
" Big words do not smite like war-  
clubs,

Boastful breath is not a bow-string,  
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,  
Deeds are better things than words are,  
Actions mightier than boastings ! "

Then began the greatest battle  
That the sun had ever looked on,  
That the war-birds ever witnessed.  
All a Summer's day it lasted,  
From the sunrise to the sunset ;  
For the shafts of Hiawatha  
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,  
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it  
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,  
Harmless fell the heavy war-club ;  
It could dash the rocks asunder,  
But it could not break the meshes  
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha,  
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,  
Wounded, weary, and desponding,  
With his mighty war-club broken,  
With his mittens torn and tattered,

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

And three useless arrows only,  
Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree;  
From whose branches trailed the  
mosses,

And whose trunk was coated over  
With the Dead-man's Moccason-leather.

With the fungus white and yellow.  
Suddenly from the boughs above him  
Sang the Mama, the woodpecker :

" Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,  
At the head of Megissogwon,  
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,  
At their roots the long black tresses ;  
There alone can he be wounded ! "

Winged with feathers, tipped with  
jasper,

Swiftly flew Hiawatha's arrow,  
Just as Megissogwon, stooping,  
Raised a heavy stone to throw it.  
Full upon the crown it struck him,  
At the roots of his long tresses,  
And he reeled and staggered forward,  
Plunging like a wounded bison,  
Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,  
When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,  
In the pathway of the other,  
Piercing deeper than the other,  
Wounding sorer than the other ;  
And the knees of Megissogwon  
Shook like windy reeds beneath him,  
Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow  
Swiftest flew and wounded sorest,  
And the mighty Megissogwon  
Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,  
Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,  
Heard his voice call in the darkness ;  
At the feet of Hiawatha.

Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,  
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha  
Called the Mama, the woodpecker,  
From his perch among the branches  
Of the melancholy pine-tree,  
And, in honour of his service,  
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers  
On the little head of Mama ;  
Even to this day he wears it,  
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,  
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of  
wampum

From the back of Megissogwon,  
As a trophy of the battle,  
As a signal of his conquest.  
On the shore he left the body,

Half on land and half in water;  
In the sand his feet were buried,  
And his face was in the water,  
And above him wheeled and clattered

The Keneu, the great war-eagle,  
Sailing round in narrower circles,  
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer.

From the wigwam Hiawatha  
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All his wealth of skins and wampum,  
Furs of bison and of beaver,  
Furs of sable and of ermine,  
Wampum belts and strings and  
pouches ;

Quivers wrought with heads of wampum,  
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,  
Homeward through the black pitch-water,  
Homeward through the weltering sea,  
With the trophies of the battle,  
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,  
On the shore stood Chibiabos,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
Waiting for the hero's coming,  
Listening to his song of triumph.

And the people of the village  
Welcomed him with songs and dances,  
Made a joyous feast and shouted :  
" Honour be to Hiawatha !

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,  
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,  
Him who sent the fiery fever,  
Sent the white-fog from the fenlands,  
Sent disease and death among us ! "

Ever dear to Hiawatha  
Was the memory of Mama !

And in token of his friendship,  
As a mark of his remembrance,  
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem  
With the crimson tuft of feathers,  
With the blood-red crest of Mama.

But the wealth of Megissogwon,  
All the trophies of the battle,  
He divided with his people,  
Shared it equally among them.

X.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

" As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him she obeys him  
Though she draws him, yet she follows  
Useless each without the other ! "

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Thus the youthful Hiawatha  
Said within himself and pondered,  
Much perplexed by various feelings,  
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,  
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,  
Of the lovely Laughing Water,  
In the land of the Dacotahs.

"Wed a maiden of your people,"  
Warning said the old Nokomis;  
"Go not eastward, go not westward,  
For a stranger whom we know not!  
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone  
Is a neighbour's homely daughter,  
Like the starlight or the moonlight  
Is the handsomest of strangers!"

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,  
And my Hiawatha answered  
Only this: "Dear old Nokomis,  
Very pleasant is the firelight,  
But I like the starlight better,  
Better do I like the moonlight!"

Gravely then said old Nokomis:  
"Bring not here an idle maiden,  
Bring not here a useless woman,  
Hands unskillful, feet unwilling;  
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,  
Heart and hand that move together,  
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling, answered Hiawatha:  
"In the land of the Dacotahs  
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women.  
I will bring her to your wigwam,  
She shall run upon your errands,  
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,  
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:  
"Bring not to my lodge a stranger  
From the land of the Dacotahs!  
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,  
Often is there war between us,  
There are feuds yet unforgotten,  
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha:  
"For that reason, if no other,  
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,  
That our tribes might be united,  
That old feuds might be forgotten,  
And old wounds be healed for ever!"

Thus departed Hiawatha  
To the land of the Dacotahs,  
To the land of handsome women;  
Striding over moor and meadow,  
Through interminable forests,  
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasons of magic,  
At each stride a mile he measured;

Yet the way seemed long before him,  
And his heart outran his footsteps;  
And he journeyed without resting,  
Till he heard the cataract's thunder,  
Heard the falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to him through the silence.  
"Pleasant is the sound!" he murmured,

"Pleasant is the voice that calls me!"  
On the outskirts of the forest,  
Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,  
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,  
But they saw not Hiawatha;  
To his bow he whispered, "Fail not!"  
To his arrow whispered, "Swerve  
not!"

Sent it singing on its errand,  
To the red heart of the roebuck;  
Threw the deer across his shoulder,  
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam  
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
Making arrow-heads of jasper,  
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,  
At his side, in all her beauty,  
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,  
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,  
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;  
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,  
And the maiden's of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,  
Of the days when with such arrows  
He had struck the deer and bison,  
On the Muskoday, the meadow;  
Shot the wild-goose, flying southward,  
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;  
Thinking of the great war-parties,  
How they came to buy his arrows,  
Could not fight without his arrows.  
Ah, no more such noble warriors  
Could be found on earth as they were!  
Now the men were all like women,  
Only used their tongues for weapons!

She was thinking of a hunter,  
From another tribe and country,  
Young and tall, and very handsome,  
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,  
Came to buy her father's arrows,  
Sat and rested in the wigwam,  
Lingered long about the doorway,  
Looking back as he departed.  
She had heard her father praise him,  
Praise his courage and his wisdom;  
Would he come again for arrows  
To the falls of Minnehaha?  
On the mat her hands lay idle,  
And her eyes were very dreamy.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.



Through their thoughts they heard  
a footstep,  
Heard a rustling in the branches,  
And with glowing cheek and forehead,  
With the deer upon his shoulders,  
Suddenly from out the woodlands  
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker  
Looked up gravely from his labour,  
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,  
Bade him enter at the doorway,  
Saying, as he rose to meet him,  
" Hiawatha, you are welcome ! "

At the feet of Laughing Water  
Hiawatha laid his burden,  
Threw the red deer from his shoulders.  
And the maiden looked up at him,  
Looked up from her mat of rushes,  
Said, with gentle look and accent,  
" You are welcome, Hiawatha ! "

Very spacious was the wigwam,  
Made of deer-skin dressed and  
whitened,  
With the gods of the Dacotahs  
Drawn and painted on its curtains,  
And so tall the doorway, hardly

Hiawatha stooped to enter,  
Hardly touched his eagle feathers  
As he entered at the doorway.

Then uprose the Laughing Water,  
From the ground fair Minnehaha,  
Laid aside her mat unfinished,  
Brought forth food and set before them,  
Water brought them from the brooklet,  
Gave them food in earthen vessels,  
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-  
wood.

Listened while the guest was speaking,  
Listened while her father answered,  
But not once her lips she opened,  
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened  
To the words of Hiawatha.  
As he talked of old Nokomis,  
Who had nursed him in his child-  
hood,  
As he told of his companions,  
Chibabos, the musician,  
And the very strong man, Kwasind,  
And of happiness and plenty  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

"After many years of warfare,  
Many years of strife and bloodshed,  
There is peace between the Ojibways  
And the tribe of the Dacotahs."  
Thus continued Hiawatha,  
And then added, speaking slowly,  
"That this peace may last for ever,  
And our hands be clasped more closely,

And our hearts be more united,  
Give me as my wife this maiden,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Paused a moment ere he answered,  
Smoked a little while in silence,  
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,  
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,  
And made answer, very gravely,  
"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes ;  
Let your heart speak. Minnehaha ! "

And the lovely Laughing Water,  
Seemed more lovely as she stood there,  
Neither willing nor reluctant,  
As she went to Hiawatha,  
Softly took the seat beside him,  
While she said, and blushed to say it,  
"I will follow you, my husband ! "

This was Hiawatha's wooing !  
Thus it was he won the daughter  
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,  
In the land of the Dacotahs !

From the wigwam he departed,  
Leading with him Laughing Water.  
Hand in hand they went together  
Through the woodland and the meadow,

Left the old man standing lonely  
At the doorway of his wigwam,  
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha  
Calling to them from the distance,  
Crying to them from afar off,  
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha ! "

And the ancient Arrow-maker  
Turned again unto his labour,  
Sat down by his sunny doorway,  
Murmuring to himself, and saying,  
"Thus it is our daughters leave us,  
Those we love, and those who love us !

[us,  
Just when they have learned to help  
When we are old and lean upon them,  
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,  
With his flute of reeds, a stranger  
Wanders piping through the village,  
Beckons to the fairest maiden,  
And she follows where he leads her,  
Leaving all things for the stranger ! "

Pleasant was the journey homeward,  
Through interminable forests,  
Over meadow, over mountain,  
Over river, hill, and hollow.  
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,  
Though they journeyed very slowly,  
Though his pace he checked and slackened

To the steps of Laughing Water.

Over wide and rushing rivers  
In his arms he bore the maiden ;  
Light he thought her as a feather,  
As the plume upon his head-gear :  
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,  
Bent aside the swaying branches,  
Made at night a lodge of branches,  
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,  
And a fire before the doorway  
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.

All the travelling winds went with them,

O'er the meadow, through the forest ;  
All the stars of night looked at them,  
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber ;

From his ambush in the oak-tree  
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,  
Watched with eager eyes the lovers.  
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,  
Scampered from the road before them,  
Peering, peeping from his burrow,  
Sat erect upon his haunches,  
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward,  
All the birds sang loud and sweetly  
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease ;  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaisa,  
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,  
Having such a wife to love you ! "  
Sang the Opechee, the robin,  
"Happy are you, Laughing Water,  
Having such a noble husband ! "

From the sky the sun benignant  
Looked upon them through the branches,  
Saying to them, "O my children,  
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,  
Life is checkered shade and sunshine ;  
Rule by love, O Hiawatha ! "

From the sky the moon looked at them,  
Filled the lodge with mystic splendours,  
Whispered to them, "O my children,  
Day is restless, night is quiet,  
Man imperious, woman feeble ;  
Half is mine, although I follow ;  
Rule by patience, Laughing Water ! "

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Thus it was they journeyed home-  
ward ;

Thus it was that Hiawatha  
To the lodge of old Nokomis  
Brought the moonlight, starlight, fire-  
light,  
Brought the sunshine of his people,  
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,  
Handsomest of all the women  
In the land of the Dacotahs,  
In the land of handsome women.



### XI.

#### HIAWATHA'S WEDDING- FEAST.

You shall hear how Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
How the handsome Yennadizze,  
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding ;  
How the gentle Chibiabos,  
He, the sweetest of musicians,  
Sang his songs of love and longing ;  
How Iago, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous storyteller,  
Told his tales of strange adventure,  
That the feast might be more joyous,  
That the time might pass more gaily,  
And the guests be more contented.

Sumptuous was the feast Nokomis  
Made at Hiawatha's wedding.  
All the bowls were made of bass-wood,  
White and polished very smoothly,  
All the spoons of horn of bison,  
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village  
Messengers with wands of willow,  
As a sign of invitation,  
As a token of the feasting ;  
And the wedding guests assembled,  
Clad in all their richest raiment,  
Robes of fur and belts of wampum,  
Splendid with their paint and plumage,  
Beautiful with beads and tassels.

First they ate the sturgeon, Nahma,  
And the pike, the Maskenoza,  
Caught and cooked by old Nokomis,  
Then on pemican they feasted,  
Pemican and buffalo marrow,  
Haunch of deer and hump of bison,  
Yellow cakes of the Mondamin,  
And the wild rice of the river.

But the gracious Hiawatha,  
And the lovely Laughing Water,  
And the careful old Nokomis.  
Tasted not the food before them,  
Only waited on the others,  
Only served their guests in silence.

And when all the guests had  
finished,  
Old Nokomis, brisk and busy,  
From an ample pouch of otter,  
Filled the red stone pipes for smoking  
With tobacco from the South-land,  
Mixed with bark of the red-willow,  
And with herbs and leaves of fra-  
grance.

Then she said, "O Pau-Puk-Keewis,  
Dance for us your merry dances,  
Dance the Beggar's Dance to please us,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gaily,  
And our guests be more contented !"  
Then the handsome Pau-Puk-Kee-  
wis,

He the idle Yenadizze,  
He the merry mischief-maker,  
Whom the people called the Storm-  
Fool,  
Rose among the guests assembled.  
Skilled was he in sports and pastimes,  
In the merry dance of snow-shoes,  
In the play of quoits and ball-play ;  
Skilled was he in games of hazard,  
In all games of skill and hazard,  
Pugasaiing, the Bowl and Counters,  
Kintassoo, the Game of Plum-stones.  
Though the warriors called him Faint-

Heart,

Called him coward, Shaugodaya,  
Idler, gambler, Yennadizze,  
Little heeded he their jesting,  
Little cared he for their insults,  
For the women and the maidens  
Loved the handsome Pau-Puk-Keewis.

He was dressed in shirt of doe-skin,  
White and soft, and fringed with  
ermine,

All inwrought with beads of wampum ;  
He was dressed in deer-skin leggings,  
Fringed with hedgehog quills and  
ermine,  
And in moccasons of buck-skin  
Thick with quills and beads em-  
broidered.

On his head were plumes of swan's  
down,  
On his heels were tails of foxes,  
In one hand a fan of feathers,  
And a pipe was in the other.

Barred with streaks of red and yellow,  
Streaks of blue and bright vermillion,  
Shone the face of Pau-Puk-Keewis.  
From his forehead fell his tresses,  
Smooth and parted like a woman's,  
Shining bright with oil, and plaited.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Hung with braids of scented grasses,  
As among the guests assembled,  
To the sound of flutes and singing,  
To the sound of drums and voices,  
Rose the handsome Pau-Puk-Keeewis,  
And began his mystic dances.

First he danced a solemn measure,  
Very slow in step and gesture,  
In and out among the pine trees,  
Through the shadows and the sun-  
shine,

Treading softly like a panther,  
Then more swiftly and still swifter,  
Whirling, spinning round in circles,  
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,  
Eddying round and round the wig-  
wam,

Till the leaves went whirling with him,  
Till the dust and wind together  
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then along the sandy margin  
Of the lake, the Big-Sea-Water,  
On he sped with frenzied gestures,  
Stamped upon the sand, and tossed it  
Wildly in the air around him ;  
Till the wind became a whirlwind,  
Till the sand was blown and sifted  
Like great snowdrifts o'er the land-  
scape,

[Dunes,  
Heaping all the shores with Sand  
Sand Hills of the Nagow Wudjoo !

Thus the merry Pau-Puk-Keeewis  
Danced his Beggar's Dance to please  
them,

And, returning, sat down laughing  
There among the guests assembled,  
Sat and fanned himself serenely  
With his fan of turkey-feathers.

Then they said to Chibiabos,  
To the friend of Hiawatha,  
To the sweetest of all singers,  
To the best of all musicians,  
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos !  
Songs of love and songs of longing,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gaily,  
And our guests be more contented ! "

And the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang in accents sweet and tender,  
Sang in tones of deep emotion,  
Songs of love and songs of longing,  
Looking still at Hiawatha,  
Looking at fair Laughing Water,  
Sang he softly, sang in this wise :  
"Onaway ! Awake, beloved !  
Thou the wild-flower of the forest !  
Thou the wild-bird of the prairie !  
Thou with eyes so soft and fawn-like !

" If thou only lookest at me,  
I am happy, I am happy,  
As the lilies of the prairie,  
When they feel the dew upon them !  
" Sweet thy breath is as the  
fragrance

Of the wild-flowers in the morning,  
As their fragrance is at evening,  
In the Moon when leaves are falling.

" Does not all the blood within me  
Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,  
As the springs to meet the sunshine,  
In the Moon when nights are  
brightest ?

" Onaway ! my heart sings to thee,  
Sings with joy when thou art near me,  
As the sighing, singing branches

In the pleasant Moon of Strawberries !

" When thou art not pleased, beloved,  
Then my heart is sad and darkened,  
As the shining river darkens  
When the clouds drop shadows on it !

" When thou smilest, my beloved,  
Then my troubled heart is brightened,  
As in sunshine gleam the ripples  
That the cold wind makes in rivers.

" Smiles the earth, and smile the  
waters,

Smile the cloudless skies above us,  
But I lose the way of smiling

When thou art no longer near me !

" I myself, myself ! behold me !  
Blood of my beating heart, behold me !  
O awake, awake, beloved !

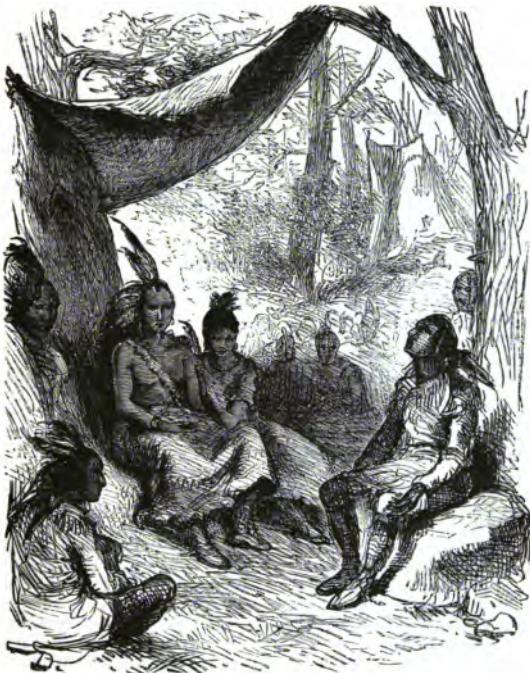
Onaway ! awake, beloved ! \*

Thus the gentle Chibiabos  
Sang his song of love and longing ;  
And Iago, the great boaster,  
He the marvellous storyteller,  
He the friend of old Nokomis,  
Jealous of the sweet musician,  
Jealous of the applause they gave him,  
Saw in all the eyes around him,  
Saw in all their looks and gestures,  
That the wedding-guests assembled  
Longed to hear his pleasant stories,  
His immeasurable falsehoods.

Very boastful was Iago :  
Never heard he an adventure  
But himself had made a greater ;  
Never any deed of daring  
But himself had done a bolder ;  
Never any marvellous story  
But himself could tell a stranger.  
Would you listen to his boasting,

\* The original of this song may be found in  
Little's *Living Age*, Vol. XXV. p. 45.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.



Would you only give him credence,  
No one ever shot an arrow  
Half so far and high as he had ;  
Ever caught so many fishes,  
Ever killed so many reindeer,  
Ever trapped so many beaver !

None could run so fast as he could,  
None could dive so deep as he could,  
None could swim so far as he could ;  
None had made so many journeys,  
None had seen so many wonders,  
As this wonderful Iagoo,

As this marvellous storyteller !

Thus his name became a by-word  
And a jest among the people !  
And whene'er a boastful hunter  
Praised his own address too highly,  
Or a warrior, home returning,  
Talked too much of his achievements,  
All his hearers cried, "Iagoo !  
Here's Iagoo come among us ! "

He it was who carved the cradle

Of the little Hiawatha,  
Carved its framework out of linden,  
Bound it strong with reindeer's sinews;  
He it was who taught him later  
How to make his bows and arrows,  
How to make the bows of ash-tree,  
And the arrows of the oak-tree.  
So among the guests assembled  
At my Hiawatha's wedding  
Sat Iagoo, old and ugly,  
Sat the marvellous storyteller.

And they said, " O good Iagoo,  
Tell us now a tale of wonder,  
Tell us of some strange adventure,  
That the feast may be more joyous,  
That the time may pass more gaily,  
And our guests be more contented ! "

And Iagoo answered straightway,  
" You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
You shall hear the strange adven-  
Of Osseo, the Magician, [tures  
From the Evening Star descended."

## XII.

## THE SON OF THE EVENING STAR.

CAN it be the sun descending  
O'er the level plain of water ?  
Or the Red Swan floating, flying,  
Wounded by the magic arrow,  
Staining all the waves with crimson,  
With the crimson of its life-blood,  
Filling all the air with splendour,  
With the splendour of its plumage?

Yes ; it is the sun descending,  
Sinking down into the water ;  
All the sky is stained with purple,  
All the water flushed with crimson !  
No ; it is the Red Swan floating,  
Diving down beneath the water ;  
To the sky its wings are lifted,  
With its blood the waves are reddened !

Over it the Star of Evening  
Melts and trembles through the purple,  
Hangs suspended in the twilight.  
No ; it is a bead of wampum  
On the robes of the Great Spirit,  
As he passes through the twilight,  
Walks in silence through the heavens !

This with joy beheld Iagoo,  
And he said in haste : " Behold it !  
See the Sacred Star of Evening !  
You shall hear a tale of wonder,  
Hear the story of Osseo,  
Son of the Evening Star, Osseo !

" Once, in days no more remembered,

Ages near the beginning,  
When the heavens were closer to us,  
And the Gods were more familiar,  
In the North-land lived a hunter,  
With ten young and comely daughters,  
Tall and lithe as wands of willow ;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
She the wilful and the wayward,  
She the silent, dreamy maiden,  
Was the fairest of the sisters.

" All these women married warriors,  
Married brave and haughty husbands ;  
Only Oweenee, the youngest,  
Laughed and flouted all her lovers,  
All her young and handsome suitors,  
And then married old Osseo,  
Old Osseo, poor and ugly,  
Broken with age and weak with coughing,

Always coughing like a squirrel.

" Ah but beautiful within him

Was the spirit of Osseo,  
From the Evening Star descended,  
Star of Evening, Star of Woman,  
Star of tenderness and passion,  
All its fire was in his bosom,  
All its beauty in his spirit,  
All its mystery in his being,  
All its splendour in his language !

" And her lovers, the rejected,  
Handsome men with belts of wampum,  
Handsome men with paint and feathers,

Pointed at her in derision,  
Followed her with jest and laughter.  
But she said : " I care not for you,  
Care not for your belts of wampum,  
Care not for your paint and feathers,  
Care not for your jests and laughter !  
I am happy with Osseo ! "

" Once to some great feast invited,  
Through the damp and dusk of evening,

Walked together the ten sisters,  
Walked together with their husbands ;  
Slowly followed old Osseo,  
With fair Oweenee beside him ;  
All the others chatted gaily,  
These two only walked in silence.

" At the Western sky Osseo  
Gazed intent, as if imploring,  
Often stopped and gazed imploring  
At the trembling Star of Evening,  
At the tender Star of Woman ;  
And they heard him murmur softly,  
' Ah, showain nemeshin, Nosa !'

Pity, pity me, my father ! '

" Listen ! " said the eldest sister,  
" He is praying to his father !  
What a pity that the old man  
Does not stumble in the pathway,  
Does not break his neck by falling !  
And they laughed till all the forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

" On their pathway through the woodlands

Lay an oak, by storms uprooted,  
Lay the great trunk of an oak-tree,  
Buried half in leaves and mosses,  
Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.

And Osseo, when he saw it,  
Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,  
Leaped into its yawning cavern,  
At one end went in an old man,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly ;  
From the other came a young man,  
Tall and straight, and strong, and handsome.

## THE SONG OF HIWATHA.

" Thus Osseo was transfigured,  
Thus restored to youth and beauty ;  
But, alas ! for good Osseo,  
And for Oweenee, the faithful !  
Strangely, too, was she transfigured,  
Changed into a weak old woman.  
With a staff she tottered onward,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old and ugly !  
And the sisters and their husbands  
Laughed until the echoing forest  
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

" But Osseo turned not from her,  
Walked with slower step beside her,  
Took her hand, as brown and withered  
As an oak-leaf is in Winter,  
Called her sweetheart, Nenemoosha,  
Soothed her with soft words of kindness,

Till they reached the lodge of feasting,  
Till they sat down in the wigwam,  
Sacred to the Star of Evening,  
To the tender Star of Woman.

" Wrapt in visions, lost in dreaming,  
At the banquet sat Osseo ;  
All were merry, all were happy,  
All were joyous but Osseo.  
Neither food nor drink he tasted,  
Neither did he speak nor listen,  
But as one bewildered sat he,  
Looking dreamily and sadly,  
First at Oweenee, then upward  
At the gleaming sky above them.

" Then a voice was heard, a whisper,  
Coming from the starry distance,  
Coming from the empty vastness,  
Low, and musical, and tender ;  
And the voice said : ' O Osseo !  
O my son, my best beloved !  
Broken are the spells that bound you,  
All the charms of the magicians,  
All the magic powers of evil ;  
Come to me ; ascend, Osseo ! [you :

" Taste the food that stands before  
It is blessed and enchanted,  
It has magic virtues in it,  
It will change you to a spirit.  
All your bowls and all your kettles  
Shall be wood and clay no longer ;  
But the bowls be changed to wampum,  
And the kettles shall be silver ;  
They shall shine like shells of scarlet,  
Like the fire shall gleam and glimmer.

" And the women shall no longer  
Bear the dreary doom of labour,  
But be changed to birds, and glisten  
With the beauty of the starlight,  
Painted with the dusky splendours  
Of the skies and clouds of evening ! '

" What Osseo heard as whispers,  
What as words he comprehended,  
Was but music to the others,  
Music as of birds afar off,  
Of the Whippoorwill afar off,  
Of the lonely Wawonaissa  
Singing in the darksome forest.

" Then the lodge began to tremble,  
Straight began to shake and tremble,  
And they felt it rising, rising,  
Slowly through the air ascending,  
From the darkness of the tree-tops  
Forth into the dewy starlight,  
Till it passed the topmost branches ;  
And behold ! the wooden dishes  
All were changed to shells of scarlet !  
And behold ! the earthen kettles  
All were changed to bowls of silver !  
And the roof-poles of the wigwam  
Were as glittering rods of silver,  
And the roof of bark upon them  
As the shining shards of beetles.

" Then Osseo gazed around him,  
And he saw the nine fair sisters,  
All the sisters and their husbands,  
Changed to birds of various plumage,  
Some were jays and some were  
magpies,  
Others thrushes, others blackbirds ;  
And they hopped, and sang, and  
twittered,  
Perked and fluttered all their feathers,  
Strutted in their shining plumage,  
And their tails like fans unfolded.

" Only Oweenee the youngest,  
Was not changed, but sat in silence,  
Wasted, wrinkled, old, and ugly,  
Looking sadly at the others ;  
Till Osseo, gazing upward,  
Gave another cry of anguish,  
Such a cry as he had uttered  
By the oak-tree in the forest.

" Then returned her youth and  
beauty,  
And her soiled and tattered garments  
Were transformed to robes of ermine,  
And her staff became a feather,  
Yes, a shining silver feather !

" And again the wigwam trembled,  
Swayed and rushed through airy currents,  
Through transparent cloud and vapour,  
And amid celestial splendours  
On the Evening Star alighted,  
As a snow-flake falls on snow-flake,  
As a leaf drops on a river,  
As the thistle-down on water.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

"Forth with cheerful words of welcome  
Came the father of Osseo,  
He with radiant locks of silver,  
He with eyes serene and tender.  
And he said : ' My son, Osseo,  
Hang the cage of birds you bring there,

Hang the cage with rods of silver,  
And the birds with glistening feathers,  
At the doorway of my wigwam.'

"At the door he hung the bird-cage,  
And they entered in and gladly  
Listened to Osseo's father,  
Ruler of the Star of Evening,  
As he said : ' O my Osseo !  
I have had compassion on you,  
Given you back your youth and beauty,

Into birds of various plumage  
Changed your sisters and their husbands ;  
Changed them thus because they mocked you

In the figure of the old man,  
In that aspect sad and wrinkled,  
Could not see your heart of passion,  
Could not see your youth immortal ;  
Only Oweenee, the faithful,  
Saw your naked heart and loved you.

"In the lodge that glimmers yonder

In the little star that twinkles  
Through the vapours on the left hand,  
Lives the envious Evil spirit.  
The Wabeno, the magician,  
Who transformed you to an old man.  
Take heed lest his beams fall on you,  
For the rays he darts around him.  
Are the power of his enchantment,  
Are the arrows that he uses."

"Many years, in peace and quiet,  
On the peaceful Star of Evening  
Dwelt Osseo with his father ;  
Many years, in song and flutter,  
At the doorway of the wigwam,  
Hung the cage with rods of silver.  
And fair Oweenee, the faithful,  
Bore a son unto Osseo,  
With the beauty of his mother,  
With the courage of his father.

"And the boy grew up and prospered,  
And Osseo, to delight him, [pered,  
Made him little bows and arrows,  
Opened the great cage of silver.  
And let loose his aunts and uncles,  
All those birds with glossy feathers,  
For his little son to shoot at.

"Round and round they wheeled  
and darted,  
Filled the Evening Star with music,  
With their songs of joy and freedom ;  
Filled the Evening Star with splendour,

With the fluttering of their plumage ;  
Till the boy, the little hunter,  
Bent his bow and shot an arrow,  
Shot a swift and fatal arrow,  
And a bird, with shining feathers,  
At his feet fell wounded sorely.

"But, O wondrous transformation !  
'Twas no bird he saw before him,  
'Twas a beautiful young woman,  
With the arrow in her bosom !

"When her blood fell on the planet,  
On the sacred Star of Evening,  
Broken was the spell of magic, [ment,  
Powerless was the strange enchant-  
And the youth, the fearless Bowman,  
Suddenly felt himself descending,  
Held by unseen hands, but sinking  
Downward through the empty spaces,  
Downward through the clouds and vapours,

Till he rested on an island,  
On an island green and grassy,  
Yonder in the Big-Sea-Water.

"After him he saw descending  
All the birds with shining feathers,  
Fluttering, falling, wafted downward,  
Like the painted leaves of Autumn ;  
And the lodge with poles of silver,  
With its roof like wings of beetles,  
Like the shining shards of beetles,  
By the winds of heaven uplifted,  
Slowly sank upon the island,  
Bringing back the good Osseo,  
Bringing Oweenee, the faithful.

"Then the birds, again transfigured,

Reassumed the shape of mortals,  
Took their shape, but not their stature ;

They remained as Little People,  
Like the pygmies, the Puk-wudjies,  
And on pleasant nights of Summer,  
When the Evening Star was shining,  
Hand in hand they danced together  
On the island's craggy headlands,  
On the sand-beach low and level.

Still their glittering lodge is seen  
there,  
On the tranquil Summer evenings,  
And upon the shore the fisher  
Sometimes hears their happy voices,  
See them dancing in the starlight ! "

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

When the story was completed,  
When the wondrous tale was ended,  
Looking round upon his listeners,  
Solemnly Iagoo added :  
" There are great men, I have known  
such,

Whom their people understand not,  
Whom they even make a jest of,  
Scoff and jeer at in derision.

From the story of Osseo

Let them learn the fate of jesters ! "

All the wedding-guests delighted  
Listened to the marvellous story,  
Listened laughing and applauding,  
And they whispered to each other,  
" Does he mean himself, I wonder ?  
And are we the aunts and uncles ? "

Then again sang Chibiabos,  
Sang a song of love and longing,  
In those accents sweet and tender,  
In those tones of pensive sadness,  
Sang a maiden's lamentation  
For her lover, her Algonquin.

" When I think of my beloved,\*  
Ah me ! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !  
" Ah me ! when I parted from him,  
Round my neck he hung the wampum,  
As a pledge, the snow-white wampum,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

" I will go with you, he whispered,  
Ah me ! to your native country ;  
Let me go with you, he whispered,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !  
" Far away, away, I answered,  
Very far away, I answered,  
Ah me ! is my native country,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

" When I looked back to behold him,  
Where we parted, to behold him,  
After me he still was gazing,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

" By the tree he still was standing,  
By the fallen tree was standing,  
That had dropped into the water,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin !

" When I think of my beloved,  
Ah me ! think of my beloved,  
When my heart is thinking of him,  
O my sweetheart, my Algonquin ? "

Such was Hiawatha's Wedding,  
Such the dance of Pau-Puk-Keeewis,  
Such the story of Iagoo,  
Such the songs of Chibiabos ;

\* The original of this song may be found in *Oneota*, p. 15.

Thus the wedding-banquet ended,  
And the wedding-guests departed,  
Leaving Hiawatha happy  
With the night and Minnehaha.

### XIII.

#### BLESSING THE CORN-FIELDS.

SING, O Song of Hiawatha,  
Of the happy days that followed,  
In the land of the Ojibways,  
In the pleasant land and peaceful !  
Sing the mysteries of Mondamin,  
Sing the Blessing of the Corn-fields !

Buried was the bloody hatchet,  
Buried was the dreadful war-club,  
Buried were all warlike weapons,  
And the war-cry was forgotten.  
There was peace among the nations,  
Unmolested roved the hunters,  
Built the birch canoe for sailing,  
Caught the fish in lake and river,  
Shot the deer and trapped the beaver ;  
Unmolested worked the women,  
Made their sugar from the maple,  
Gathered wild rice in the meadows,  
Dressed the skins of deer and beaver.

All around the happy village  
Stood the maize fields, green and  
shining,  
Waved the green plumes of Mondam-  
in,

Waved his soft and sunny tresses,  
Filling all the land with plenty.  
'Twas the women who in Spring-time  
Planted the broad fields and fruitful,  
Buried in the earth Mondamin ;  
'Twas the women who in Autumn  
Stripped the yellow husks of harvest,  
Stripped the garments from Mondam-  
in,

Even as Hiawatha taught them.  
Once, when all the maize was  
planted,

Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,  
Spake and said to Minnehaha,  
To his wife, the Laughing Water :  
" You shall bless to-night the corn-  
fields,

Draw a magic circle round them,  
To protect them from destruction,  
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,  
Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,  
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-ear !

" In the night, when all is silence,  
In the night, when all is darkness,



When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
Shuts the doors of all the wigwams,  
So that not an ear can hear you,  
So that not an eye can see you,  
Rise up from your bed in silence,  
Lay aside your garments wholly,  
Walk around the fields you planted,  
Round the borders of the corn-fields,  
Covered by your tresses only,  
Robed with darkness as a garment.  
"Thus the fields shall be more  
fruitful,  
And the passing of your footsteps  
Draw a magic circle round them,  
So that neither blight nor mildew,

Neither burrowing worm nor insect,  
Shall pass o'er the magic circle ;  
Not the dragon-fly, Kwo-ne-she,  
Nor the spider, Subbekashe,  
Nor the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena,  
Nor the mighty caterpillar,  
Way-muk-kwana, with the bear-skin,  
King of all the caterpillars ! "

On the tree-tops near the corn-fields  
Sat the hungry crows and ravens,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
With his band of black marauders.  
And they laughed at Hiawatha,  
Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,  
With their melancholy laughter,

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

At the words of Hiawatha.

"Hear him!" said they; "hear the wise man!

Hear the plots of Hiawatha!"

When the noiseless night descended  
Broad and dark o'er field and forest,  
When the mournful Wawonaissa  
Sorrowing sang among the hemlocks,  
And the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,  
Shut the doors of all the wigwams,  
From her bed rose Laughing Water,  
Laid aside her garments wholly,  
And with darkness clothed and guarded,

Unashamed and unaffrighted,  
Walked securely round the corn-fields,  
Drew the sacred, magic circle  
Of her footprints round the corn-fields.

No one but the Midnight only  
Saw her beauty in the darkness.  
No one but the Wawonaissa  
Heard the panting of her bosom;  
Guskeuau, the darkness, wrapped her  
Closely in his sacred mantle,  
So that none might see her beauty,  
So that none might boast, "I saw her!"

On the morrow, as the day dawned,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Gathered all his black marauders,  
Crows and blackbirds, jays and ravens,  
Clamorous on the dusky tree-tops,  
And descended, fast and fearless,  
On the fields of Hiawatha,  
On the grave of the Mondamin.

"We will drag Mondamin," said they,

"From the grave where he is buried,  
Spite of all the magic circles  
Laughing Water draws around it,  
Spite of all the sacred footprints  
Minnehaha stamps upon it!"

But the wary Hiawatha,  
Ever thoughtful, careful, watchful,  
Had o'erheard the scornful laughter  
When they mocked him from the tree-tops.

"Kaw!" he said, "my friends the ravens!

Kahgahgee, my King of Ravens!  
I will teach you all a lesson  
That shall not be soon forgotten!"

He had risen before the daybreak,  
He had spread o'er all the corn-fields  
Snares to catch the black marauders,  
And was lying now in ambush  
In the neighbouring grove of pine-trees,

163

Waiting for the crows and blackbirds,  
Waiting for the jays and ravens.

Soon they came with caw and clamour,

Rush of wings and cry of voices,  
To their work of devastation,  
Settling down upon the corn-fields,  
Delving deep with beak and talon,  
For the body of Mondamin.  
And with all their craft and cunning,  
All their skill in wiles of warfare,  
They perceived no danger near them,  
Till their claws became entangled,  
Till they found themselves imprisoned  
In the snares of Hiawatha.

From his place of ambush came he,  
Striding terrible among them,  
And so awful was his aspect  
That the bravest quailed with terror.  
Without mercy he destroyed them  
Right and left, by tens and twenties,  
And their wretched, lifeless bodies  
Hung aloft on poles for scarecrows  
Round the consecrated corn-fields,  
As a signal of his vengeance,  
As a warning to marauders.

Only Kahgahgee, the leader,  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
He alone was spared among them  
As a hostage for his people.  
With his prisoner-string he bound him,\*

Led him captive to his wigwam,  
Tied him fast with cords of elm-bark  
To the ridge-pole of his wigwam.

"Kahgahgee, my raven!" said he,  
"You the leader of the robbers,  
You the plotter of this mischief,  
The contriver of this outrage,  
I will keep you, I will hold you,  
As a hostage for your people,  
As a pledge of good behaviour!"

And he left him, grim and sulky,  
Sitting in the morning sunshine  
On the summit of the wigwam,  
Croaking fiercely his displeasure,  
Flapping his great sable pinions,  
Vainly struggling for his freedom,  
Vainly calling on his people!

Summer passed, and Shawondasee

\* "These cords," says Mr. Tanner, "are made of the bark of the elm-tree, by boiling and then immersing it in cold water. . . . The leader of a war-party commonly carries several fastened about his waist; and if, in the course of the fight, any one of his young men takes a prisoner, it is his duty to bring him immediately to the chief, to be tied, and the latter is responsible for his safe keeping." *Narrative of Captivity and Adventures*, p. 422.

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Breathed his sighs o'er all the landscape,  
From the South-land sent his ardours,  
Wafted kisses warm and tender;  
And the maize-field grew and ripened,  
Till it stood in all the splendour  
Of its garments green and yellow,  
Of its tassels and its plumage,  
And the maize-ears full and shining  
Gleamed from bursting sheaths of  
verdure.

Then Nokomis, the old woman,  
Spake and said to Minnehaha :  
" 'Tis the moon when leaves are  
falling ;

All the wild-rice has been gathered,  
And the maize is ripe and ready ;  
Let us gather in the harvest,  
Let us wrestle with Mondamin,  
Strip him of his plumes and tassels,  
Of his garments green and yellow ! "

And the merry Laughing Water  
Went rejoicing from the wigwam,  
With Nokomis, old and wrinkled ;  
And they called the women round them,  
Called the young men and the maidens,  
To the harvest of the corn-fields,  
To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,  
Underneath the fragrant pine-trees,  
Sat the old men and the warriors  
Smoking in the pleasant shadow.  
In uninterrupted silence  
Looked they at the gamesome labour  
Of the young men and the women ;  
Listened to their noisy talking,  
To their laughter and their singing,  
Heard them chattering like the  
magpies,

Heard them laughing like the blue-jays,  
Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden,  
Found a red ear in the husking,  
Found a maize ear red as blood is,  
" 'Nushka ! " cried they all together,  
" 'Nushka ! you shall have a sweetheart,  
You shall have a handsome husband ! "  
" Ugh ! " the old men all responded,  
From their seats beneath the pine-  
trees !

And whene'er a youth or maiden  
Found a crooked ear in husking,  
Found a maize ear in the husking  
Blighted, mildewed, or misshapen,  
Then they laughed and sang together,  
Crept and limped about the corn-fields,  
Mimicked in their gait and gestures  
Some old man, bent almost double,  
Singing singly or together :

" Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields !  
Paimosaid, the skulking robber ! "

Till the corn-fields rang with  
laughter,

Till from Hiawatha's wigwam  
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,  
Screamed and quivered in his anger,  
And from all the neighbouring tree-  
tops [ders.]  
Cawed and croaked the black marau-

" Ugh ! " the old men all responded,  
From their seats beneath the pine-  
trees !

### XIV. PICTURE-WRITING.

In those days said Hiawatha,  
" Lo ! how all things fade and perish !  
From the memory of the old men  
Fade away the great traditions,  
The achievements of the warriors,  
The adventures of the hunters,  
All the wisdom of the Medas,  
All the craft of the Wabenos,  
All the marvellous dreams and visions  
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets !

" Great men die and are forgotten,  
Wise men speak ; their words of  
wisdom

Perish in the ears that hear them,  
Do not reach the generations  
That, as yet unborn, are waiting  
In the great, mysterious darkness  
Of the speechless days that shall be !

" On the grave-posts of our fathers  
Are no signs, no figures painted ;  
Who are in those graves we know not,  
Only know they are our fathers. -  
Of what kith they are and kindred,  
From what old, ancestral Totem,  
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,  
They descended, this we know not,  
Only know they are our fathers.

" Face to face we speak together,  
But we cannot speak when absent,  
Cannot send our voices from us  
To the friends that dwell afar off ;  
Cannot send a secret message,  
But the bearer learns our secret,  
May pervert it, may betray it,  
May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking  
In the solitary forest,  
Pondering, musing in the forest,  
On the welfare of his people.

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

From his pouch he took his colours,  
Took his paints of different colours,  
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree  
Painted many shapes and figures,  
Wonderful and mystic figures,  
And each figure had a meaning,  
Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manitou the Mighty,  
He the Master of Life, was painted  
As an egg, with points projecting  
To the four winds of the heavens.  
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,  
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Mitiche Manitou the Mighty,  
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,  
As a serpent was depicted,  
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.  
Very crafty, very cunning,  
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,  
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,  
Life was white, but Death was  
darkened;

Sun and moon and stars he painted,  
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,  
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight  
line,

For the sky a bow above it ;  
White the space between for day-time,  
Filled with little stars for night-time ;  
On the left a point for sunrise,  
On the right a point for sunset,  
On the top a point for noontide,  
And for rain and cloudy weather  
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing towards  
wigwam

Were a sign of invitation,  
Were a sign of guests assembling ;  
Bloody hands with palms uplifted  
Were a symbol of destruction,  
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha  
Show unto his wondering people,  
And interpreted their meaning,  
And he said : "Behold, your grave-  
posts

Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol.  
Go and paint them all with figures,  
Each one with its household symbol,  
With its own ancestral Totem ;  
So that those who follow after

May distinguish them and know  
them."

And they painted on the grave-  
Of the graves yet unforgotten,  
Each his own ancestral Totem,

[posts

Each the symbol of his household ;  
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,  
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,  
Each inverted as a token  
That the owner was departed,  
That the chief who bore the symbol  
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
The Wabenos, the magicians,  
And the medicine-men, the Medas,  
Painted upon bark and deer-skin  
Figures for the songs they chanted,  
For each song a separate symbol,  
Figures mystical and awful,  
Figures strange and brightly coloured ;  
And each figure had its meaning,  
Each some magic song suggested.

The Great Spirit, the Creator,  
Flashing light through all the heaven ;  
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,  
With his bloody crest erected,  
Creeping, looking into heaven ;  
In the sky the sun, that listens,  
And the moon eclipsed and dying ;  
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,  
And the cormorant, bird of magic :  
Headless men that walk the heavens,  
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,  
Bloody hands of death uplifted,  
Flags on graves, and great war-  
captains

Grasping both the earth and heaven !  
Such as these the shapes they  
painted

On the birch-bark and the deer-skin ;  
Songs of war and songs of hunting,  
Songs of medicine and of magic,  
All were written in these figures,  
For each figure had its meaning,  
Each its separate song recorded.

Nor forgotten was the Love-Song,  
The most subtle of all medicines,  
The most potent spell of magic,  
Dangerous more than war or hunting !  
Thus the Love-Song was recorded,  
Symbol and interpretation.

First a human figure standing,  
Painted in the brightest scarlet ;  
'Tis the lover, the musician,  
And the meaning is, "My painting  
Makes me powerful over others."

Then the figure seated, singing,  
Playing on a drum of magic,  
And the interpretation, "Listen !  
'Tis my voice you hear, my singing !"

Then the same red figure seated  
In the shelter of a wigwam,  
And the meaning of the symbol,

165

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

"I will come and sit beside you  
In the mystery of my passion!"

Then two figures, man and woman,  
Standing hand in hand together  
With their hands so clasped together  
That they seemed in one united ;  
And the words thus represented  
Are, " I see your heart within you,  
And your cheeks are red with  
blushes ! "

Next the maiden on an island,  
In the centre of an island ;  
And the song this shape suggested  
Was, " Though you were at a distance,  
Were upon some far-off island,  
Such a spell I cast upon you,  
Such the magic power of passion,  
I could straightway draw you to me ! "

Then the figure of the maiden  
Sleeping, and the lover near her,  
Whispering to her in her slumbers,  
Saying, " Though you were far from  
me

In the land of Sleep and Silence,  
Still the voice of love would reach  
you ! "

And the last of all the figures  
Was a heart within a circle,  
Drawn within a magic circle ;  
And the image had this meaning :  
" Naked lies your heart before me,  
To your naked heart I whisper ! "

Thus it was that Hiawatha,  
In his wisdom, taught the people  
All the mysteries of painting,  
All the art of Picture-Writing,  
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,  
On the white skin of the reindeer,  
On the grave-posts of the village.

XV.

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

IN those days the Evil Spirits,  
All the Manitou's of mischief,  
Fearing Hiawatha's wisdom,  
And his love for Chibiabos,  
Jealous of their faithful friendship  
And their noble words and actions,  
Made at length a league against them,  
To molest them and destroy them.

Hiawatha, wise and wary,  
Often said to Chibiabos,  
" O my brother ! do not leave me,  
Lest the Evil Spirits harm you ! "  
Chibiabos, young and heedless,

'Laughing shook his coal-black tresses,  
Answered ever sweet and childlike,  
" Do not fear for me, O brother !  
Harm and evil come not near me ! "

Once when Peboan, the Winter,  
Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,  
When the snow-flakes, whirling down-  
ward,

Hissed among the withered oak-leaves,  
Changed the pine-trees into wigwams,  
Covered all the earth with silence,—  
Armed with arrows, shod with snow-  
shoes,

Heeding not his brother's warning,  
Fearing not the Evil Spirits,  
Forth to hunt the deer with antlers  
All alone went Chibiabos.

Right across the Big-Sea-Water  
Sprang with speed the deer before him.  
With the wind and snow he followed,  
O'er the treacherous ice he followed,  
Wild with all the fierce commotion  
And the rapture of the hunting.

But beneath, the Evil Spirits  
Lay in ambush, waiting for him,  
Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,  
Dragged him downward to the bottom,  
Buried in the sand his body.  
Unktahee, the god of water,  
He the god of the Dacotahs,  
Drowned him in the deep abysses  
Of the lake of Gitche Gumee.

From the headlands Hiawatha  
Sent forth such a wail of anguish,  
Such a fearful lamentation,  
That the bison paused to listen,  
And the wolves howled from the  
prairies,

And the thunder in the distance  
Woke and answered, " Baim-wawa ! "

Then his face with black he painted,  
With his robe his head he covered,  
In his wigwam sat lamenting,  
Seven long weeks he sat lamenting,  
Uttering still this moan of sorrow :—

" He is dead, the sweet musician !  
He the sweetest of all singers !  
He has gone from us for ever,  
He has moved a little nearer  
To the Master of all music,  
To the Master of all singing !  
O my brother, Chibiabos ! "

And the melancholy fir-trees [him,  
Waved their dark green fans above  
Waved their purple cones above him,  
Sighing with him to console him,  
Mingling with his lamentation  
Their complaining, their lamenting.

## THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Came the Spring, and all the forest  
Looked in vain for Chibiabos ;  
Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,  
Sighed the rushes in the meadow ;  
From the tree-tops sang the blue-bird,  
Sang the blue-bird, the Owaissa,  
“ Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !  
He is dead, the sweet musician ! ”

From the wigwam sang the robin,  
Sang the Opechee, the robin,  
“ Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !  
He is dead, the sweetest singer ! ”  
And at night through all the forest  
Went the whippoorwill complaining,  
“ Wailing went the Wawonaissa,  
“ Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !  
He is dead, the sweet musician !  
He the sweetest of all singers ! ”

Then the medicine-men, the Medas,  
The magicians, the Wabenos,  
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,  
Came to visit Hiawatha ;  
Built a Sacred Lodge beside him,  
To appease him, to console him,  
Walked in silent, grave procession,  
Bearing each a pouch of healing,  
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,  
Filled with magic roots and simples,  
Filled with very potent medicines.

When he heard their steps approach-  
ing,

Hiawatha ceased lamenting,  
Called no more on Chibiabos ;  
Nought he questioned, nought he  
answered,

But his mournful head uncovered,  
From his face the mourning colours  
Washed he slowly and in silence,  
Slowly and in silence followed  
Onward to the Sacred Wigwam.

There a magic drink they gave him,  
Made of Nahma-wusk, the spearmint,  
And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,  
Roots of power, and herbs of healing ;  
Beat their drums, and shook their  
rattles ;

Chanted singly and in chorus,  
Mystic songs like these they chanted :  
“ I myself, myself ! behold me !  
‘ Tis the great Gray Eagle talking ;  
Come, ye white crows, come and hear  
him !

The loud-speaking thunder helps me ;  
All the unseen spirits help me ;  
I can hear their voices calling,  
All around the sky I hear them !  
• I can blow you strong, my brother,  
I can heal you, Hiawatha ! ”

“ Hi-au-ha ! ” replied the chorus,  
“ Way-ha-way ! ” the mystic chorus.  
“ Friends of mine are all the ser-  
pents !

Hear me shake my skin of hen-hawk !  
Mahng, the white loon, I can kill him ;  
I can shoot your heart and kill it !  
I can blow you strong, my brother,  
I can heal you, Hiawatha ! ”

“ Hi-au-ha ! ” replied the chorus,  
“ Way-ha-way ! ” the mystic chorus.

“ I myself, myself ! the prophet !  
When I speak the wigwam trembles,  
Shakes the Sacred Lodge with terror,  
Hands unseen begin to shake it !  
When I walk, the sky I tread on  
Bends and makes a noise beneath me !  
I can blow you strong, my brother !  
Rise and speak, O Hiawatha ! ”

“ Hi-au-ha ! ” replied the chorus,  
“ Way-ha-way ! ” the mystic chorus.  
Then they shook their medicine-  
pouches

O'er the head of Hiawatha,  
Danced their medicine-dance around  
him ;  
And upstarting wild and haggard,  
Like a man from dreams awakened,  
He was healed of all his madness.  
As the clouds are swept from heaven,  
Straightway from his brain departed  
All his moody melancholy ;  
As the ice is swept from rivers,  
Straightway from his heart departed  
All his sorrow and affliction.

Then they summoned Chibiabos  
From his grave beneath the waters,  
From the sands of Gitche Gumee  
Summoned Hiawatha's brother.  
And so mighty was the magic  
Of that cry and invocation,  
That he heard it as he lay there  
Underneath the Big-Sea-Water.  
From the sand he rose and listened,  
Hear'd the music and the singing,  
Came, obedient to the summons,  
To the doorway of the wigwam,  
But to enter they forbade him.

Through a chink a coal they gave  
him,  
Through the door a burning firebrand ;  
Ruler in the Land of Spirits,  
Ruler o'er the dead they made him,  
Telling him a fire to kindle  
For all those that died thereafter,  
Camp-fires for their night encamp-  
ments  
On their solitary journey

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

To the kingdom of Ponemah,  
To the land of the Hereafter.  
From the village of his childhood,  
From the homes of those who knew  
him,

Passing silent through the forest,  
Like a smoke-wreath wafted sideways,  
Slowly vanished Chibias !  
Where he passed, the branches moved  
not ;

Where he trod, the grasses bent not,  
And the fallen leaves of last year  
Made no sound beneath his footsteps.

Four whole days he journeyed on-  
ward

Down the pathway of the dead men ;  
On the dead-man's strawberry feasted,  
Crossed the melancholy river,  
On the swinging log he crossed it,  
Came unto the Lake of Silver,  
In the Stone Canoe was carried  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the land of ghosts and shadows.

On that journey, moving slowly,  
Many weary spirits saw he,  
Panting under heavy burdens,  
Laden with war-clubs, bows and  
arrows,

Robes of fur, and pots and kettles,  
And with food that friends had given  
For that solitary journey.

"Ah ! why do the living," said they,  
"Lay such heavy burdens on us ?  
Better were it to go naked,  
Better were it to go fasting,  
Than to bear such heavy burdens  
On our long and weary journey ! "

Forth then issued Hiawatha,  
Wandered eastward, wandered west-  
ward,

Teaching men the use of simples  
And the antidotes for poisons,  
And the cure of all diseases.  
Thus was first made known to mortals  
All the mystery of Medamin,  
All the sacred art of healing.

~~~~~

And his flight from Hiawatha,
And his wondrous transmigrations,
And the end of his adventures.

On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water
Stood the lodge of Pau-Puk-Keewis.
It was he who in his frenzy
Whirled these drifting sands together,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjoo,
When, among the guests assembled,
He so merrily and madly
Danced at Hiawatha's wedding,
Danced the Beggar's Dance to please
them.

Now, in search of new adventures,
From his lodge went Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Came with speed into the village,
Found the young men all assembled
In the lodge of old Iagoo,
Listening to his monstrous stories,
To his wonderful adventures.

He was telling them the story
Of Ojeeq, the Summer-Maker,
How he made a hole in heaven,
How he climbed up into heaven,
And let out the Summer-weather,
The perpetual, pleasant Summer ;
How the Otter first essayed it ;
How the Beaver, Lynx, and Badger
Tried in turn the great achievement,
From the summit of the mountain
Smote their fists against the heavens,
Smote against the sky their foreheads,
Cracked the sky, but could not
break it ;

How the Wolverine, uprising
Made him ready for the encounter,
Bent his knees down, like a squirrel,
Drew his arms back, like a cricket.

"Once he leaped," said old Iagoo,
"Once he leaped, and lo ! above him
Bent the sky, as ice in rivers
When the waters rise beneath it ;
Twice he leaped, and lo ! above him
Cracked the sky, as ice in rivers
When the freshet is at highest !
Thrice he leaped, and lo ! above him
Broke the shattered sky asunder,
And he disappeared within it,
And Ojeeq, the Fisher Weasel,
With a bound went in behind him ! "

"Hark you !" shouted Pau-Puk-
Keewis

As he entered at the doorway ;
"I am tired of all this talking,
Tired of old Iagoo's stories,
Tired of Hiawatha's wisdom.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Here is something to amuse you,
Better than this endless talking."

Then from out his pouch of wolf-skin

Forth he drew, with solemn manner,
All the game of Bowl and Counters,
Pugasaing, with thirteen pieces.
White on one side were they painted
And vermillion on the other ;
Two Kenabeeks or great serpents,
Two Ininewug or wedge-men,
One great war-club, Pugamaugun,
And one slender fish, the Keego,
Four round pieces, Ozawabees,
And three Sheshebwug or ducklings.
All were made of bone and painted,
All except the Ozawabees ;
These were brass, on one side burnished,

And were black upon the other.

In a wooden bowl he placed them,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him,

Thus exclaiming and explaining :
" Red side up are all the pieces,
And one great Kenabeek standing
On the bright side of a brass piece,
On a burnished Ozawabee ;
Thirteen tens and eight are counted."

Then again he shook the pieces,
Shook and jostled them together,
Threw them on the ground before him,

Still exclaiming and explaining :
" White are both the great Kenabeeks,
White the Ininewug, the wedge-men,
Red are all the other pieces ;
Five tens and an. eight are counted."

Thus he taught the game of hazard,
Thus displayed it and explained it,
Running through its various chances,
Various changes, various meanings ;
Twenty curious eyes stared at him,
Full of eagerness stared at him.

" Many games," said old Iagoo,
" Many games of skill and hazard
Have I seen in different nations,
Have I played in different countries.
He who plays with old Iagoo
Must have very nimble fingers ;
Though you think yourself so skilful,
I can beat you, Pau-Puk-Keewis,
I can even give you lessons
In your game of Bowl and Counters."

So they sat and played together,
All the old men and the young men,

Played for dresses, weapons, wampum,
Played till midnight, played till morn-ing.

Played until the Yenadizze,
Till the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Of their treasures had despoiled them,
Of the best of all their dresses,
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,
Belts of wampum, crests of feathers,
Warlike weapons, pipes and pouches.
Twenty eyes glared wildly at him,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him.

Said the lucky Pau-Puk-Keewis,
" In my wigwam I am lonely,
In my wanderings and adventures
I have need of a companion,
Fain would have a Meshinawua,
An attendant and pipe-bearer.
I will venture all these winnings,
All these garments heaped about me,
All this wampum, all these feathers,
On a single throw will venture
All against the young man yonder ! "
" Twas a youth of sixteen summers,
" Twas a nephew of Iagoo ;
Face-in-a-Mist, the people called him
As the fire burns in a pipe-head
Dusky red beneath the ashes,
So beneath his shaggy eyebrows
Glowed the eyes of old Iagoo.
" Ugh !" he answered, very fiercely !
" Ugh !" they answered all and each one.

Seized the wooden bowl the old man,
Closely in his bony fingers
Clutched the fatal bowl, Onagon,
Shook it fiercely and with fury,
Made the pieces ring together
As he threw them down before him

Red were both the great Kenabeeks,
Red the Ininewug, the wedge-men,
Red the Sheshebwug, the ducklings,
White alone the fish, the Keego ;
Only five the pieces counted !

Then the smiling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Shook the bowl and threw the pieces ;
Lightly in the air he tossed them,
And they fell about him scattered :
Dark and bright the Ozawabees,
Red and white the other pieces,
And upright among the others
One Ininewug was standing,
Even as crafty Pau-Puk-Keewis
Stood alone among the players,
Saying, " Five tens ! mine the game
is ! "

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Twenty eyes glared at him fiercely,
Like the eyes of wolves glared at him,
As he turned and left the wigwam,
Followed by his Meshinawwa,

By the nephew of Iagoo,
By the tall and graceful stripling,
Bearing in his arms the winnings,
Shirts of deer-skin, robes of ermine,

Belts of wampum, pipes and weapons.

"Carry them," said Pau-Puk-Keeewis.

Pointing with his fan of feathers,
"To my wigwam far to eastward,
On the dunes of Nagow Wudjo !"
Hot and red with smoke and gam-

bling

Were the eyes of Pau-Puk-Keeewis
As he came forth to the freshness
Of the pleasant Summer morning.
All the birds were singing gaily,
All the streamlets flowing swiftly,
And the heart of Pau-Puk-Keeewis
Sang with pleasure as the birds sing,
Beat with triumph like the streamlets,
As he wandered through the village,
In the early gray of morning,
With his fan of turkey-feathers,
With his plumes and tufts of swan's
down,

Till he reached the farthest wigwam,
Reached the lodge of Hiawatha.

Silent was it and deserted ;
No one met him at the doorway,
No one came to bid him welcome ;
But the birds were singing round it,
In and out and round the doorway,
Hopping, singing, fluttering, feeding,
And aloft upon the ridge-pole
Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
Sat with fiery eyes, and, screaming,
Flapped his wings at Pau-Puk-Keeewis.

"All are gone ! the lodge is
empty !"

Thus it was spake Pau-Puk-Keeewis,
In his heart resolving mischief ;—
"Gone is wary Hiawatha,
Gone the silly Laughing Water,
Gone Nokomis, the old woman,
And the lodge is left unguarded !"

By the neck he seized the raven,
Whirled it round him like a rattle,
Like a medicine-pouch he shook it,
Strangled Kahgahgee, the raven,
From the ridge-pole of the wigwam
Left its lifeless body hanging,
As an insult to its master,
As a taunt to Hiawatha.

With a stealthy step he entered,

Round the lodge in wild disorder
Threw the household things about
him,

Piled together in confusion
Bowls of wood and earthen kettles,
Robes of buffalo and beaver,
Skins of otter, lynx, and ermine,
As an insult to Nokomis,

As a taunt to Minnehaha.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keeewis,
Whistling, singing through the forest
Whistling gaily to the squirrels,
Who from hollow boughs above him
Dropped their acorn-shells upon him,
Singing gaily to the wood-birds,
Who from out the leafy darkness
Answered with a song as merry.

Then he climbed the rocky head-
lands,

Looking o'er the Gitche Gumee,
Perched himself upon their summit,
Waiting full of mirth and mischief
The return of Hiawatha.

Stretched upon his back he lay
there ;

Far below him plashed the waters,
Plashed and washed the dreamy
waters ;

Far above him swam the heavens,
Swam the dizzy, dreamy heavens ;
Round him hovered, fluttered, rustled,
Hiawatha's mountain chickens,
Flock-wise swept and wheeled about
him,

Almost brushed him with their pinions.

And he killed them as he lay there,
Slaughtered them by tens and twenties,
Threw their bodies down the head-
land,

Threw them on the beach below him,
Till at length Kayoshk, the sea-gull,
Perched upon a crag above them,
Shouted : "It is Pau-Puk-Keeewis !
He is slaying us by hundreds !
Send a message to our brother,
Tidings send to Hiawatha !"

XVII.
THE HUNTING OF
PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

FULL of wrath was Hiawatha
When he came into the village,
Found the people in confusion,
Heard of all the misdemeanors,
All the malice and the mischief,
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keeewis.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Hard his breath came through his nostrils,
Through his teeth he buzzed and muttered

Words of anger and resentment,
Hot and humming, like a hornet.
"I will slay this Pau-Puk-Keeewis,
Slay this mischief-maker!" said he.
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
That my wrath shall not attain him,
That my vengeance shall not reach him!"

Then in swift pursuit departed
Hiawatha and the hunters
On the trail of Pau-Puk-Keeewis,
Through the forest where he passed it,
To the headlands where he rested;
But they found not Pau-Puk-Keeewis,
Only in the trampled grasses,
In the whortleberry-bushes,
Found the couch where he had rested,
Found the impress of his body.

From the lowlands far beneath them,
From the Muskoday, the meadow,
Pau-Puk-Keeewis, turning backward,
Made a gesture of defiance,
Made a gesture of derision;
And aloud cried Hiawatha,
From the summit of the mountain:
"Not so long and wide the world is,
Not so rude and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
And my vengeance shall attain you!"

Over rock and over river,
Thorough bush and brake and forest,
Ran the cunning Pau-Puk-Keeewis
Like an antelope he bounded,
Till he came unto a streamlet
In the middle of the forest,
To a streamlet still and tranquil,
That had overflowed its margin,
To a dam made by the beavers,
To a pond of quiet water,
Where knee-deep the trees were standing,
Where the water-lilies floated,
Where the rushes waved and whispered.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keeewis,
On the dam of trunks and branches,
Through whose chinks the water spouted,
O'er whose summit flowed the streamlet.

From the bottom rose a beaver,
Looked with two great eyes of wonder,

Eyes that seemed to ask a question,
At the stranger, Pau-Puk-Keeewis.
On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keeewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Flowed the bright and silvery water,
And he spake unto the beaver,
With a smile he spake in this wise:

"O my friend, Ahmeek, the beaver,
Cool and pleasant is the water;
Let me dive into the water,
Let me rest there in your lodges;
Change me, too, into a beaver!"

Cautiously replied the beaver,
With reserve he thus made answer:
"Let me first consult the others,
Let me ask the other beavers."
Down he sank into the water,
Heavily sank he as a stone sinks,
Down among the leaves and branches,
Brown and matted at the bottom.

On the dam stood Pau-Puk-Keeewis,
O'er his ankles flowed the streamlet,
Spouted through the chinks below him,

Dashed upon the stones beneath him,
Spread serene and calm before him,
And the sunshine and the shadows
Fell in flecks and gleams upon him,
Fell in little shining patches,
Through the waving, rustling branches.

From the bottom rose the beavers,
Silently above the surface
Rose one head and then another,
Till the pond seemed full of beavers,
Full of black and shining faces.

To the beavers Pau-Puk-Keeewis
Spake entreating, said in this wise:
"Very pleasant is your dwelling,
O my friends! and safe from danger;
Can you not with all your cunning,
All your wisdom and contrivance,
Change me, too, into a beaver?"

"Yes," replied Ahmeek, the beaver,
He the King of all the beavers,
"Let yourself slide down among us,
Down into the tranquil water."

Down into the pond among them
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keeewis;
Black became his shirt of deer-skin,
Black his moccasons and leggings,
In a broad black tail behind him
Spread his fox-tails and his fringes;
He was changed into a beaver.

"Make me large," said Pau-Puk-Keeewis,

"Make me large and make me larger,
Larger than the other beavers."

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

"Yes," the beaver chief responded,
"When our lodge below you enter,
In our wigwam we will make you
Ten times larger than the others."

Thus into the clear, brown water
Silently sank Pau-Puk-Keevis;
Found the bottom covered over
With the trunks of trees and branches,
Hoards of food against the winter,
Piles and heaps against the famine,
Found the lodge with arching doorway
Leading into spacious chambers.
Here they made him large and larger,
Made him largest of the beavers,
Ten times larger than the others.
"You shall be our ruler," said they;

"Chief and king of all the beavers."

But not long had Pau-Puk-Keevis
Sat in state among the beavers,
When there came a voice of warning
From the watchman at his station
In the water-flags and lilies,
Saying, "Here is Hiawatha!
Hiawatha with his hunters!"

Then they heard a cry above them,
Heard a shouting and a tramping,
Heard a crashing and a rushing,
And the water round and o'er them
Sank and sucked away in eddies,
And they knew their dam was broken.

On the lodge's roof the hunters
Leaped and broke it all asunder;
Streamed the sunshine through the
crevice,

Sprang the beavers through the door-
way,

Hid themselves in deeper water,
In the channel of the streamlet;
But the mighty Pau-Puk-Keevis
Could not pass beneath the doorway;
He was puffed with pride and feeding,
He was swollen like a bladder.

Through the roof looked Hiawatha.
Cried aloud, "O Pau-Puk Keevis!
Vain are all your craft and cunning,
Vain your manifold disguises!
Well I know you, Pau-Puk-Keevis!"

With their clubs they beat and
bruised him,

Beat to death poor Pau-Puk-Keevis,
Pounded him as maize is pounded,
Till his skull was crushed to pieces.

Six tall hunters, lithe and limber,
Bore him home on poles and branches,
Bore the body of the beaver;
But the ghost, the Jeebi in him,
Thought and felt as Pau-Puk-Keevis,
Still lived on as Pau-Puk-Keevis.

And it fluttered, strove, and
struggled,

Waving hither, waving thither,
As the curtains of a wigwam
Struggle with their thongs of deer-skin,
When the wintry wind is blowing;
Till it drew itself together,
Till it rose up from the body,
Till it took the form and features
Of the cunning Pau-Puk-Keevis,
Vanishing into the forest.

But the wary Hiawatha
Saw the figure ere it vanished,
Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keevis
Glide into the soft blue shadow
Of the pine-trees of the forest;
Toward the squares of white beyond it,
Toward an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it.
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

To a lake with many islands
Came the breathless Pau-Puk-Keevis,
Where among the water-lilies
Pishnekuh, the brant, was sailing;
Through the tufts of rushes floating,
Steering through the reedy islands,
Now their broad black beaks they
lifted,

Now they plunged beneath the water,
Now they darkened in the shadow,
Now they brightened in the sunshine.
"Pishnekuh!" cried Pau-Puk-Keevis,
"Pishnekuh, my brothers!" said he,
"Change me to a brant with plumage,
With a shining neck and feathers,
Make me large, and make me larger,
Ten times larger than the others."

Straightway to a brant they changed
him,

With two huge and dusky pinions,
With a bosom smooth and rounded,
With a bill like two great paddles,
Made him larger than the others,
Ten times larger than the largest,
Just as, shouting from the forest,
On the shore stood Hiawatha.

Up they rose with cry and clamour,
With a whirr and beat of pinions,
Rose up from the reedy islands,
From the water-flags and lilies.
And they said to Pau-Puk-Keevis:
"In your flying, look not downward,
Take good heed and look not down-
ward, [happen,
Lest some strange mishance should
Lest some great mishap befall you!"

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Fast and far they fled to northward,
Fast and far through mist and sunshine,
Fed among the moors and fenlands,
Slept among the reeds and rushes.

On the morrow as they journeyed,
Buoyed and lifted by the South-wind,
Wafted onward by the South-wind,
Blowing fresh and strong behind them,
Rose a sound of human voices,
Rose a clamour from beneath them,
From the lodges of a village,
From the people miles beneath them.

For the people of the village
Saw the flock of brant with wonder,
Saw the wings of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Flapping far up in the ether,
Broader than two doorway curtains.

Pau-Puk-Keewis heard the shouting,
Knew the voice of Hiawatha,
Knew the outcry of Lagoo,
And, forgetful of the warning,
Drew his neck in and looked downward,
And the wind that blew behind him
Caught his mighty fan of feathers,
Sent him wheeling, whirling down-
ward!

All in vain did Pau-Puk-Keewis
Struggle to regain his balance!
Whirling round and round and down-
ward,

He beheld in turn the village
And in turn the flock above him,
Saw the village coming nearer,
And the flock receding farther,
Heard the voices growing louder,
Heard the shouting and the laughter,
Saw no more the flock above him,
Only saw the earth beneath him;
Dead out of the empty heaven,
Dead among the shouting people,
With a heavy sound and sullen,
Fell the brant with broken pinions.

But his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Still survived as Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Took again the form and features
Of the handsome Yenadizze,
And again went rushing onward,
Followed fast by Hiawatha,
Crying: "Not so wide the world is,
Not so long and rough the way is,
But my wrath shall overtake you,
But my vengeance shall attain you!"

And so near he came, so near him,
That his hand was stretched to seize
him,

His right hand to seize and hold him,
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Whirled and spun about in circles,

Fanned the air into a whirlwind,
Danced the dust and leaves about him,
And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak tree,
Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak tree.
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitche Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape.

And the Old Man of the Mountain,
He the Manitou of Mountains,
Opened wide his rocky doorways,
Opened wide his deep abysses,
Giving Pau-Puk-Keewis shelter
In his caverns dark and dreary,
Bidding Pau-Puk-Keewis welcome
To his gloomy lodge of sandstone.

There without stood Hiawatha,
Found the doorways closed against him,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Smote great caverns in the sandstone,
Cried aloud in tones of thunder,
"Open! I am Hiawatha!"
But the Old Man of the Mountain
Opened not, and made no answer
From the silent crags of sandstone,
From the gloomy rock abysses.

Then he raised his hands to heaven,
Called imploring on the tempest,
Called Waywassimo, the lightning,
And the thunder, Annemeekee;
And they came with night and darkness,
Sweeping down the Big-Sea-Water
From the distant Thunder Mountains:
And the trembling Pau-Puk-Keewis
Heard the footsteps of the thunder,
Saw the red eyes of the lightning,
Was afraid, and crouched and trem-
bled.

Then Waywassimo, the lightning,
Smote the doorways of the caverns,
With his war-club smote the doorways,
Smote the jutting crags of sandstone,
And the thunder, Annemeekee,
Shouted down into the caverns,
Saying, "Where is Pau-Puk-Kee-
wis?"

And the crags fell, and beneath them

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Dead among the rocky ruins
Lay the cunning Pau-Puk-Keevis,
Lay the handsome Yenadizze,
Slain in his own human figure.

Ended were his wild adventures,
Ended were his tricks and gambols,
Ended all his craft and cunning,
Ended all his mischief-making,
All his gambling and his dancing,
All his wooing of the maidens.

Then the noble Hiawatha
Took his soul, his ghost, his shadow,
Spake and said, "O Pau-Puk-Kee-
. wis !

Never more in human figure
Shall you search for new adventures,
Never more with jest and laughter
Dance the dust and leaves in whirl-
winds,

But above there in the heavens
You shall soar and sail in circles ;
I will change you to an eagle,
To Keneu, the great War-Eagle,
Chief of all the fowls with feathers,
Chief of Hiawatha's chickens."

And the name of Pau-Puk-Keevis
Lingers still among the people,
Lingers still among the singers,
And among the storytellers ;
And in Winter, when the snow-flakes
Whirl in eddies round the lodges,
When the wind in gusty tumult
Over the smoke-flue pipes and whistles,
"There," they cry, "comes Pau-Puk-

Keevis ;
He is dancing through the village,
He is gathering in his harvest !"



XVIII.

THE DEATH OF KWASIND.

FAR and wide among the nations
Spread the name and fame of Kwa-
sind ;

No man dared to strive with Kwasind,
No man could compete with Kwasind.
But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,
They the envious Little People,
They the fairies and the pygmies,
Plotted and conspired against him.

"If this hateful Kwasind," said
they,

"If this great, outrageous fellow
Goes on thus a little longer,
Tearing everything he touches,
Rending everything to pieces,

Filling all the world with wonder,
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies ?
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies ?
He will tread us down like mushrooms,
Drive us all into the water,
Give our bodies to be eaten
By the wicked Ne-ba-naw-baigs,
By the Spirits of the Water !"

So the angry Little People
All conspired against the Strong Man,
All conspired to murder Kwasind,
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,
The audacious, overbearing,
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwa-
sind.

Now this wondrous strength of
Kwasind
In his crown alone was seated ;
In his crown, too, was his weakness ;
There alone could he be wounded,
Nowhere else could weapon pierce
him,

Nowhere else could weapon harm him.
Even there the only weapon
That could wound him, that could slay
him,

Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,
Was the blue cone of the fir-tree.
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,
Known to no man among mortals ;
But the cunning Little People,
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,
Knew the only way to kill him.

So they gathered cones together,
Gathered seed-cones of the pine-tree,
Gathered blue cones of the fir-tree,
In the woods by Taquamenaw,
Brought them to the river's margin,
Heaped them in great piles together,
Where the red rocks from the margin
Jutting overhang the river.

There they lay in wait for Kwasind,
The malicious Little People.

'Twas an afternoon in Summer :
Very hot and still the air was,
Very smooth the gliding river,
Motionless the sleeping shadows :
Insects glistened in the sunshine,
Insects skated on the water,
Filled the drowsy air with buzzing,
With a far-resounding war-cry.

Down the river came the Strong
Man,

In his birch canoe came Kwasind,
Floating slowly down the current
Of the sluggish Taquamenaw,
Very languid with the weather,
Very sleepy with the silence.

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

From the overhanging branches,
From the tassels of the birch trees,
Soft the Spirit of Sleep descended !
By his airy hosts surrounded,
His invisible attendants,
Came the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin ;
Like the burnished Dush-kwo-ne-she,
Like a dragon-fly, he hovered
O'er the drowsy head of Kwasind.

To his ear there came a murmur
As of waves upon a seashore
As of far-off tumbling waters,
As of winds among the pine-trees ;
And he felt upon his forehead
Blows of little airy war-clubs,
Wielded by the slumberous legions
Of the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin,
As of some one breathing on him.

At the first blow of their war-clubs,
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind ;
At the second blow they smote him,
Motionless his paddle rested ;
At the third, before his vision
Reeled the landscape into darkness,
Very sound asleep was Kwasind.

So he floated down the river,
Like a blind man seated upright,
Floated down the Taquamenaw,
Underneath the trembling birch-trees,
Underneath the wooded headlands,
Underneath the war encampment
Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.
There they stood all armed and
waiting,

Hurled the pine-cones down upon him,
Struck him on his brawny shoulders,
On his crown defenceless struck him.
"Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden
War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tumbled,
Sideways fell into the river,
Plunged beneath the sluggish water
Headlong as an otter plunges ;
And the birch-canoe, abandoned,
Drifted empty down the river,
Bottom upward swerved and drifted :
Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong Man
Lingered long among the people,
And whenever through the forest
Raged and roared the wintry tempest,
And the branches, tossed and troubled,
Creaked and groaned and split
asunder,

"Kwasind!" cried they ; "that is
Kwasind ! He is gathering in his fire-wood !"

XIX.

THE GHOSTS.

NEVER stoops the soaring vulture
On his quarry in the desert,
On the sick or wounded bison,
But another vulture, watching
From his high aerial look-out,
Sees the downward plunge, and fol-
lows ;

And a third pursues the second,
Coming from the invisible ether,
First a speck, and then a vulture,
Till the air is dark with pinions.

So disasters come not singly ;
But as if they watched and waited,
Scanning one another's motions,
When the first descends, the others
Follow, follow, gathering flock-wise
Round their victim, sick and wounded,
First a shadow, then a sorrow,
Till the air is dark with anguish.

Now, o'er all the dreary Northland,
Mighty Peboan, the Winter,
Breathing on the lakes and rivers,
Into stone had changed their waters.
From his hair he shook the snow-flakes,
Till the plains were strewn with
whiteness,

One uninterrupted level,
As if, stooping, the Creator [over.
With his hand had smoothed them

Through the forest, wide and wailing,
Roamed the hunter on his snow-shoes ;
In the village worked the women,
Pounded maize, or dressed the deer-
skin ;

And the young men played together
On the ice the noisy ball-play,
On the plain the dance of snow-shoes.

One dark evening, after sun-down,
In her wigwam Laughing Water
Sat with old Nokomis, waiting
For the steps of Hiawatha.
Homeward from the hunt returning.

On their faces gleamed the fire-light,
Painting them with streaks of crimson,
In the eyes of old Nokomis
Glimmered like the watery moonlight,
In the eyes of Laughing Water
Glistened like the sun in water :
And behind them crouched their
shadows

In the corners of the wigwam,
And the smoke in wreaths above them
Climbed and crowded through the
smoke-flue.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Then the curtain of the doorway
From without was slowly lifted ;
Brighter glowed the fire a moment,
And a moment swerved the smoke-wreath,

As two women entered softly,
Passed the doorway unininvited,
Without word of salutation,
Without sign of recognition,
Sat down in the farthest corner,
Crouching low among the shadows.

From their aspect and their garments,

Strangers seemed they in the village ;
Very pale and haggard were they,
As they sat there sad and silent,
Trembling, cowering with the shadows.

Was it the wind above the smoke-flue,

Muttering down into the wigwam ?
Was it the owl, the Koko-koho,
Hooting from the dismal forest ?
Sure a voice said in the silence :
" These are corpses clad in garments,
These are ghosts that come to haunt

you,

From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter ! "

Howeward now came Hiawatha
From his hunting in the forest,
With the snow upon his tresses,
And the red deer on his shoulders.
At the feet of Laughing Water
Down he threw his lifeless burden ;
Nobler, handsomer she thought him,
Than when first he came to woo her ;
First threw down the deer before her,
As a token of his wishes,
As a promise of the future.

Then he turned and saw the strangers,
Cowering, crouching with the shadows ;

Said within himself, " Who are they ?
What strange guests has Minnehaha ? "
But he questioned not the strangers,
Only spake to bid them welcome
To his lodge, his food, his fireside.

When the evening meal was ready,
And the deer had been divided,
Both the pallid guests, the strangers,
Springing from among the shadows,
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Seized the white fat of the roebuck,
Set apart for Laughing Water,
For the wife of Hiawatha ;
Without asking, without thanking,
Eagerly devoured the morsels,

Flitted back among the shadows
In the corner of the wigwam.

Not a word spake Hiawatha,
Not a motion made Nokomis,
Not a gesture Laughing Water ;
Not a change came o'er their features ;
Only Minnehaha softly
Whispered, saying, " They are

famished ;
Let them do what best delights them ;
Let them eat, for they are famished."

Many a daylight dawned and darkened,

Many a night shook off the daylight
As the pine shook off the snow-flakes
From the midnight of its branches ;
Day by day the guests unmoving
Sat there silent in the wigwam ;
But by night, in storm or starlight,
Forth they went into the forest,
Bringing firewood to the wigwam,
Bringing pine-cones for the burning,
Always sad and always silent.

And whenever Hiawatha
Came from fishing or from hunting,
When the evening meal was ready,
And the food had been divided,
Gliding from their darksome corner,
Came the pallid guests the strangers,
Seized upon the choicest portions,
Set aside for Laughing Water,
And without rebuke or question
Flitted back among the shadows.

Never once had Hiawatha
By a word or look reproved them ;
Never once had old Nokomis
Made a gesture of impatience ;
Never once had Laughing Water
Shown resentment at the outrage.
All had they endured in silence,
That the rights of guest and stranger,
That the virtue of free-giving,
By a look might not be lessened,
By a word might not be broken.

Once at midnight Hiawatha,
Ever wakeful, ever watchful,
In the wigwam dimly lighted
By the brands that still were burning,
By the glimmering, flickering fire-light,
Heard a sighing, oft repeated,
Heard a sobbing, as of sorrow.

From his couch rose Hiawatha,
From his shaggy hides of bison,
Pushed aside the deer-skin curtain,
Saw the pallid guests, the shadows,
Sitting upright on their couches,
Weeping in the silent midnight.

And he said : " O guests ! why is it

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

That your hearts are so afflicted,
That you sob so in the midnight?
Has perchance the old Nokomis,
Has my wife, my Minnehaha,
Wronged or grieved you by unkindness,
Failed in hospitable duties?"

Then the shadows ceased from weeping,

Ceased from sobbing and lamenting,
And they said with gentle voices :
" We are ghosts of the departed,
Souls of those who once were with you.
From the realms of Chibabos
Hither have we come to try you,
Hither have we come to warn you.

" Cries of grief and lamentation
Reach us in the Blessed Islands ;
Cries of anguish from the living,
Calling back their friends departed,
Sadden us with useless sorrow.
Therefore have we come to try you ;
No one knows us, no one heeds us,
We are but a burden to you,
And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living.

" Think of this, O Hiawatha !
Speak of it to all the people,
That henceforward and for ever
They no more with lamentations
Sadden the souls of the departed
In the Islands of the Blessed.

" Do not lay such heavy burdens
In the graves of those you bury,
Not such weight of furs and wampum,
Not such weight of pots and kettles,
For the spirits faint beneath them.
Only give them food to carry,
Only give them fire to light them.

" Four days is the spirit's journey
To the land of ghosts and shadows,
Four its lonely night encampments ;
Four times must their fires be lighted.
Therefore, when the dead are buried,
Let a fire, as night approaches,
Four times on the grave be kindled,
That the soul upon its journey
May not lack the cheerful fire-light,
May not grope about in darkness.

" Farewell, noble Hiawatha !
We have put you to the trial,
To the proof have put your patience,
By the insult of our presence,
By the outrage of our actions.
We have found you great and noble.
Fail not in the greater trial,
Faint not in the harder struggle."

When they ceased, a sudden darkness

177

Fell and filled the silent wigwam.
Hiawatha heard a rustle
As of garments trailing by him,
Heard the curtain of the doorway
Lifted by a hand he saw not,
Felt the cold breath of the night-air,
For a moment saw the starlight ;
But he saw the ghosts no longer,
Saw no more the wandering spirits
From the kingdom of Ponemah,
From the land of the Hereafter.

xx. THE FAMINE.

O THE long and dreary Winter !
O the cold and cruel Winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage ;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found
none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,

Perished there from cold and hunger.
O the famine and the fever !

O the wasting of the famine !
O the blasting of the fever !
O the wailing of the children !
O the anguish of the women !

All the earth was sick and famished,
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water ;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.

And the foremost said, " Behold
me !
I am Famine, Buckadawin ! "

N

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And the other said, "Behold me !
I am Fever, Akosewin ! "

And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer ;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha ;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness ;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze, and fell not.

Wrapped in furs, and armed for
hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
"Gitche Manitou, the Mighty ! "

Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O father !
Give us food, or we must perish !
Give me food for Minnehaha !
For my dying Minnehaha ! "

Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant,
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"Minnehaha ! Minnehaha ! "

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er-forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife home-
ward,

From the land of the Dacotahs ;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and
glistened,

And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said, with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband ! "

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that
watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark ! " she said, "I hear a rush-
ing,

Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance ! "
"No, my child ! " said old Nokomis,
"Tis the night-wind in the pine-
trees ! "

"Look ! " she said, "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam,
In the land of the Dacotahs ! "
"No, my child ! " said old Nokomis,
"Tis the smoke that waves and
beckons ! "[Pauguk

"Ah ! " she said, "the eyes of
Glare upon me in the darkness ;
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness !
Hiawatha ! Hiawatha ! "

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha ! Hiawatha ! "

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing,
"Wahonomin ! Wahonomin !
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are !
Wahonomin ! Wahonomin !"
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him ;
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shud-
dered,

That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speech-
less,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.

With both hands his face he
covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat
As if in a swoon he sat there,
[there,

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha :
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine ;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

" Farewell ! " said he, " Minnehaha !
Farewell, O my Laughing Water !
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you !
Come not back again to labour,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter ! "



XXI.

THE WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.
White his hair was as a snow-drift ;
Dull and low his fire was burning,
And the old man shooke and trembled,
Folded in his Waubewyon,
In his tattered white-skin-wrapper,
Hearing nothing but the tempest
As it roared along the forest,
Seeing nothing but the snow-storm
As it whirled and hissed and drifted.

All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks

were,

179

Soft his eyes as stars in Spring-time ;
Bound his forehead was with grasses,
Bound and plumed with scented
grasses ;

On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine ;
In his hand a bunch of blossoms,
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

" Ah, my son ! " exclaimed the old
man,

" Happy are my eyes to see you.
Sit here on the mat beside me,
Sit here by the dying embers,
Let us pass the night together.
Tell me of your strange adventures,
Of the lands where you have travelled ;
I will tell you of my prowess,
Of my many deeds of wonder."

From his pouch he drew his peace-
pipe,

Very old and strangely fashioned ;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers ;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise :

" When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water ! "

And the young man answered, smil-
ing :

" When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up all o'er the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers ! "

" When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man, darkly frowning,
" All the land with snow is covered ;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo ! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild-goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo ! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone ! "

" When I shake my flowing ring-
lets,"

Said the young man, softly laughing,
" Showers of rain fall warm and wel-
come,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Come the wild-goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the blue-bird and the robin ;
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage ! "

While they spake the night departed ;

From the distant realms of Wabun,
From his shining lodge of silver,
Like a warrior robed and painted,
Came the sun, and said, "Behold me !
Gheezis, the great sun, behold me ! "

Then the old man's tongue was speechless,
And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the blue-bird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger,
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him ;
It was Peboan, the Winter !

From his eyes the tears were flowing,
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before him,
On the hearthstone of the wigwam,
Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,

Saw the earliest flowers of Spring-time,
Saw the beauty of the Spring-time,
Saw the Miskodeed in blossom.

Thus it was that in the Northland,
After that unheard of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splendour,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

Sailing on the wind to northward,
Flying in great flocks, like arrows,
Like huge arrows shot through heaven,
Passed the swan, the Mahnahbezee,
Speaking almost as a man speaks ;
And in long lines waving, bending
Like a bowstring snapped asunder,
The white goose, the Waw-be-wawa ;
And in pairs, or singly flying,
Mahng the loon, with clangorous
pinions,

The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa.

In the thickets and the meadows
Piped the blue-bird, the Owaisa ;
On the summit of the lodges
Sang the Opechee, the robin ;
In the covert of the pine-trees
Cooed the Omeme, the pigeon ;
And the sorrowing Hiawatha,
Speechless in his infinite sorrow,
Heard their voices calling to him,
Went forth from his gloomy doorway,
Stood and gazed into the heaven,
Gazed upon the earth and waters.
From his wanderings far to eastward,

From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun,
Homeward now returned Iagoo,
The great traveller, the great boaster,
Full of new and strange adventures,
Marvels many and many wonders.

And the people of the village
Listened to him as he told them
Of his marvellous adventures,
Laughing answered him in this wise :
"Ugh ! it is indeed Iagoo :
No one else beholds such wonders ! "

He had seen, he said, a water
Bigger than the Big-Sea-Water,
Broader than the Gitche Gumee,
Bitter so that none could drink it !
At each other looked the warriors,
Looked the women at each other,
Smiled, and said, "It cannot be so !
Kaw !" they said, "it cannot be so !"
O'er it, said he, o'er this water

Came a great canoe with pinions,
A canoe with wings came flying,
Bigger than a grove of pine-trees,
Taller than the tallest tree-tops !
And the old men and the women
Looked and tittered at each other.
"Kaw !" they said, "we don't believe
it !"

From its mouth, he said, to greet
him,
Came Waywassimo, the lightning,
Came the thunder, Annemeekie !
And the warriors and the women
Laughed aloud at poor Iagoo ;
"Kaw !" said they, "what tales you tell us ! "

In it, said he, came a people,
In the great canoe with pinions
Came, he said, a hundred warriors ;
Painted white were all their faces,
And with hair their chins were covered !
And the warriors and the women
Laughed and shouted in derision,

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.

Like the ravens on the tree-tops,
Like the crows upon the hemlocks.
"Kaw!" they said, "what lies you
tell us?"

Do not think that we believe them!"
Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered
To their jeering and their jesting:
"True is all Iago tells us;
I have seen it in a vision,
Seen the great canoe with pinions,
Seen the people with white faces,
Seen the coming of this bearded
People of the wooden vessel
From the regions of the morning,
From the shining land of Wabun.

"Gitche Manitou, the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging-fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;
Wheresoe'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Springs the White-man's Foot in
blossom.

"Let us welcome, then, the strangers,
Hail them as our friends and brothers,
And the heart's right hand of friendship
Give them when they come to see us.
Gitche Manitou, the Mighty,
Said this to me in my vision.

"I beheld, too, in that vision
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder.

"Then a darker, drearier vision
Passed before me, vague and cloud-like,

I beheld our nations scattered,
All forgetful of my counsels,
Weakened, warring with each other;
Saw the remnants of our people
Sweeping westward, wild and woful,
Like the cloud-rack of a tempest,
Like the withered leaves of Autumn!"

XXII.

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE.

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighbouring
forest,

Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.

Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As a fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were
lifted.*

Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches,

O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed
flying,

Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis, the diver?
Was it the pelican, the Shada?
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing
From its glossy neck and feathers?

* In this manner, and with such salutations,
was Father Marquette received by the Illinois.
See his *Voyages et Découvertes*, Section V.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine.
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the
Prophet,

He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-
face,

With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise :
" Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us !
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you :
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give
you.

" Never bloomed the earth so gaily,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom,
When you come so far to see us !
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars ;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar !

" Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavour,
Never the broad leaves of our corn-
fields

Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us ! "

And the Black-Robe chief made
answer,

Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar :
" Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary ! "

Then the generous Hiawatha

Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-
wood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nations,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome ;
" It is well," they said, " O brothers,
That you come so far to see us ! "

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message ;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-
face,

From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar ;
" It is well," they said, " O brother,
That you come so far to see us ! "

Then the Black-Robe chief, the
Prophet,

Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour :
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do ;
How he fasted, prayed, and laboured ;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified
him ;
How he rose from where they laid
him,

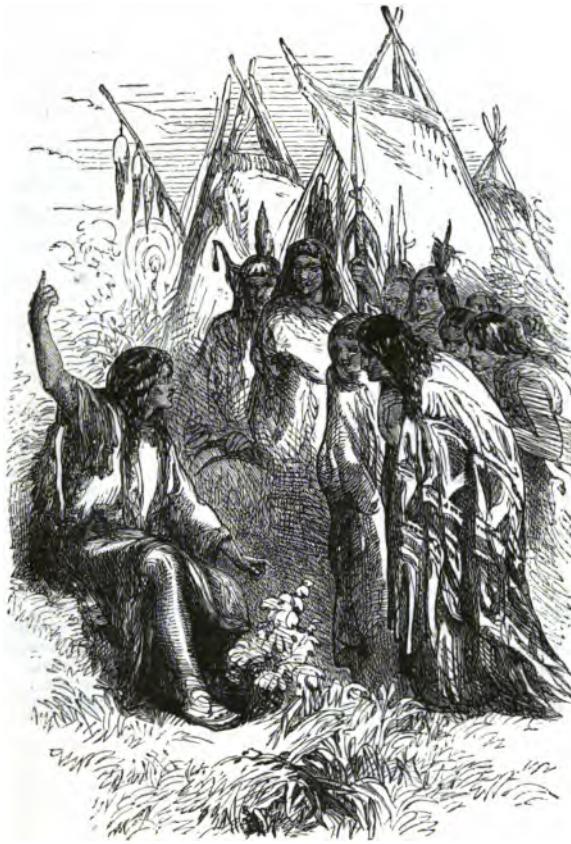
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying :
" We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us ! "

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent
them

From the shining land of Wabun.
Heavy with the heat and silence

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA.



Grew the afternoon of Summer ;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it ;
From the corn-fields shrill and cease-
less

Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena ;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,

183

And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow ;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests that slum-
bered :

" I am going, O Nokomis,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave
them ;

See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha !

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise :

"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey ;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me ;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning ! "

On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at part-

ing ;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water ;
Whispered to it, " Westward ! west-

ward ! "
And with speed it darted forward.
And the evening sun descending

Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendour,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapours,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.

And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendour,
Till it sank into the vapours
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.

And they said, " Farewell for ever ! "
Said, " Farewell, O Hiawatha ! "
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of

darkness,
Sighed, " Farewell, O Hiawatha ! "
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, " Farewell, O Hiawatha ! "
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fenlands,
Screeched, " Farewell, O Hiawatha ! "

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter !

VOCABULARY TO HIAWATHA.

Adjidau'nto, *the red squirrel.*
Ahdeek', *the reindeer.*
Ahmeek', *the beaver.*
Annemeek'ee, *the thunder.*
Apuk'wa, *a bulrush.*
Balm-wa-wa, *the sound of the thunder.*
Bemah'gut, *the grape-vine.*
Big-Sea-Water, *Lake Superior.*
Cheemaun', *a birch canoe.*
Chetowailk, *the pleurer.*
Chiba'bos, *a musician; friend of Hiawatha;*
ruler in the Land of Spirits.
Dahn'da, *the bull-frog.*

Dush-kwo-ne-she, or Kwo-ne-she, *the dragon-fly.*
Esa, *shame upon you.*
Ewa-yea', *lullaby.*
Gitché Gu'mee, *the Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior.*
Gitché Man'ito, *the Great Spirit, the Master of Life.*
Gushkewau', *the darkness.*
Hiawatha, *the Prophet, the Teacher; son of Mudjikewis, the West-Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.*
Ia'go, *a great boaster and storyteller.*

VOCABULARY TO HIAWATHA.

Inin'ewuz, men, or pawns, in the Game of the Bowl.	Nush'ka, look! look!
Ishkoohah', fire; a comet.	Odah'min, the strawberry.
Jee'bii, a ghost, a spirit.	Okahah'wis, the fresh-water herring.
Joss'ahkeed, a prophet.	Ome'me, the pigeon.
Kabibimok'ka, the North-Wind.	Ona'gon, a bowl.
Ka'go, do not.	Onaway', awake.
Kahgahgee, the raven.	Opêchee, the bobolink.
Kaw, no.	Osse'o, Son of the Evening Star.
Kaween', no indeed.	Owais'sa, the blue-bird.
Kayoshik', the sea gull.	Owenee, wife of Osse'o.
Kee'go, a fish.	Ozawa'beek, a round piece of brass or copper in the Game of the Bowl.
Keewa'din, the Northwest-wind, the Home-wind.	Pau-puk-kee-na, the grasshopper.
Kena'beek, a serpent.	Pau-puk, death.
Kene'w, the great war-eagle.	Pau-Puk-ee'wis, the handsome Yenidzizze, the Storm-Fool.
Kewah', the pickered.	Peb'oon, Winter.
Ki'ko-ko'-ho, the owl.	Pem'i'an, meat of the deer or buffalo dried and pounded.
Kuntasoo', the Game of Plum-stones.	Pezh. kee', the bison.
Kwa'sind, the Strong Man.	Pishnekulu', the brant.
Kwo-ne'she, Dush-kwo-ne'she, the dragon-fly.	Pont'mah, hereafter.
Mahnabhe'zee, the swan.	Pug'wan'gun, a war-club.
Mahing, the loon.	Puk-Wudjies, Puk-Wudj-In-in'eës, little wild men of the woods; pygmies.
Mahn-go-tay'see, loom-hearted, brave.	Sah-sah-je-wun, rapids.
Mahnomnee, wild rice.	Sah'wa, the perch.
Ma'ma, the woodpecker.	Segwun, Spring.
Maskeno'zha, the pike.	Sha'da, the pelican.
Mc'da, a medicine-man.	Shahbo'min, the gooseberry.
Meenah'ga, the blueberry.	Shah-shah, long ago.
Megissoq won, the Great Pearl Feather, a magician, and the Mantle of Wealth.	Shaugoda'ya, a coward.
Meshman' wa, a pipe-bearer.	Shawgashée, the cray-fish.
Minjekah'win, Hiawatha's mittens.	Shawonda'see, the South-Wind.
Minneha'ha, Laughing Water, a waterfall on a stream running into the Mississippi, between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony.	Shaw-shaw, the swallow.
Minneha'h, Laughing Water; wife of Hiawatha.	Shesh'ebwug, ducks; pieces in the Game of the Bowls.
Minne-wa'wa, a pleasant sound, as of the wind in the trees.	Sh n'gebis, the diver, or greebe.
Mishe-Mok'wa, the Great Bear.	Showain'e'me shin, pity me.
Mishe-Nah'ma, the Great Sturgeon.	Shuh'shuh'gah, the blue-heron.
Miskeodin', the Spring-Beauty, the Claytonia Virginica.	Soan-ge-ta'ha, strong-hearted.
Monda'min, Indian Corn.	Subbek'a'she, the spider.
Moon of Bright Nights, April.	Sugge'ma, the mosquito.
Moon of Leaves, May.	Totem, family coat-of-arms.
Moon of Strawberries, June.	Ugh, yes.
Moon of the Falling Leaves, September.	Ugudwash', the sun-fish.
Moon of Snow-shoes, November.	Unktah'ee, the God of Water.
Mudjeeke'wis, the West-Wind; father of Hiawatha.	Wahbas'o, the rabbit; the North.
Mudway-aush'ka, sound of waves on a shore.	Wah-be-no, a magician, a juggler.
Muskhoda'sa, the grouse.	Wabe-no-wusk, yarrow.
Na'gov, Wudjoo, the Sand Dunes of Lake Superior.	Wa'bun, the East-Wind.
Nah'ma, the sturgeon.	Wa'bun Annung, the Star of the East, the Morning Star.
Nah'-ma-wusk, the spearmint.	Wahono'min, a cry of lamentation.
Nee-ba-naw'-baigs, water-spirits.	Wah-wah-tay'see, the fire-fly.
Nenemoo'sha, sweetheart.	Waubewy'on, a white skin wrapper.
Nepah'win, sleep.	Wa'wa, the wild-goose.
No'k'mis, a grandmother; mother of Wenonah.	Waw'beek, a rock.
No'sa, my father.	Waw-be-wa'wa, the white goose.

The Spanish Student.

1843.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VICTORIAN }	<i>Students of Alcalá.</i>
HYPOLITO }	
THE COUNT OF LARA }	<i>Gentlemen of Madrid.</i>
DON CARLOS	
THE ARCHBISHOP OF TOLEDO.	
A CARDINAL	
BELTRAN CRUZADO	<i>Court of the Gypsies.</i>
BARTOLOMÉ ROMAN	<i>A young Gypsy.</i>
THE PADRE CURA OF GUADARRAMA.	
PEDRO CRESPO	<i>Alcalde.</i>
PANCHO	<i>Alcazár.</i>
FRANCISCO	<i>Lara's Servant.</i>
CHISPA	<i>Victorian's Servant.</i>
BALTASAR	<i>Innkeeper.</i>
PRECIOSA	<i>A Gypsy Girl.</i>
ANGELICA	<i>A poor Girl.</i>
MARTINA	<i>The Padre Cura's Niece.</i>
DOLORES	<i>Preciosa's Maid.</i>

Gypsies, Musicians, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Count of Lara's chambers. Night. The Count in his dressing-gown, smoking, and conversing with Don Carlos.*

Lara. You were not at the play to-night, Don Carlos ;
How happened it?

Don C. I had engagements elsewhere.
Pray who was there ?

Lara. Why, all the town and court.
The house was crowded ; and the busy fans
Among the gaily dressed and perfumed ladies
Fluttered like butterflies among the flowers.
There was the Countess of Medina Celi ;
The Goblin Lady with her Phantom Lover,
Her Lindo Don Diego ; Doña Sol,
And Doña Serafina, and her cousins.

Don C. What was the play ?

Lara. It was a dull affair !
One of those comedies in which you see,
As Lope says, the history of the world
Brought down from Genesis to the day of judgment.
There were three duels fought in the first act,
Three gentlemen receiving deadly wounds,

Laying their hands upon their hearts and saying,
“O, I am dead ! ” a lover in a closet,
An old hidalgo, and a gay Don Juan,
A Doña Inez with a black mantilla,
Followed at twilight by an unknown lover,

Who looks intently where he knows she is not !

Don C. Of course, the Preciosa danced to-night ?

Lara. And never better. Every footstep fell
As lightly as a sunbeam on the water.
I think the girl extremely beautiful.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Don C. Almost beyond the privilege of woman !
I saw her in the Prado yesterday,
Her step was royal,—queen-like,—and her face
As beautiful as a saint's in Paradise.

Lara. May not a saint fall from her Paradise,
And be no more a saint ?

Don C. Why do you ask ?

Lara. Because I have heard it said this angel fell,
And though she is a virgin outwardly,
Within she is a sinner ; like those panels
Of doors and altar-pieces the old monks
Painted in convents, with the Virgin Mary
On the outside, and on the inside Venus !

Don C. You do her wrong ; indeed you do her wrong !
She is as virtuous as she is fair.

Lara. How credulous you are ! Why look you, friend,
There's not a virtuous woman in Madrid,
In this whole city ! And would you persuade me
That a mere dancing girl who shows herself,
Nightly, half-naked, on the stage for money,
And with voluptuous motions fires the blood
Of inconsiderate youth, is to be held
A model for her virtue ?

Don C. You forget
She is a Gypsy girl.

Lara. And therefore won
The easier.

Don C. Nay, not to be won at all !
The only virtue that a Gypsy prizes
Is chastity. That is her only virtue.
Dearer than life she holds it. I remember
A Gypsy woman, a vile, shameless bawd,
Whose craft was to betray the young and fair ;
And yet this woman was above all bribes.
And when a noble lord, touched by her beauty,
The wild and wizard beauty of her race,
Offered her gold to be what she made others,
She turned upon him with a look of scorn,
And smote him in the face !

Lara. And does that prove
That Preciosa is above suspicion ?

Don C. It proves a nobleman may be repulsed,
When he thinks conquest easy. I believe
That woman, in her deepest degradation,
Holds something sacred, something undefiled,
Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
And, like the diamond in the dark, retains
Some quenchless gleam of the celestial light !

Lara. Yet Preciosa would have taken the gold.

Don C. (rising). I do not think so.

Lara. I am sure of it.
But why this haste ? Stay yet a little longer,

And fight the battles of your Dulcinea.

Don C. 'Tis late. I must begone, for if I stay
You will not be persuaded.

Lara. Yes ; persuade me.

Don C. No one so deaf as he who will not hear !

Lara. No one so blind as he who will not see !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Don C. And so good-night. I wish you pleasant dreams,
And greater faith in woman. [Exit.

Lara. Greater faith !
I have the greatest faith ; for I believe
Victorian is her lover. I believe
That I shall be to-morrow ; and thereafter
Another, and another, and another,
Chasing each other through her zodiac,
As Taurus chases Aries.

(Enter FRANCISCO with a casket.)

Well Francisco,
What speed with Preciosa ?

Fran. None, my lord.
She sends your jewels back, and bids me tell you
She is not to be purchased by your gold.

Lara. Then I will try some other way to win her.
Pray, dost thou know Victorian ?

Fran. Yes, my lord ;
I saw him at the jeweller's to-day.

Lara. What was he doing there ?
Fran. I saw him buy

A golden ring that had a ruby in it.

Lara. Was there another like it ?
Fran. One so like it

I could not choose between them.

Lara. It is well.
To-morrow morning bring that ring to me.
Do not forget. Now light me to my bed. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*A street in Madrid. Enter CHISPA, followed by musicians, with a bagpipe, guitars, and other instruments.*

Chispa. Abernuncio Satanas ! and a plague on all lovers who ramble about at night, drinking the elements, instead of sleeping quietly in their beds. Every dead man to his cemetery, say I ; and every friar to his monastery. Now, here's my master, Victorian, yesterday a cow-keeper, and to-day a gentleman ; yesterday student, and to-day a lover ; and I must be up later than the nightingale, for as the abbot sings so must the sacristan respond. God grant he may soon be married, for then shall all this serenading cease. Ay, marry ! marry ! Mother, what does marry mean ? It means to spin, to bear children, and to weep, my daughter ! And, of a truth, there is something more in matrimony than the wedding-ring. (To the musicians.) And now, gentlemen, Pax vobiscum ! as the ass said to the cabbages. Pray, walk this way ; and don't hang down your heads. It is no disgrace to have an old father and a ragged shirt. Now, look you, you are gentlemen who lead the life of crickets ; you enjoy hunger by day and noise by night. Yet, I beseech you, for this once be not loud, but pathetic ; for it is a serenade to a damsel in bed, and not to the Man in the Moon. Your object is not to arouse and terrify, but to soothe and bring lulling dreams. Therefore, each shall not play upon his instrument as if it were the only one in the universe, but gently, and with a certain modesty, according with the others. Pray, how may I call thy name, friend ?

First Mus. Gerónimo Gil, at your service.

Chispa. Every tub smells of the wine that is in it. Pray, Gerónimo, is not Saturday an unpleasant day with thee ?

First Mus. Why so ?

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Chispa. Because I have heard it said that Saturday is an unpleasant day with those who have but one shirt. Moreover, I have seen thee at the tavern, and if thou canst run as fast as thou canst drink, I should like to hunt hares with thee. What instrument is that?

First Mus. An Aragonese bagpipe.

Chispa. Pray, art thou related to the bagpiper of Bujalance, who asked a maravedi for playing, and ten for leaving off?

First Mus. No, your honour.

Chispa. I am glad of it. What other instruments have we?

Second and Third Musicians. We play the bandurria.

Chispa. A pleasing instrument. And thou?

Fourth Mus. The fife.

Chispa. I like it; it has a cheerful, soul-stirring sound, that soars up to my lady's window like the song of a swallow. And you others?

Other Mus. We are the singers, please your honour.

Chispa. You are too many. Do you think we are going to sing mass in the cathedral of Córdova? Four men can make but little use of one shoe, and I see not how you can all sing in one song. But follow me along the garden wall. That is the way my master climbs to the lady's window. It is by the Vicar's skirts that the Devil climbs into the belfry. Come, follow me, and make no noise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—PRECIOSA'S chamber. She stands at the open window.

Prec. How slowly through the lilac-scented air
Descends the tranquil moon! Like thistle-down
The vapoury clouds float in the peaceful sky;
And sweetly from yon hollow vaults of shade
The nightingales breathe out their souls in song.
And hark! what songs of love, what soul-like sounds,
Answer them from below!

SERENADE.

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide, your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!
Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!
Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!
Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

(Enter VICTORIAN by the balcony.)

Vict. Poor little dove! Thou tremblest like a leaf!

Prec. I am so frightened! 'Tis for thee I tremble!
I hate to have thee climb that wall by night!
Did no one see thee?

Vict. None, my love, but thou.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Prec. 'Tis very dangerous ; and when thou art gone
I chide myself for letting thee come here
Thus stealthily by night. Where hast thou been ?
Since yesterday I have no news from thee.

Vict. Since yesterday I have been in Alcalá.
Ere long the time will come, sweet Preciosa,
When that dull distance shall no more divide us,
And I no more shall scale thy wall by night
To steal a kiss from thee, as I do now.

Prec. An honest thief, to steal but what thou givest.

Vict. And we shall sit together unmolested,
And words of true love pass from tongue to tongue,
As singing birds from one bough to another.

Prec. That were a life to make time envious !
I knew that thou wouldest come to me to-night..
I saw thee at the play.

Vict. Sweet child of air !
Never did I behold thee so attired
And garmented in beauty as to-night !

What hast thou done to make thee look so fair ?

Prec. Am I not always fair ?

Vict. Ay, and so fair
That I am jealous of all eyes that see thee,
And wish that they were blind.

Prec. I heed them not ;
When thou art present, I see none but thee !

Vict. There's nothing fair nor beautiful, but takes
Something from thee, that makes it beautiful.

Prec. And yet thou leavest me for those dusty books.

Vict. Thou comest between me and those books too often !
I see thy face in everything I see !
The paintings in the chapel wear thy looks,
The canticles are changed to sarabands,
And with the learned doctors of the schools
I see thee dance cachuchas.

Prec. In good sooth,
I dance with learned doctors of the schools
To-morrow morning.

Vict. And with whom, I pray ?

Prec. A grave and reverend Cardinal, and his Grace
The Archbishop of Toledo.

Vict. What mad jest
Is this ?

Prec. It is no jest ; indeed it is not.

Vict. Prithee, explain thyself.

Prec. Why, simply thus.
Thou knowest the Pope has sent here into Spain
To put a stop to dances on the stage.

Vict. I have heard it whispered.

Prec. Now the Cardinal,
Who for this purpose comes, would fain behold
With his own eyes these dances ; and the Archbishop
Has sent for me.

Vict. That thou mayst dance before them !
Now viva la cachucha ! It will breathe
The fire of youth into these gray old men !
'Twill be thy proudest conquest !

Prec. Saving one.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

And yet I fear these dances will be stopped,
And Preciosa be once more a beggar.

Vic. The sweetest-beggar that e'er asked for alms ;
With such beseeching eyes, that when I saw thee
I gave my heart away !

Prec. Dost thou remember
When first we met ?

Vic. It was at Córdova,
In the cathedral garden. Thou wast sitting
Under the orange-trees, beside a fountain.

Prec. 'Twas Easter-Sunday. The full-blossomed trees
Filled all the air with fragrance and with joy.
The priests were singing, and the organ sounded,
And then anon the great cathedral bell.
It was the elevation of the Host.
We both of us fell down upon our knees,
Under the orange-boughs, and prayed together.
I never had been happy till that moment.

Vic. Thou blessed angel !

Prec. And when thou wast gone
I felt an aching here. I did not speak
To any one that day. But from that day
Bartolomé grew hateful unto me.

Vic. Remember him no more. Let not his shadow
Come between thee and me. Sweet Preciosa !
I loved thee even then, though I was silent !

Prec. I thought I ne'er should see thy face again.
Thy farewell had a sound of sorrow in it.

Vic. That was the first sound in the song of love !
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument, the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. We hear
The voice prophetic, and are not alone.

Prec. That is my faith. Dost thou believe these warnings ?
Vic. So far as this. Our feelings and our thoughts

Tend ever on, and rest not in the Present.
As drops of rain fall into some dark well,
And from below comes a scarce audible sound,
So fall our thoughts into the dark Hereafter,
And their mysterious echo reaches us.

Prec. I have felt it so, but found no words to say it !
I cannot reason ; I can only feel !
But thou hast language for all thoughts and feelings.
Thou art a scholar ; and sometimes I think
We cannot walk together in this world !
The distance that divides us is too great !
Henceforth thy pathway lies among the stars ;
I must not hold thee back.

Vic. Thou little soptic !
Dost thou still doubt ? What I most prize in woman
Is her affections, not her intellect !
The intellect is finite ; but the affections
Are infinite, and cannot be exhausted.
Compare me with the great men of the earth ;
What am I ? Why, a pygmy among giants !
But if thou lovest,—mark me ! I say lovest,—
The greatest of thy sex excels thee not !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The world of the affections is thy world,
Not that of man's ambition. In that stillness
Which most becomes a woman, calm and holy
Thou sittest by the fireside of the heart,
Feeding its flame. The element of fire
Is pure. It cannot change nor hide its nature,
But burns as brightly in a Gypsy camp
As in a palace hall. Art thou convinced?

Prec. Yes, that I love thee as the good love heaven;
But not that I am worthy of that heaven.
How shall I more deserve it?

Vict. Loving more.

Prec. I cannot love thee more; my heart is full.

Vict. Then let it overflow, and I will drink it,
As in the summer-time the thirsty sands
Drink the swift waters of the Manzanares,
And still do thirst for more.

A Watchman (in the street). Ave Maria
Purissima! 'Tis midnight and serene!

Vict. Hear'st thou that cry?

Prec. It is a hateful sound,
To scare thee from me!

Vict. As the hunter's horn
Doth scare the timid stag, or bark of hounds
The moor-fowl from his mate.

Prec. Pray do not go!

Vict. I must away to Alcalá to-night.
Think of me when I am away.

Prec. Fear not!
I have no thoughts that do not think of thee.

Vict. (giving her a ring). And to remind thee of
my love, take this;

A serpent, emblem of Eternity;
A ruby,—say, a drop of my heart's blood.

Prec. It is an ancient saying, that the ruby
Brings gladness to the wearer, and preserves
The heart pure, and, if laid beneath the pillow,
Drives away evil dreams. But then, alas!
It was a serpent tempted Eve to sin.

Vict. What convent of barefooted Carmelites
Taught thee so much theology?

Prec. (laying her hand upon his mouth). Hush! hush!
Good night! and may all holy angels guard thee!

Vict. Good night! good night! Thou art my guardian angel!
I have no other saint than thou to pray to!

(*He descends by the balcony.*)

Prec. Take care, and do not hurt thee. Art thou safe?

Vict. (from the garden). Safe as my love for thee! But
art thou safe?

Others can climb a balcony by moonlight
As well as I. Pray shut thy window close;
I am jealous of the perfumed air of night
That from this garden climbs to kiss thy lips.

Prec. (throwing down her handkerchief). Thou silly
child! Take this to blind thine eyes.

It is my benison!
Vict. And brings to me

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Sweet fragrance from thy lips, as the soft wind
Wafts to the out-bound mariner the breath
Of the beloved land he leaves behind.

Prec. Make not thy voyage long.

Vict. To-morrow night
Shall see me safe returned. Thou art the star
To guide me to an anchorage. Good night !
My beauteous star ! My star of love, good night !

Prec. Good night !

Watchman (*at a distance*). Ave Maria Purissima !

SCENE IV.—*An inn on the road to Alcalá.* BALTASAR asleep on a bench.
Enter CHISPA.

Chispa. And here we are, half-way to Alcalá, between cocks and midnight.
Body o' me ! what an inn this is ! The lights out, and the landlord asleep.
Holá ! ancient Baltasar !

Bal. (*waking*). Here I am.

Chispa. Yes, there you are, like a one-eyed Alcalde in a town without
inhabitants. Bring a light, and let me have supper.

Bal. Where is your master ?

Chispa. Do not trouble yourself about him. We have stopped a moment
to breathe our horses ; and, if he chooses to walk up and down in the open
air, looking into the sky as one who hears it rain, that does not satisfy my
hunger, you know. But be quick, for I am in a hurry, and every man stretches
his legs according to the length of his coverlet. What have we here ?

Bal. (*setting a light on the table*). Stewed rabbit.

Chispa (*eating*). Conscience of Portalegre ! Stewed kitten, you mean !

Bal. And a pitcher of Pedro Ximenes, with a roasted pear in it.

Chispa (*drinking*). Ancient Baltasar, amigo ! You know how to cry wine
and sell vinegar. I tell you this is nothing but Vino Tinto of La Mancha,
with a tang of the swine-skin.

Bal. I swear to you by Saint Simon and Judas, it is all as I say.

Chispa. And I swear to you by Saint Peter and Saint Paul, that it is no
such thing. Moreover, your supper is like the hidalgo's dinner, very little
meat and a great deal of tablecloth.

Bal. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Chispa. And more noise than nuts.

Bal. Ha ! ha ! ha ! You must have your joke, Master Chispa. But shall
I not ask Don Victorian in, to take a draught of the Pedro Ximenes?

Chispa. No ; you might as well say, "Don't-you-want-some ?" to a dead
man.

Bal. Why does he go so often to Madrid ?

Chispa. For the same reason that he eats no supper. He is in love. Were
you ever in love, Baltasar ?

Bal. I was never out of it, good Chispa. It has been the torment of my
life.

Chispa. What ! are you on fire too, old haystack ? Why, we shall never
be able to put you out.

Vict. (*without*). Chispa !

Chispa. Go to bed, Pero Grullo, for the cocks are crowing.

Vict. Ea ! Chispa ! Chispa !

Chispa. Ea ! Señor. Come with me, ancient Baltasar, and bring water for
the horses. I will pay for the supper to-morrow.

[Exeunt.]

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

SCENE V.—VICTORIAN'S chambers at Alcalá. HYPOLITO asleep in an arm-chair. He awakes slowly.

Hyp. I must have been asleep! ay, sound asleep!
And it was all a dream. O sleep, sweet sleep!
Whatever form thou takest, thou art fair,
Holding unto our lips thy goblet filled
Out of Oblivion's well, a healing draught!
The candles have burned low; it must be late.
Where can Victorian be? Like Fray Carillo,
The only place in which one cannot find him
Is his own cell. Here's his guitar, that seldom
Feels the caresses of its master's hand.
Open thy silent lips, sweet instrument!
And make dull midnight merry with a song.

(*He plays and sings.*)

Padre Francisco!
Padre Francisco!
What do you want of Padre Francisco?
Here is a pretty young maiden
Who wants to confess her sins!
Open the door an' let her come in,
I will shrieve her from every sin.

(*Enter VICTORIAN.*)

Vict. Padre Hypolito! Padre Hypolito!
Hyp. What do you want of Padre Hypolito?
Vict. Come, shrieve me straight; for, if love be a sin,
I am the greatest sinner that doth live.
I will confess the sweetest of all crimes,
A maiden wooed and won.

Hyp. The same old tale
Of the old woman in the chimney-corner,
Who, while the pot boils, says, "Come here, my child;
I'll tell thee a story of my wedding-day."

Vict. Nay, listen, for my heart is full; so full
That I must speak.

Hyp. Alas! that heart of thine
Is like a scene in the old play; the curtain
Rises to solemn music, and lo! enter
The eleven thousand virgins of Cologne!

Vict. Nay, like the Sibyl's volumes, thou shouldst say;
Those that remained, after the six were burned,
Being held more precious than the nine together.
But listen to my tale. Dost thou remember
The Gypsy girl we saw at Córdova
Dance the Romalis in the market-place?

Hyp. Thou meanest Preciosa.

Vict. Ay, the same.
Thou knowest how her image haunted me
Long after we returned to Alcalá.
She's in Madrid.

Hyp. I know it.

Vict. And I'm in love.

Hyp. And therefore in Madrid when thou shouldst be
In Alcalá.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Vict. O pardon me, my friend,
If I so long have kept this secret from thee;
But silence is the charm that guards such treasures,
And, if a word be spoken ere the time,
They sink again, they were not meant for us.

Hyp. Alas! alas! I see thou art in love.
Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak.
It serves for food and raiment. Give a Spaniard
His mass, his olla, and his Doña Luisa—
Thou knowest the proverb. But pray tell me, lover,
How speeds thy wooing? Is the maiden coy?
Write her a song, beginning with an *Ave*;
Sing as the monk sang to the Virgin Mary—

*Ave! cuius calcem clarae
Nec centenari commendare
Sciret Seraph studio!*

Vict. Pray do not jest! This is no time for it!
I am in earnest!

Hyp. Seriously enamoured?
What, ho! The Primus of great Alcalá
Enamoured of a Gypsy? Tell me frankly,
How meanest thou?

Vict. I mean it honestly.

Hyp. Surely thou wilt not marry her?
Vict. Why not?

Hyp. She was betrothed to one Bartolomé,
If I remember rightly, a young Gypsy
Who danced with her at Córdova.

Vict. They quarrelled,
And so the matter ended.

Hyp. But in truth
Thou wilt not marry her.

Vict. In truth I will.
The angels sang in heaven when she was born!
She is a precious jewel I have found
Among the filth and rubbish of the world.
I'll stoop for it; but when I wear it here,
Set on my forehead like the morning star,
The world may wonder, but it will not laugh.

Hyp. If thou wear'st nothing else upon thy forehead,
'Twill be indeed a wonder.

Vict. Out upon thee
With thy unseasonable jests! Pray tell me,
Is there no virtue in the world?

Hyp. Not much.
What, think'st thou, is she doing at this moment;
Now, while we speak of her?

Vict. She lies asleep,
And from her parted lips her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers.
Her tender limbs are still, and on her breast
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep,
Rises and falls with the soft tide of dreams,
Like a light barge safe moored.

Hyp. Which means, in prose,
She's sleeping with her mouth a little open!

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Vict. O, would I had the old magician's glass
To see her as she lies, in childlike sleep !

Hyp. And wouldest thou venture ?

Vict. Ay, indeed I would !

Hyp. Thou art courageous. Hast thou e'er reflected
How much lies hidden in that one word, *now* ?

Vict. Yes ; all the awful mystery of Life !

I oft have thought, my dear Hypolito,
That could we, by some spell of magic, change
The world and its inhabitants to stone,
In the same attitudes they now are in,
What fearful glances downward might we cast
Into the hollow chasms of human life !

What groups should we behold about the death-bed,
Putting to shame the group of Niobe !
What joyful welcomes, and what sad farewells !
What stony tears in those congealed eyes !
What visible joy or anguish in those cheeks !
What bridal pomps, and what funeral shows !
What foes, like gladiators, fierce and struggling !
What lovers with their marble lips together !

Hyp. Ay, there it is ! and, if I were in love,
That is the very point I most should dread.
This magic glass, these magic spells of thine,
Might tell a tale were better left untold.
For instance, they might show us thy fair cousin,
The Lady Violante, bathed in tears
Of love and anger, like the maid of Colchis,
Whom thou, another faithless Argonaut,
Having won that golden fleece, a woman's love,
Desertest for this Glauè.

Vict. Hold thy peace !
She cares not for me. She may wed another,
Or go into a convent, and, thus dying,
Marry Achilles in the Elysian Fields.

Hyp. (rising). And so, good night ! Good morning, I
should say.

(Clock strikes three.)

Hark ! how the loud and ponderous mace of Time
Knocks at the golden portals of the day !
And so, once more, good night. We'll speak more largely
Of Preciosa when we meet again.
Get thee to bed, and the magician, Sleep,
Shall show her to thee, in his magic glass,
In all her loveliness. Good night ! [Exit.

Vict. Good night.
But not to bed ; for I must read a while.

(Throws himself into the arm-chair which HYPOLITO has left, and lays a
large book upon his knees.)

Must read or sit in reverie and watch
The changing colour of the waves that break
Upon the idle sea-shore of the mind !
Visions of Fame ! that once did visit me,
Making night glorious with your smile, where are ye ?
O, who shall give me, now that ye are gone,

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Juices of those immortal plants that bloom
Upon Olympus, making us immortal?
Or teach me where that wondrous mandrake grow
Whose magic root, torn from the earth with groans,
At midnight hour, can scare the fiends away,
And make the mind prolific in its fancies?
I have the wish, but want the will, to act!
Souls of great men departed! Ye whose words
Have come to light from the swift river of Time,
Like Roman swords found in the Tagus' bed,
Where is the strength to wield the arms ye bore?
From the barred visor of Antiquity
Reflected shines the eternal light of Truth,
As from a mirror! All the means of action—
The shapeless masses, the materials—
Lie everywhere about us. What we need
Is the celestial fire to change the flint
Into transparent crystal, bright and clear.
That fire is genius! The rude peasant sits
At evening in his smoky cot, and draws
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall.
The son of genius comes, foot-sore with travel,
And begs a shelter from the inclement night.
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,
And, by the magic of his touch at once
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed,
Rude popular traditions and old tales
Shine as immortal poems, at the touch
Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard,
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.
But there are brighter dreams than those of Fame,
Which are the dreams of Love! Out of the heart
Rises the bright ideal of these dreams,
As from some woodland fount a spirit rises
And sinks again into its silent deeps,
Ere the enamoured knight can touch her robe!
'Tis this ideal that the soul of man,
Like the enamoured knight beside the fountain,
Waits for upon the margin of Life's stream;
Waits to behold her rise from the dark waters,
Clad in a mortal shape! Alas! how many
Must wait in vain! The stream flows evermore,
But from its silent deeps no spirit rises!
Yet I, born under a propitious star,
Have found the bright ideal of my dreams.
Yes! she is ever with me. I can feel,
Here, as I sit at midnight and alone,
Her gentle breathing! on my breast can feel
The pressure of her head! God's benison
Rest ever on it! Close those beauteous eyes,
Sweet Sleep; and all the flowers that bloom at night
With balmy lips breathe in her ears my name!

(Gradually sinks asleep.)

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—PRECIOSA's chamber. *Morning.* PRECIOSA and ANGELICA.

Prec. WHY will you go so soon? Stay yet a while.
The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them with a sound
That will be heard in heaven. Pray, tell me more
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.
What is your landlord's name?

Ang. The Count of Lara.
Prec. The Count of Lara? O, beware that man!
Mistrust his pity,—hold no parley with him!
And rather die an outcast in the streets
Than touch his gold.

Ang. You know him, then!
Prec. As much
As any woman may, and yet be pure,
As you would keep your name without a blemish,
Beware of him!

Ang. Alas! what can I do?
I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.

Prec. Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair
Should have no friends but those of her own sex.
What is your name?

Ang. Angelica.
Prec. That name
Was given you, that you might be an angel
To her who bore you! When your infant smile
Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.
O, be an angel still! She needs that smile,
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.
I have no other shield than mine own virtue.
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here on my heart! It is my guardian angel.

Ang. (rising). I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady.
Prec. Thank me by following it.

Ang. Indeed I will.
Prec. Pray do not go. I have much more to say.
Ang. My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.
Prec. Some other time then, when we meet again.
You must not go away with words alone.

(*Gives her a purse.*)

Take this. Would it were more.

Ang. I thank you, lady.
Prec. No thanks. To morrow come to me again.
I dance to-night,—perhaps for the last time.
But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,
If that can save you from the Count of Lara.
Ang. O, my dear lady, how shall I be grateful
For so much kindness?

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Prec. I deserve no thanks,
Thank Heaven, not me.
Ang. Both Heaven and you.
Prec. Farewell.
Remember that you come again to-morrow.
Ang. I will. And may the blessed Virgin guard you,
And all good angels. [*Exit.*]
Prec. May they guard thee too,
And all the poor; for they have need of angels.
Now bring me, dear Dolores, my basquiña,
My richest maja dress,—my dancing dress,
And my most precious jewels! Make me look
Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

(Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.)

Crus. Ave Maria!

Prec. O God! my evil genius!
What seekest thou here to-day?

Crus. Thyself,—my child.
Prec. What is thy will with me?

Crus. Gold! gold!
Prec. I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.

Crus. The gold of the Busné,—give me his gold!

Prec. I gave the last in charity to-day.

Crus. That is a foolish lie.

Prec. It is the truth.

Crus. Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!
Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?
Not to thy father? To whom, then?

Prec. To one
Who needs it more.

Crus. No one can need it more.
Prec. Thou art not poor.

Crus. What, I, who lurk about
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes:
I, who am housed worse than the galley slave;
I, who am fed worse than the kennelled hound;
I, who am clothed in rags,—Beltran Cruzado,—
Not poor!

Prec. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.
Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?

Crus. The gold of the Busné! Give me his gold!

Prec. Beltran Cruzado! hear me once for all.

I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,
I gave it to thee freely, at all times,
Never denied thee: never had a wish
But to fulfil thine own. Now go in peace!
Be merciful, be patient, and ere long
Thou shalt have more.

Crus. And if I have it not,
Thou shalt no longer dwell here in rich chambers,
Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,
And live in idleness; but go with me,
Dance the Romalis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell:
For here we stay not long.

Prec. What! march again?

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Crus. Ay, with all speed. I hate the crowded town !
I cannot breathe shut up within its gates !
Air,—I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain-tops.
Then I am free and strong,—once more myself,
Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Calés !

Prec. God speed thee on thy march !—I cannot go.
Crus. Remember who I am, and who thou art !
Be silent and obey ! Yet one thing more.
Bartolomé Román—

Prec. (with emotion). O, I beseech thee,
If my obedience and blameless life,
If my humility and meek submission
In all things hitherto, can move in thee
One feeling of compassion ; if thou art
Indeed my father, and canst trace in me
One look of her who bore me, or one tone
That doth remind thee of her, let it plead
In my behalf, who am a feeble girl,
Too feeble to resist, and do not force me
To wed that man ! I am afraid of him !
I do not love him ! On my knees I beg thee
To use no violence, nor do in haste
What cannot be undone !

Crus. O, child, child, child !
Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
Betrays his nest, by striving to conceal it.
I will not leave thee here in the great city
To be a grandee's mistress. Make thee ready
To go with us : and until then remember
A watchful eye is on thee. [Exit.

Prec. Woe is me !
I have a strange misgiving in my heart !
But that one deed of charity I'll do,
Befall what may ; they cannot take that from me.

SCENE II.—*A room in the ARCHBISHOP's Palace. The ARCHBISHOP and a CARDINAL seated.*

Arch. Knowing how near it touched the public morals,
And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten
By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,
Beseaching that his Holiness would aid
In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
By seasonable stop put here in Spain
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.
All this you know.

Card. Know and approve.
Arch. And further,
That by a mandate from his Holiness,
The first have been suppressed.

Card. It was a cruel sport.
Arch. A barbarous pastime,

Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
Most Catholic and Christian.

Card. Yet the people

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Murmur at this ; and if the public dances
Should be condemned upon too slight occasion,
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.
As Panem et Circenses was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So Pan y Toros is the cry in Spain.
Hence I would act advisedly herein ;
And therefore have induced your Grace to see
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

(Enter a Servant.)

Serv. The dancing-girl, and with her the musicians
Your Grace was pleased to order, wait without.

Arch. Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold
In what angelic, yet voluptuous shape
The Devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

(Enter PRECIOSA, with a mantle thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in modest, half-timid attitude.)

Card. (aside). O, what a fair and ministering angel
Was lost to heaven when this sweet woman fell !

Prec. (kneeling before the ARCHBISHOP). I have obeyed the
order of your Grace.

If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech
Your holy benediction.

Arch. May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise,

Card. (aside). Her acts are modest, and her words discreet !
I did not look for this ! Come hither, child.
Is thy name Preciosa ?

Prec. Thus I am called.
Card. That is a Gypsy name. Who is thy father ?

Prec. Beltran Cruzado, Count of the Caleás.
Arch. I have a dim remembrance of that man ;

He was a bold and reckless character,
A sun-burnt Ishmael !

Card. Dost thou remember
Thy earlier days ?

Prec. Yes ; by the Darro's side
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow ;
The villages, where, yet a little child,
I told the traveller's fortune in the street ;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd ;
The march across the moor ; the halt at noon ;
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept ; and, further back,
As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.

Arch. 'Tis the Alhambra,
Under whose towers the Gypsy camp was pitched.
But the time wears ; and we would see thee dance.

Prec. Your Grace shall be obeyed.

(She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the *cachucha* is played, and the
dance begins. The ARCHBISHOP and the CARDINAL look on with gravity
and an occasional frown ; then make signs to each other ; and, as the dance con-
tinues, become more and more pleased and excited ; and at length rise from their
seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.)

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

SCENE III.—*The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening, DON CARLOS and HYPOLITO meeting.*

Don C. Holá! good evening, Don Hypolito.

Hyp. And a good evening to my friend, Don Carlos.
Some lucky star has led my steps this way.
I was in search of you.

Don C. Command me always.

Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's Dreams,
The miser, who, upon the Day of Judgment,
Asks if his money-bags would rise?

Don C. I do,

But what of that?

Hyp. I am that wretched man.

Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?

Hyp. And amen! said my Cid the Campeador.

Don C. Pray how much need you?

Hyp. Some half-dozen ounces,
Which, with due interest—

Don C. (giving his purse). What, am I a Jew?
To put my moneys out at usury?
Here is my purse.

Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse.
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;
Perhaps a keepsake.

Don C. No, 'tis at your service.

Hyp. Thank you again. Lie there, good Chrysostom,
And with thy golden mouth remind me often,
I am the debtor of my friend.

Don C. But tell me,
Come you to-day from Alcalá?

Hyp. This moment.

Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?

Hyp. Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.
A damsel has ensnared him with the glances
Of her dark, roving eyes, as herdsmen catch
A steer of Andalusia with a lazo.

He is in love.

Don C. And is it faring ill
To be in love?

Hyp. In his case very ill.

Don C. Why so?

Hyp. For many reasons. First and foremost,
Because he is in love with an ideal;
A creature of his own imagination;
A child of air; an echo of his heart;
And, like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts!

Don C. A common thing with poets. But who is
This floating lily? For, in fine, some woman,
Some living woman,—not a mere ideal,—
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.
Who is it? Tell me.

Hyp. Well, it is a woman,
But, look you, from the coffer of his heart
He brings forth precious jewels to adorn her,

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

As pious priests adorn some favourite saint
With gems and gold, until at length she gleams
One blaze of glory. Without these, you know,
And the priest's benediction, 'tis a doll.

Don. C. Well, well ! who is this doll ?

Hyp. Why, who do you think ?

Don. C. His cousin Violante.

Hyp. Guess again.

To ease his labouring heart, in the last storm
He threw her overboard, with all her ingots.

Don. C. I cannot guess ; so tell me who it is.

Hyp. Not I.

Don. C. Why not ?

Hyp. (mysterious). Why ? Because Mari Franca
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca !

Don. C. Jesting aside, who is it ?

Hyp. Preciosa.

Don. C. Impossible ! The Count of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.

Hyp. Did I say she was ?
The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife
Whose name was Messalina, as I think ;
Valeria Messalina was her name.
But hush ! I see him yonder through the trees,
Walking as in a dream.

Don. C. He comes this way.

Hyp. It has been truly said by some wise man,
That money, grief, and love cannot be hidden.

(Enter VICTORIAN in front.)

Vict. Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground !
These groves are sacred ! I behold thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked
At evening, and I feel thy presence now ;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee,
And is for ever hallowed.

Hyp. Mark him well !
See how he strides away with lordly air,
Like that odd guest of stone, that grim Commander
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.

Don. C. What ho ! Victorian !

Hyp. Wilt thou sup with us ?
Vict. Holá ! Amigos ! Faith, I did not see you,
How fares Don Carlos ?

Don. C. At your service ever.
Vict. How is that young and green-eyed Gaditana

That you both wot of ?

Don. C. Ay, soft, emerald eyes !
She has gone back to Cadiz.

Hyp. Ay de mí !
Vict. You are much to blame for letting her go back.
A pretty girl ; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies.

Hyp. But, speaking of green eyes,
Are thine green ?

Vict. Not a whit. Why so ?

Hyp. I think

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The slightest shade of green would be becoming,
For thou art jealous.

Vict. No, I am not jealous.

Hyp. Thou shouldst be.

Vict. Why?

Hyp. Because thou art in love
And they who are in love are always jealous.
Therefore thou shouldst be.

Vict. Marry, is that all?
Farewell; I am in haste. Farewell, Don Carlos.
Thou sayest I should be jealous?

Hyp. Ay, in truth,
I fear there is reason. Be upon thy guard.
I hear it whispered that the Count of Lara
Lays siege to the same citadel.

Vict. Indeed!
Then he will have his labour for his pains.

Hyp. He does not think so, and Don Carlos tells me
He boasts of his success.

Vict. How's this, Don Carlos?
Don C. Some hints of it I heard from his own lips.
He spoke but lightly of the lady's virtue,
As a gay man might speak.

Vict. Death and damnation!
I'll cut his lying tongue out of his mouth,
And throw it to my dog! But no, no, no!
This cannot be. You jest, indeed you jest.

Trifle with me no more. For otherwise
We are no longer friends. And so, farewell!

Hyp. Now what a coil is here! The Avenging Child [Exit.
Hunting the traitor Quadros to his death,
And the great Moor Calaynos, when he rode
To Paris for the ears of Oliver,
Were nothing to him! O hot-headed youth!
But come; we will not follow. Let us join
The crowd that pours into the Prado. There
We shall find merrier company; I see
The Marialonzos and the Almavivas,
And fifty fans that beckon me already.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—PRECIOSA's chamber. She is sitting, with a book in her hand, near a table, on which are flowers. A bird singing in its cage. The COUNT OF LARA enters behind unperceived.

Prec. (*reads*).

All are sleeping, weary heart!

Thou, thou only sleepless art!

Heigho! I wish Victorian were here.
I know not what it is makes me so restless!

(*The bird sings.*)

Thou little prisoner with thy motley coat,
That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,
Like thee I am a captive, and, like thee,
I have a gentle jailer. Lack-a-day!

All are sleeping, weary heart!
Thou, thou only sleepless art!
All this throbbing, all this aching,
Evermore shall keep thee waking,
For a heart in sorrow breaking,
Thinketh ever of its smart!

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Thou speakest truly, poet ! and methinks
More hearts are breaking in this world of ours
Than one would say. In distant villages
And solitudes remote, where winds have wafted
The barbed seeds of love, or birds of passage
Scattered them in their flight, do they take root,
And grow in silence, and in silence perish.
Who hears the falling of the forest leaf?
Or who takes note of every flower that dies ?
Heigho ! I wish Victorian would come.
Dolores !

(Turns to lay down her book, and perceives the COUNT.)

Ha !

Lara. Señora, pardon me !

Prec. How's this? Dolores !

Lara. Pardon me—

Prec. Dolores !

Lara. Be not alarmed ; I found no one in waiting.
If I have been too bold—

Prec. (turning her back upon him). You are too bold !
Retire ! retire, and leave me !

Lara. My dear lady,
First hear me ! I beseech you, let me speak !
'Tis for your good I come.

Prec. (turning toward him with indignation). Begone ! begone !
You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds
Would make the statues of your ancestors
Blush on their tombs ! Is it Castilian honour,
Is it Castilian pride, to steal in here
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong ?
O shame ! shame ! that you, a nobleman,
Should be so little noble in your thoughts
As to send jewels here to win my love,
And think to buy my honour with your gold !
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you !
Begone ! The sight of you is hateful to me !
Begone, I say !

Lara. Be calm ; I will not harm you.

Prec. Because you dare not.

Lara. I dare anything !
Therefore beware ! You are deceived in me.
In this false world, we do not always know
Who are our friends and who our enemies.
We all have enemies, and all need friends.
Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.

Prec. If to this
I owe the honour of the present visit,
You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,
Once more I beg you, leave me to myself.

Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self, I do not credit them ;
But there are many who, not knowing you,
Will lend a readier ear.

Prec. There was no need

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

That you should take upon yourself the duty
Of telling me these tales.

Lara. Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.

Prec. Alas !
I've no protectors. I am a poor girl,
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.
They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.
I give no cause for these reports. I live
Retired ; am visited by none.

Lara. By none ?
O, then, indeed, you are much wronged !

Prec. How mean you?
Lara. Nay, nay ; I will not wound your gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.

Prec. Speak out !
What are these idle tales ? You need not spare me.
Lara. I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me
This window, as I think, looks toward the street,
And this into the Prado, does it not ?
In yon high house, beyond the garden wall,—
You see the roof there just above the trees,—
There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,
That on a certain night,—be not offended
If I too plainly speak,—he saw a man
Climb to your chamber window. You are silent !
I would not blame you, being young and fair—

(He tries to embrace her. She starts back, and draws a dagger from her bosom.)

Prec. Beware ! beware ! I am a Gypsy girl !
Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer
And I will strike !

Lara. Pray you, put up that dagger.
Fear not.

Prec. I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust.

Lara. Listen to me.
I come here as your friend,—I am your friend,—
And by a single word can put a stop
To all those idle tales, and make your name
Spotless as lilies are. Here on my knees,
Fair Preciosa ! on my knees I swear,
I love you even to madness, and that love
Has driven me to break the rules of custom,
And force myself unasked into your presence.

(VICTORIAN enters behind.)

Prec. Rise, Count of Lara ! That is not the place
For such as you are. It becomes you not
To kneel before me. I am strangely moved
To see one of your rank thus low and humbled ;
For your sake I will put aside all anger,
All unkind feeling, all dislike, and speak
In gentleness, as most becomes a woman,
And as my heart now prompts me. I no more

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Will hate you, for all hate is painful to me,
But if without offending modesty
And that reserve which is a woman's glory,
I may speak freely, I will teach my heart
To love you.

Lara. O sweet angel !

Prec. Ay, in truth,

Far better than you love yourself or me.

Lara. Give me some sign of this,—the slightest token.
Let me but kiss your hand !

Prec. Nay, come no nearer.

The words I utter are its sign and token.
Misunderstand me not ! Be not deceived !
The love wherewith I love you is not such
As you would offer me. For you come here
To take from me the only thing I have,
My honour. You are wealthy, you have friends
And kindred, and a thousand pleasant hopes
That fill your heart with happiness ; but I
Am poor, and friendless, having but one treasure,
And you would take that from me, and for what ?
To flatter your own vanity, and make me
What you would most despise. O sir, such love,
That seeks to harm me, cannot be true love.
Indeed it cannot. But my love for you
Is of a different kind. It seeks your good.
It is a holier feeling. It rebukes
Your earthly passion, your unchaste desires,
And bids you look into your heart, and see
How you do wrong that better nature in you,
And grieve your soul with sin.

Lara. I swear to you
I would not harm you ; I would only love you.
I would not take your honour, but restore it,
And in return I ask but some slight mark
Of your affection. If indeed you love me,
As you confess you do, O let me thus
With this embrace—

Vict. (*rushing forward*). Hold ! Hold ! This is too much.
What means this outrage ?

Lara. First, what right have you
To question thus a nobleman of Spain ?

Vict. I too am noble, and you are no more !
Out of my sight !

Lara. Are you the master here ?
Vict. Ay, here and elsewhere, when the wrong of others
Gives me the right !

Prec. (*to LARA*). Go ! I beseech you, go !
Vict. I shall have business with you, Count, anon !

Lara. You cannot come too soon ! [*Exit.*]
Prec. Victorian !

O, we have been betrayed !

Vict. Ha ! ha ! betrayed !
'Tis I have been betrayed, not we !—not we !

Prec. Dost thou imagine—

Vict. I imagine nothing ;
I see how 'tis thou whilst the time away
When I am gone !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Prec. O speak not in that tone !
It wounds me deeply.
Vict. 'Twas not meant to flatter.
Prec. Too well thou knowest the presence of that man
Is hateful to me !
Vict. Yet I saw thee stand
And listen to him when he told his love.
Prec. I did not heed his words.
Vict. Indeed thou didst,
And answeredst them with love.
Prec. Hadst thou heard all—
Vict. I heard enough.
Prec. Be not so angry with me.
Vict. I am not angry ; I am very calm.
Prec. If thou wilt let me speak—
Vict. Nay, say no more.
I know too much already. Thou art false !
I do not like these Gypsy marriages !
Where is the ring I gave thee ?
Prec. In my casket.
Vict. There let it rest ! I would not have thee wear it
I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted !
Prec. I call the Heavens to witness—
Vict. Nay, nay, nay !
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips !
They are forsown !
Prec. Victorian ! dear Victorian !
Vict. I gave up all for thee ; myself, my fame,
My hopes of fortune, ay, my very soul !
And thou hast been my ruin ! Now, go on !
Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,
And, sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was !

(*He casts her from him and rushes out.*)

Prec. And this from thee !

(*Scene closes.*)

SCENE V.—*The Count of Lara's rooms. Enter the COUNT.*

Lara. There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate !
I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.
A silly girl to play the prude with me !
The fire that I have kindled—

(*Enter FRANCISCO.*)

Well, Francisco,

What tidings from Don Juan ?

Good, my lord ;

He will be present.

Lara. And the Duke of Lermos ?

Fran. Was not at home.

Lara. How with the rest ?

Fran. I've found
The men you wanted. They will all be there,
And at the given signal raise a whirlwind

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Of such discordant noises, that the dance
Must cease for lack of music.

[*Excert.*]

SCENE VI.—*A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.*

Vict. O shame! O shame! Why do I walk abroad
By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds,
Cry, "Hide thyself!" O what a thin partition
Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge
Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness!
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows,
Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me!

Hyp. Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee
I was but half persuaded of her virtue?

Vict. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong
We may be over-hasty in condemning !
The Count of Lara is a cursed villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she cursed, loving him.
Vict. She does not love him ! 'Tis for gold ! for gold !

Hyp. Ay, but remember, in the public streets
He shows a golden ring the Gypsy gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.

Vict. She had that ring from me ! God ! she is false !
But I will be revenged ! The hour is passed.
Where stays the coward ?

Hyp. Nay, he is no coward ;
A villain, if thou wilt, but not a coward.
I've seen him play with swords ; it is his pastime,
And therefore be not over-confident,
He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.

(Enter LARA, followed by FRANCISCO.)

Lara. Good evening, gentlemen.

Hyp. Good evening, Count.

Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting

Vict. Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?

Lara. I am.

Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel
Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way
Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords?

But you must make one with your swords!
Vict.

No! none!

I do entreat thee, dear Hypolito,
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel
End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count!

(They fight. VICTORIAN disarms the COUNT.)

Your life is mine ; and what shall now withhold me
From sending your vile soul to its account ?

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Lara. Strike ! strike !

Vict. You are disarmed. I wil. not kill you.
I will not murder you. Take up your sword.

(FRANCISCO hands the COUNT his sword, and HYPOLITO interposes.)

Hyp. Enough ! Let it end here ! The Count of Lara
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian
A generous one as ever. Now be friends,
Put up your swords : for, to speak frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extremes.

Lara. I am content.
I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words,
Spoken in the heat of blood, have led to this.

Vict. Nay something more than that.

Lara. I understand you.
Therein I did not mean to cross your path.
To me the door stood open, as to others.
But, had I known the girl belonged to you,
Never would I have sought to win her from you.
The truth stands now revealed ; she has been false
To both of us.

Vict. Ay, false as hell itself !
Lara. In truth, I did not seek her ; she sought me ;
And told me how to win her, telling me
The hours when she was oftenest left alone.

Vict. Say, can you prove this to me ? O, pluck out
These awful doubts that goad me into madness !
Let me know all ! all ! all !

Lara. You shall know all.
Here is my page, who was the messenger
Between us. Question him. Was it not so,
Francisco ?

Fran. Ay, my lord.

Lara. If further proof
Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.

Vict. Pray let me see that ring ! It is the same !

(Throws it upon the ground, and tramples upon it.)

Thus may she perish who once wore that ring !
Thus do I spurn her from me ; do thus trample
Her memory in the dust ! O Count of Lara,
We both have been abused, been much abused !
I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.
Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,
Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.
I now can see the folly I have done,
Though 'tis, alas ! too late. So fare you well !
To-night I leave this hateful town for ever.
Regard me as your friend. Once more, farewell !

Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count.

[Exeunt VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO.

Lara. Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !
Thus have I cleared the field of my worse toe !
I have none else to fear ; the fight is done,
The citadel is stormed, the victory won !

[Exit with FRANCISCO.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

SCENE VII.—*A lane in the suburbs. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.*

Cruz. And so, Bartolomé, the expedition failed. But where wast thou for the most part?

Bart. In the Guadarrama mountains, near San Ildefonso.

Cruz. And thou bringest nothing back with thee? Didst thou rob no one?

Bart. There was no one to rob, save a party of students from Segovia, who looked at as if they would rob us; and a jolly little friar, who had nothing in his pockets but a missal and a loaf of bread.

Cruz. Pray, then, what brings thee back to Madrid?

Bart. First tell me what keeps thee here?

Cruz. Preciosa.

Bart. And she brings me back. Hast thou forgotten thy promise?

Cruz. The two years are not passed yet. Wait patiently. The girl shall be thine.

Bart. I hear she has a Busná lover.

Cruz. That is nothing.

Bart. I do not like it. I hate him,—the son of a Busná harlot. He goes in and out, and speaks with her alone, and I must stand aside, and wait his pleasure.

Cruz. Be patient, I say. Thou shalt have thy revenge. When the time comes, thou shalt waylay him.

Bart. Meanwhile, show me her house.

Cruz. Come this way. But thou wilt not find her. She dances at the play to-night.

Bart. No matter. Show me the house.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*The Theatre. The orchestra plays the cachucha. Sound of castanets behind the scenes. The curtain rises, and discovers PRECIOSA in the attitude of commencing the dance. The cachucha. Tumult; hisses; cries of "Brava!" and "Afura!" She falters and pauses. The music stops. General confusion. PRECIOSA faints.*

SCENE IX.—*The COUNT of LARA's chambers. LARA and his friends at supper.*

Lara. So, Caballeros, once more many thanks! You have stood by me bravely in this matter. Pray fill your glasses.

Don J. Did you mark, Don Luis, How pale she looked, when first the noise began, And then stood still, with her large eyes dilated! Her nostrils spread! her lips apart! her bosom tumultuous as the sea!

Don L. I pitied her.

Lara. Her pride is humbled; and this very night I mean to visit her.

Don J. Will you serenade her?

Lara. No music! no more music!

Don L. Why not music? It softens many hearts.

Lara. Not in the humour She now is in. Music would madden her.

Don J. Try golden cymbals.

Don L. Yes, try Don Dinero; A mighty wooer is your Don Dinero.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Lara. To tell the truth, then, I have bribed her maid.
But, Caballeros, you dislike this wine.
A bumper and away ; for the night wears.
A health to Preciosa !

(They rise and drink.)

All. Preciosa !
Lara (holding up his glass). Thou bright and flaming
minister of Love !

Thou wonderful magician ! who hast stolen
My secret from me, and mid sighs of passion
Caught from my lips, with red and fiery tongue,
Her precious name ! O nevermore henceforth
Shall mortal lips press thine ! and nevermore
A mortal name be whispered in thine ear.
Go ! keep my secret !

(Drinks and dashes the goblet down.)
Don J. Ite ! missa est !

(Scene closes.)

SCENE X.—Street and garden wall. Night. Enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.

Cruz. This is the garden wall, and above it, yonder, is her house. The window in which thou seest the light is her window. But we will not go in now.

Bart. Why not ?

Cruz. Because she is not at home.

Bart. No matter ; we can wait. But how is this ? The gate is bolted. (Sound of guitars and voices in a neighbouring street.) Hark ! There comes her lover with his infernal serenade ! Hark !

SONG.
Good night ! Good night, beloved !
I come to watch o'er thee !
To be near thee,—to be near thee,
Alone is peace for me.
Thine eyes are stars of morning,
Thy lips are crimson flowers.
Good night ! good night, beloved,
While I count the weary hours.

Cruz. They are not coming this way.

Bart. Wait, they begin again.

SONG (coming nearer).
Ah ! thou moon that shinest
Argent'-car above !
All night long enlighten
My sweet lady-love !
Moon that shinest,
All ni_{ght} long enlighten !

Bart. Woe be to him, if he comes this way !

Cruz. Be quiet. They are passing down the street.

SONG (dying away).
The nuns in the cloister
Sang to each other;
For so many sisters
Is there not one brother !
Ay, for the partridge, mother !
The cat has run away with the partridge !
Puss ! puss ! puss !

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Bart. Follow that ! follow that ! Come with me. Puss ! puss !

(*Exeunt.* On the opposite side enter the COUNT of LARA and gentlemen, with FRANCISCO.)

Lara. The gate is fast. Over the wall, Francisco,
And draw the bolt. There, so, and so, and over.
Now, gentlemen, come in, and help me scale
Yon balcony. How now ? Her light still burns.
Move warily. Make fast the gate, Francisco.

(*Exeunt.* Re-enter CRUZADO and BARTOLOMÉ.)

Bart. They went in at the gate. Hark ! I hear them in the garden. (Tries the gate.) Bolted again ! Vive Cristo ! Follow me over the wall.)

(They climb the wall.)

SCENE XI.—PRECIOSA'S bedchamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress. DOLORES watching her.

Dol. She sleeps at last !

(Opens the window, and listens.)

All silent in the streets,
And in the garden. Hark !

Prec. (in her sleep). I must go hence ! Give me my cloak !

Dol. He comes ! I hear his footsteps.

Prec. Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night ;
I am too ill ! Look at me ! See the fever
That burns upon my cheek ! I must go hence.
I am too weak to dance.

(Signal from the garden.)

Dol. (from the window). Who's there ?

Voice (from below). A friend.

Dol. I will undo the door. Wait till I come.

Prec. I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me !
Shame ! shame ! to treat a feeble woman thus !
Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.
I'm ready now,—give me my castanets.
Where is Victorian ? Oh, those hateful lamps !

They glare upon me like an evil eye.

I cannot stay. Hark ! how they mock at me !

They hiss at me like serpents ! Save me ! Save me !

(She wakes.)

How late is it, Dolores ?

Dol. It is midnight.

Prec. We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.

(She sleeps again. Noise from the garden, and voices.)

Voice. Muera !

Another Voice. O villains ! villains !

Lara. So ! have at you !

Voice. Take that !

Lara. O, I am wounded !

Dol. (shutting the window). Jesu Maria !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A cross-road through a wood. In the background a distant village spire. VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO, as travelling students, with guitars, sitting under the trees. HYPOLITO plays and sings.*

SONG.
Ah! Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!
Enemy
Of all that mankind may not rue!
Most untrue
To him who keeps most faith with thee,
Who is me!
The fa'een has the eyes of the dove.
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love!

Vict. YES, Love is ever busy with his shuttle,
Is ever weaving into life's dull warp
Bright, gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian ;
Hanging our gloomy prison-house about
With tapestries, that make its walls dilate
In never-ending vistas of delight.

Hyp. Thinking to walk in those Arcadian pastures,
Thou hast run thy noble head against the wall.

SONG (continued).
Thy deceits
Give us clearly to comprehend,
Whither tend
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets !
They are che ts,
Thorns below and flowers above
Ah, Love!
Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

Vict. A very pretty song. I thank thee for it.

Hyp. It suits thy case.

Vict. Indeed, I think it does.
What wise man wrote it ?

Hyp. Lopez Maldonado.

Vict. In truth, a pretty song.

Hyp. With much truth in it.
I hope thou wilt profit by it ; and in earnest

Try to forget this lady of thy love.

Vict. I will forget her ! All dear recollections

Pressed in my heart, like flowers within a book,

Shall be torn out, and scattered to the winds !

I will forget her ! But perhaps hereafter,

When she shall learn how heartless is the world,

A voice within her will repeat my name,

And she will say, " He was indeed my friend ! "

O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,

That the loud march, the deafening beat of drums,

The shattering blast of the brass-throated trumpet,

The din of arms, the onslaught and the storm,

And a swift death, might make me deaf for ever

To the upbraidings of this foolish heart !

Hyp. Then let that foolish heart upbraid no more

To conquer love, one need but will to conquer.

Vict. Yet, good Hypolito, it is in vain

I throw into Oblivion's sea the sword

That pierces me ; for, like Excalibar,

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

With gemmed and flashing hilt, it will not sink.
There rises from below a hand that grasps it,
And waves it in the air ; and wailing voices
Are heard along the shore.

Hyp. And yet at last
Down sank Excalibar to rise no more.
This is not well. In truth, it vexes me.
Instead of whistling to the steeds of Time,
To make them jog on merrily with life's burden,
Like a dead weight thou hangest on the wheels.
Thou art too young, too full of lusty health,
To talk of dying.

Vict. Yet I fain would die !
To go through life, unloving and unloved ;
To feel that thirst and hunger of the soul
We cannot still ; that longing, that wild impulse,
And struggle after something we have not
And cannot have ; the effort to be strong ;
And, like the Spartan boy, to smile, and smile,
While secret wounds do bleed beneath our cloaks ;
All this the dead feel not,—the dead alone !
Would I were with them !

Hyp. We shall all be soon.
Vict. It cannot be too soon ; for I am weary
Of the bewildering masquerade of Life,
Where strangers walk as friends, and friends as strangers ;
Where whispers overheard betray false hearts ;
And through the mazes of the crowd we chase
Some form of loveliness, that smiles and beckons,
And cheats us with fair words, only to leave us
A mockery and a jest ; maddened,—confused,—
Not knowing friend from foe.

Hyp. Why seek to know ?
Enjoy the merry shrove-tide of thy youth !
Take each fair mask for what it gives itself,
Nor strive to look beneath it.

Vict. I confess,
That were the wiser part. But Hope no longer
Comforts my soul. I am a wretched man,
Much like the poor and shipwrecked mariner,
Who, struggling to climb up into the boat,
Has both his bruised and bleeding hands cut off,
And sinks again into the weltering sea,
Helpless and hopeless !

Hyp. Yet thou shalt not perish.
The strength of thine own arm is thy salvation.
Above thy head, through rifted clouds, there shines
A glorious star. Be patient. Trust thy star !

(Sound of a village bell in the distance.)

Vict. Ave Maria ! I hear the sacristan
Ringing the chimes from yonder village belfry !
A solemn sound, that echoes far and wide
Over the red roofs of the cottages,
And bids the labouring hind a-field, the shepherd,
Guarding his flock, the lonely muleteer,
And all the crowd in village streets, stand still,
And breathe a prayer unto the Blessed Virgin !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Hyp. Amen ! amen ! Not half a league from hence
The village lies.

Vict. This path will lead us to it,
Over the wheat-fields, where the shadows sail
Across the running sea, now green, now blue,
And, like an idle mariner on the main,
Whistles the quail. Come, let us hasten on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Public square in the village of Guadarrama. The Ave Maria still tolling. A crowd of villagers, with their hats in their hands, as if in prayer. In front a group of Gypsies. The bell rings a merrier peal. A Gypsy dance. Enter PANCHO, followed by PEDRO CRESPO.*

Pancho. Make room, ye vagabonds and Gypsy thieves !
Make room for the Alcalde and for me !

Pedro C. Keep silence all ! I have an edict here
From our most gracious lord, the King of Spain,
Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands,
Which I shall publish in the market-place.
Open your ears and listen !

(Enter the PADRE CURA at the door of his cottage.)

Padre Cura,
Good day ! and, pray you, hear this edict read.

Padre C. Good day, and God be with you ! Pray, what is it ?

Pedro C. An act of banishment against the Gypsies !

(Agitation and murmurs in the crowd.)

Pancho. Silence !
Pedro C. (reads). "I hereby order and command,
That the Egyptian and Chaldean strangers,
Known by the name of Gypsies, shall henceforth
Be banished from the realm, as vagabonds
And beggars ; and if, after seventy days,
Any be found within our kingdom's bounds,
They shall receive a hundred lashes each ;
The second time, shall have their ears cut off ;
The third, be slaves for life to him who takes them,
Or burnt as heretics. Signed, I, the King."
Vile miscreants and creatures unbaptized !
You hear the law ! Obey and disappear !

Pancho. And if in seventy days you are not gone,
Dead or alive I make you all my slaves.

(The Gypsies go out in confusion, showing signs of fear and discontent.
PANCHO follows.)

Padre C. A righteous law ! A very righteous law !
Pray you, sit down.

Pedro C. I thank you heartily.

(They seat themselves on a bench at the PADRE CURA's door. Sound of guitars heard at a distance, approaching during the dialogue which follows.)

A very righteous judgment, as you say.
Now tell me, Padre Cura,—you know all things,—
How came these Gypsies into Spain ?

Padre C. Why look you ;
They came with Hercules from Palestine,
And hence are thieves and vagrants, Sir Alcalde,

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

As the Simoniacs from Simon Magus.
And, look you, as Fray Jayme Bleda says,
There are a hundred marks to prove a Moor
Is not a Christian, so 'tis with the Gypsies.
They never marry, never go to mass,
Never baptize their children, nor keep Lent,
Nor see the inside of a church,—nor—nor—

Pedro C. Good reasons, good, substantial reasons all !
No matter for the other ninety-five.
They should be burnt, I see it plain enough,
They should be burnt.

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO playing.)

Padre C. And pray, whom have we here ?
Pedro C. More vagrants ! By Saint Lazarus, more vagrants !

Hyp. Good evening, gentlemen ! Is this Guadarrama ?

Padre C. Yes, Guadarrama, and good evening to you.

Hyp. We seek the Padre Cura of the village ;
And, judging from your dress and reverend mien,
You must be he.

Padre C. I am. Pray, what's your pleasure ?

Hyp. We are poor students, travelling in vacation.
You know this mark ?

(Touching the wooden spoon in his hatband.)

Padre C. (joyfully). Ay, know it, and have worn it.

Pedro C. (aside). Soup-eaters ! by the mass ! The worst of vagrants !
And there's no law against them. Sir, your servant. [Exit.]

Padre C. Your servant, Pedro Crespo.

Hyp. Padre Cura,
From the first moment I beheld your face,
I said within myself, "This is the man !"
There is a certain something in your looks,
A certain scho'ar-like and studious something,—
You understand,—which cannot be mistaken ;—
Which marks you as a very learned man,
In fine, as one of us.

Vict. (aside). What impudence !

Hyp. As we approached, I said to my companion,
"That is the Padre Cura : mark my words !"
Meaning your Grace. "The other man," said I,
"Who sits so awkwardly upon the bench,
Must be the sacristan."

Padre C. Ah ! said you so ?
Why, that was Pedro Crespo, the alcalde !

Hyp. Indeed ! you much astonish me ! His air
Was not so full of dignity and grace
As an alcalde's should be.

Padre C. That is true.
He's out of humour with some vagrant Gypsies,
Who have their camp here in the neighbourhood.
There's nothing so undignified as anger.

Hyp. The Padre Cura will excuse our boldness,
If, from his well-known hospitality,
We crave a lodging for the night.

Padre C. I pray you !
You do mé honour ! I am but too happy
To have such guests beneath my humble roof.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

It is not often that I have occasion
To speak with scholars ; and *Emollit mores*,
Nec sinit esse feros. Cicero says.

Hyp. 'Tis Ovid, is it not ?

Padre C. No, Cicero.

Hyp. Your Grace is right. You are the better scholar.
Now what a dunce was I to think it Ovid !
But hang me if it is not ! (*Aside.*)

Padre C. Pass this way.

He was a very great man, was Cicero !
Pray you, go in, go in ! no ceremony.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the PADRE CURA's house. Enter the PADRE and HYPOLITO.*

Padre C. So then, Señor, you come from Alcalá.
I am glad to hear it. It was there I studied.

Hyp. And left behind an honoured name, no doubt.
How may I call your Grace ?

Padre C. Gerónimo
De Santillana, at your Honour's service.

Hyp. Descended from the Marquis Santillana ?
From the distinguished poet ?

Padre C. From the Marquis,
Not from the poet.

Hyp. Why, they were the same.
Let me embrace you ! O some lucky star
Has brought me hither ! Yet once more ! once more !
Your name is ever green in Alcalá,
And our professor, when we are unruly,
Will shake his hoary head, and say, "Alas !
It was not so in Santillana's time !"

Padre C. I did not think my name remembered there.

Hyp. More than remembered ; it is idolized.

Padre C. Of what professor speak you ?

Hyp. Timoneda.

Padre C. I don't remember any Timoneda.

Hyp. A grave and sombre man, whose beetling brow
O'erhangs the rushing current of his speech

As rocks o'er rivers hang. Have you forgotten ?

Padre C. Indeed, I have. O, those were pleasant days,
Those college days ! I ne'er shall see the like !
I had not buried them so many hopes !
I had not buried them so many friends !
I've turned my back on what was then before me ;
And the bright faces of my young companions
Are wrinkled like my own, or are no more.
Do you remember Cueva ?

Hyp. Cueva ? Cueva ?

Padre C. Fool that I am ! He was before your time.
You're a mere boy, and I am an old man.

Hyp. I should not like to try my strength with you.

Padre C. Well, well. But I forget ; you must be hungry.
Martina ! ho ! Martina ! 'Tis my niece.

(Enter MARTINA.)

Hyp. You may be proud of such a niece as that.
I wish I had a niece. *Emollit mores.* (*Aside.*)

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

He was a very great man, was Cicero !
Your servant, fair Martina.

Mart. Servant, sir.

Padre C. This gentleman is hungry. See thou to it.
Let us have supper.

Mart. 'Twill be ready soon.

Padre C. And bring a bottle of my Val-de-Peñas
Out of the cellar. Stay ; I'll go myself.

Pray you, Señor, excuse me.

[Exit.]

Hyp. Hist ! Martina !
One word with you. Bless me ! what handsome eyes !
To-day there have been Gypsies in the village,
Is it not so ?

Mart. There have been Gypsies here.

Hyp. Yes, and have told your fortune.

Mart. (embarrassed). Told my fortune ?

Hyp. Yes, yes ; I know they did. Give me your hand.
I'll tell you what they said. They said,—they said,
The shepherd boy that loved you was a clown,
And him you should not marry. Was it not ?

Mart. (surprised). How know you that ?

Hyp. O, I know more than that.
What a soft little hand ! And then they said,
A cavalier from court, handsome, and tall,
And rich, should come one day to marry you
And you should be a lady. Was it not ?
He has arrived, the handsome cavalier.

(Tries to kiss her. She runs off. Enter VICTORIAN, with a letter.)

Vict. The muleteer has come.

Hyp. So soon ?

Vict. I found him

Sitting at supper by the tavern door,
And, from a pitcher that he held aloft
His whole arm's length, drinking the blood red wine.

Hyp. What news from Court ?

Vict. He brought this letter only.

(Reads.)

O cursed perfidy ! Why did I let
That lying tongue deceive me ! Preciosa,
Sweet Preciosa ! how art thou avenged !

Hyp. What news is this, that makes thy cheek turn pale,
And thy hand tremble ?

Vict. O, most infamous !
The Count of Lara is a worthless villain !

Hyp. That is no news, forsooth.

Vict. He strove in vain
To steal from me the jewel of my soul,
The love of Preciosa. Not succeeding,
He swore to be revenged ; and set on foot
A plot to ruin her, which has succeeded.
She has been hissed and hooted from the stage,
Her reputation stained by slanderous lies
Too foul to speak of ; and, once more a beggar,
She roams a wanderer over God's green earth,
Housing with Gypsies !

Hyp. To renew again

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The Age of Gold, and make the shepherd swains
Desperate with love, like Gasper Gil's Diana.

Redit et Virgo!

Vict. Dear Hypolito,
How have I wronged that meek, confiding heart !
I will go seek for her ; and with my tears
Wash out the wrong I've done her !

Hyp. O beware !
Act not that folly o'er again.

Vict. Ay, folly,
Delusion, madness, call it what thou wilt,
I will confess my weakness,—I still love her !
Still fondly love her !

(Enter the PADRE CURA.)

Hyp. Tell us, Padre Cura,
Who are these Gypsies in the neighbourhood ?

Padre C. Beltran Cruzado and his crew.

Vict. Kind Heaven,
I thank thee ! She is found ! is found again !

Hyp. And have they with them a pale, beautiful girl,
Called Preciosa ?

Padre C. Ay, a pretty girl.
The gentleman seems moved.

Hyp. Yes, moved with hunger,
He is half famished with this long day's journey.

Padre C. Then, pray you, come this way. The supper waits.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*A post-house on the road to Segovia, not far from the village of Guadarrama. Enter CHISPA, cracking a whip, and singing the cachucha.*

Chispa. Halloo ! Don Fulano ! Let us have horses, and quickly. Alas, poor Chispa ! what a dog's life dost thou lead ! I thought, when I left my old master Victorian, the student, to serve my new master Don Carlos, the gentleman, that I, too, should lead the life of a gentleman ; should go to bed early, and get up late. For when the abbot plays cards, what can you expect of the friars ? But, in running away from the thunder, I have run into the lightning. Here I am in hot chase after my master and his Gypsy girl. And a good beginning of the week it is, as he said who was hanged on Monday morning

(Enter DON CARLOS.)

Don C. Are not the horses ready yet ?

Chispa. I should think not, for the hostler seems to be asleep. Ho ! within there ! Horses ! horses ! horses ! (He knocks at the gate with his whip, and enter MOSQUITO, putting on his jacket.)

Mosq. Pray, have a little patience. I'm not a musket.

Chispa. Health and pistareens ! I'm glad to see you come on dancing, padre ! Pray, what's the news ?

Mosq. You cannot have fresh horses ; because there are none.

Chispa. Cachiporra ! Throw that bone to another dog. Do I look like your aunt ?

Mosq. No ; she has a beard.

Chispa. Go to ! go to !

Mosq. Are you from Madrid ?

Chispa. Yes ; and going to Estramadura. Get us horses.

Mosq. What's the news at Court ?

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

Chispa. Why, the latest news is, that I am going to set up a coach, and I have already bought the whip.

(*Strikes him round the legs.*)

Mosq. Oh! oh! you hurt me!

Don C. Enough of this folly. Let us have horses. (*Gives money to Mosquito.*) It is almost dark; and we are in haste. But tell me, has a band of Gypsies passed this way of late?

Mosq. Yes; and they are still in the neighbourhood.

Don C. And where?

Mosq. Across the fields yonder, in the woods near Guadarrama. [*Exit.*]

Don C. Now this is lucky. We will visit the Gypsy camp.

Chispa. Are you not afraid of the evil eye? Have you a stag's horn with you?

Don C. Fear not. We will pass the night at the village.

Chispa. And sleep like the Squires of Hernan Daza, nine under one blanket.

Don C. I hope we may find the Preciosa among them.

Chispa. Among the Squires?

Don C. No; among the Gypsies, blockhead!

Chispa. I hope we may; for we are giving ourselves trouble enough on her account. Don't you think so? However, there is no catching trout without wetting one's trousers. Yonder come the horses. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The Gypsy camp in the forest. Night. Gypsies working at a forge. Others playing cards by the firelight.*

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

On the top of a mountain I stand,
With a crown of red gold in my hand,
Wild Moors come trooping over the lea,
O how from their fury shall I flee, flee, flee?
O how from their fury shall I flee?

First Gypsy (playing). Down with your John-Dorados, my pigeon. Down with your John-Dorados, and let us make an end.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

Loud sang the Spanish cavalier
And thus his ditty ran;
God send the Gypsy lassie he e,
And not the Gypsy man.

First Gypsy (playing). There you are in your morocco!

Second Gypsy. One more game. The Alcalde's doves against the Padre Cura's new moon.

First Gypsy. Have at you, Chirelm.

Gypsies (at the forge sing).

At midnight, when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no Gypsy man,
The Gypsy lassie came.

(*Enter BELTRAN CRUZADO.*)

Cruz. Come hither, Murcigalleros and Rastilleros; leave work, leave play; listen to your orders for the night. (*Speaking to the right.*) You will get you to the village, mark you, by the stone cross.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. (*to the left.*) And you, by the pole with the hermit's head upon it.

Gypsies. Ay!

Cruz. As soon as you see the planets are out, in with you, and be busy with the ten commandments, under the sly, and Saint Martin asleep. D'ye hear?

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Gypsies. Ay!

Crus. Keep your lanterns open, and, if you see a goblin or a papagayo, take to your trampers. Vineyards and Dancing John is the word. Am I comprehended?

Gypsies. Ay! ay!

Crus. Away, then!

(*Exeunt severally.* CRUZADO walks up the stage, and disappears among the trees. Enter PRECIOSA.)

Prec. How strangely gleams through the gigantic trees
The red light of the forge! Wild, beckoning shadows
Stalk through the forest, even and anon
Rising and bending with the flickering flame,
Then flitting into darkness! So within me
Strange hopes and fears do beckon to each other,
My brightest hopes giving dark fears a being
As the light does the shadow. Woe is me!
How still it is about me, and how lonely!

(BARTOLOME rushes in.)

Bart. Ho! Preciosa!

Prec. O Bartolomé!
Thou here?

Bart. Lo! I am here.

Prec. Whence comest thou?

Bart. From the rough ridges of the wild Sierra,
From caverns in the rocks, from hunger, thirst,
And fever! Like a wild wolf to the sheepfold
Come I for thee, my lamb.

Prec. O touch me not!
The Count of Lara's blood is on thy hands!
The Count of Lara's curse is on thy soul!
Do not come near me! Pray, begone from here
Thou art in danger! They have set a price
Upon thy head!

Bart. Ay, and I've wandered long
Among the mountains; and for many days
Have seen no human face, save the rough swineherd's.
The wind and rain have been my sole companions.
I shouted to them from the rocks thy name,
And the loud echo sent it back to me,
Till I grew mad. I could not stay from thee,
And I am here! Betray me, if thou wilt.

Prec. Betray thee? I betray thee?

Bart. Preciosa!
I come for thee! for thee I thus brave death!
Fly with me o'er the borders of this realm!
Fly with me!

Prec. Speak of that no more. I cannot.
I'm thine no longer.

Bart. O, recall the time
When we were children! how we played together,
How we grew up together; how we plighted
Our hearts unto each other, even in childhood!
Fulfil thy promise, for the hour has come.
I'm hunted from the kingdom, like a wolf!
Fulfil thy promise.

THE SPANISH STUDENT

Prec. 'Twas my father's promise,
Not mine. I never gave my heart to thee,
Nor promised thee my hand !

Bart. False tongue of woman !
And heart more false !

Prec. Nay, listen unto me.
I will speak frankly. I have never loved thee ;
I cannot love thee. This is not my fault,
It is my destiny. Thou art a man
Restless and violent. What wouldst thou with me,
A feeble girl, who have not long to live,
Whose heart is broken ? Seek another wife,
Better than I, and fairer ; and let not
Thy rash and headlong moods estrange her from thee.
Thou art unhappy in this hopeless passion.
I never sought thy love ; never did aught
To make thee love me. Yet I pity thee,
And most of all I pity thy wild heart,
That hurries thee to crimes and deeds of blood.
Beware, beware of that.

Bart. For thy dear sake
I will be gentle. Thou shalt teach me patience.

Prec. Then take this farewell, and depart in peace.
Thou must not linger here.

Bart. Come, come with me.

Prec. Hark ! I hear footsteps.

Bart. I entreat thee, come !

Prec. Away ! It is in vain.

Bart. Wilt thou not come ?

Prec. Never !

Bart. Then woe, eternal woe, upon thee !
Thou shalt not be another's. Thou shalt die. [Exit.]

Prec. All holy angels keep me in this hour !
Spirit of her who bore me, look upon me !
Mother of God, the glorified, protect me !
Christ and the saints, be merciful unto me !
Yet why should I fear death ? What is it to die ?
To leave all disappointment, care, and sorrow,
To leave all falsehood, treachery, and unkindness,
All ignominy, suffering, and despair,
And be at rest for ever ! O dull heart,
Be of good cheer ! When thou shalt cease to beat,
Then shalt thou cease to suffer and complain !

(Enter VICTORIAN and HYPOLITO behind.)

Vict. 'Tis she ! Behold, how beautiful she stands
Under the tent-like trees !

Hyp. A woodland nymph !

Vict. I pray thee, stand aside. Leave me.

Hyp. Be wary.

Do not betray thyself too soon.

Vict. (disguising his voice). Hist ! Gypsy !

Prec. (aside, with emotion). That voice ! that voice from
heaven ! O speak again !

Who is it calls ?

Vict. A friend.

Prec. (aside). 'Tis he ! 'Tis he !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

I thank thee Heaven, that thou hast heard my prayer,
And sent me this protector ! Now be strong,
Be strong, my heart ! I must dissemble here.
False friend or true ?

Vict. A true friend to the true ;
Fear not ; come hither. So ; can you tell fortunes ?

Prec. Not in the dark. Come nearer to the fire.
Give me your hand. It is not crossed, I see.

Vict. (*putting a piece of gold into her hand*). There is the
cross.

Prec. Is't silver ?

Vict. No, 'tis gold.
Prec. There's a fair lady at the Court, who loves you,
And for yourself alone.

Vict. Fie ! the old story !
Tell me a better fortune for my money ;
Not this old woman's tale !

Prec. You are passionate ;
And this same passionate humour in your blood
Has marred your fortune. Yes ; I see it now ;
The line of life is crossed by many marks.
Shame ! shame ! O you have wronged the maid who loved you !
How could you do it ?

Vict. I never loved a maid ;
For she I loved was then a maid no more.

Prec. How know you that ?

Vict. A little bird in the air
Whispered the secret.

Prec. There, take back your gold !
Your hand is cold, like a deceiver's hand !
There is no blessing in its charity !

Make her your wife, for you have been abused ;
And you shall mend your fortunes, mending hers.

Vict. (aside). How like an angel's speaks the tongue of
woman,

When pleading in another's cause her own !
That is a pretty ring upon your finger.

Pray give it me. (*Tries to take the ring.*)

Prec. No ; never from my hand
Shall that be taken !

Vict. Why, 'tis but a ring.
I'll give it back to you ; or, if I keep it,
Will give you gold to buy you twenty such.

Prec. Why would you have this ring ?

Vict. A traveller's fancy,
A whim, and nothing more. I would fain keep it
As a memento of the Gypsy camp
In Guadarrama, and the fortune-teller
Who sent me back to wed a widowed maid.
Pray, let me have the ring.

Prec. No, never ! never !
I will not part with it, even when I die ;
But bid my nurse fold my pale fingers thus,
That it may not fall from them. 'Tis a token
Of a beloved friend, who is no more.

Vict. How ? dead ?
Prec. Yes ; dead to me ; and worse than dead.
He is estranged ! And yet I keep this ring.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

I will rise with it from my grave hereafter,
To prove to him that I was never false.

Vict. (aside). Be still; my swelling heart ! one moment, still !
Why, 'tis the folly of a love-sick girl.
Come, give it me, or I will say 'tis mine,
And that you stole it.

Prec. O, you will not dare
To utter such a falsehood !

Vict. I not dare ?
Look in my face, and say if there is aught
I have not dared, I would not dare for thee !

(She rushes into his arms.)

Prec. 'Tis thou ! 'tis thou ! Yes ; yes ; my heart's elected !
My dearest-dear Victorian ! my soul's heaven !

Where hast thou been so long ? Why didst thou leave me ?

Vict. Ask me not now, my dearest Preciosa.
Let me forget we ever have been parted !

Prec. Hadst thou not come—

Vict. I pray thee, do not chide me !

Prec. I should have perished here among these Gypsies.

Vict. Forgive me, sweet ! for what I made thee suffer.
Think'st thou this heart could feel a moment's joy,

Thou being absent ? Oh, believe it not !

Indeed, since that sad hour I have not slept,

For thinking of the wrong I did to thee !

Dost thou forgive me ? Say, wilt thou forgive me ?

Prec. I have forgiven thee. Ere those words of anger
Were in the book of Heaven writ down against thee,
I had forgiven thee.

Vict. I'm the veriest fool
That walks the earth, to have believed thee false.
It was the Count of Lara—

Prec. That bad man

Has worked me harm enough. Hast thou not heard—

Vict. I have heard all. And yet speak on, speak on !

Let me but hear thy voice, and I am happy ;

For every tone, like some sweet incantation,

Calls up the buried past to plead for me.

Speak, my beloved, speak into my heart,

Whatever fills and agitates thine own.

(They walk aside.)

Hyp. All gentle quarrels in the pastoral poets,
All passionate love scenes in the best romances,
All chaste embraces on the public stage,
All soft adventures, which the liberal stars
Have winked at, as the natural course of things,
Have been surpassed here by my friend, the student,
And this sweet Gypsy lass, fair Preciosa !

Prec. Señor Hypolito ! I kiss your hand.
Pray, shall I tell your fortune ?

Hyp. Not to-night ;
For, should you treat me as you did Victorian,
And send me back to marry maids forlorn,
My wedding-day would last from now till Christmas.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Chispa (*within*). What ho ! the Gypsies, ho ! Beltran Cruzado !
Halloo ! halloo ! halloo ! halloo !

(Enter booted, with a whip and lantern.)

Vict. What now ?
Why such a fearful din ? Hast thou been robbed ?

Chispa. Ay, robbed and murdered ; and good evening to you,
My worthy masters.

Vict. Speak ; what brings thee here ?

Chispa (*to PRECiosa*). Good news from Court ; good news !
Beltran Cruzado,

The Count of the Calés, is not your father,
But your true father has returned to Spain
Laden with wealth. You are no more a Gypsy.

Vict. Strange as a Moorish tale !

Chispa. And we have all
Been drinking at the tavern to your health,
As wells drink in November, when it rains.

Vict. Where is the gentleman ?

Chispa. As the old song says,

His body is in Segovia,
His soul is in Madrid.

Prec. Is this a dream ? Oh, if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet !
Repeat thy story ! Say I'm not deceived ;
Say that I do not dream ! I am awake ;
This is the Gypsy camp ; this is Victorian,
And this his friend, Hypolito ! Speak ! speak !
Let me not wake and find it all a dream !

Vict. It is a dream, sweet child ! a waking dream,
A blissful certainty, a vision bright
Of that rare happiness, which even on earth
Heaven gives to those it loves. Now art thou rich,
As thou wast ever beautiful and good ;
And I am now the beggar.

Prec. (*giving him her hand*). I have still
A hand to give.

Chispa (*aside*). And I have two to take !
I've heard my grandmother say, that Heaven gives almonds
To those who have no teeth. That's nuts to crack.
I've teeth to spare, but where shall I find almonds ?

Vict. What more of this strange story ?

Chispa. Nothing more.
Your friend, Don Carlos, is now at the village
Showing to Pedro Crespo, the Alcalde,
The proofs of what I tell you. The old hag,
Who stole you in your childhood, has confessed ;
And probably they'll hang her for the crime,
To make the celebration more complete.

Vict. No ; let it be a day of general joy ;
Fortune comes well to all, that comes not late.
Now let us join Don Carlos.

Hyp. So farewell,
The student's wandering life ! Sweet serenades,
Sung under ladies' windows in the night,
And all that makes vacation beautiful !
To you, ye cloistered shades of Alcalá,

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

To you, ye radiant visions of romance,
Written in books, but here surpassed by truth,
The Bachelor Hypolito returns,
And leaves the Gypsy with the Spanish Student.

SCENE VI.—*A pass in the Guadarrama mountains. Early morning. A muleteer crosses the stage, sitting sideways on his mule, and lighting a paper cigar with flint and steel.*

SONG.
If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door,
Tis the break of day, and we must away
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.
Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet,
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

(Disappears down the pass. Enter a Monk. A Shepherd appears on the rocks above.)

Monk. Ave Maria, gratia plena. Olá! good man!

Shep. Olá.

Monk. Is this the road to Segovia?

Shep. It is, your reverence.

Monk. How far is it?

Shep. I do not know.

Monk. What is that yonder in the valley?

Shep. San Ildefonso.

Monk. A long way to breakfast.

Shep. Ay, marry.

Monk. Are there robbers in these mountains?

Shep. Yes, and worse than that.

Monk. What?

Shep. Wolves.

Monk. Santa Maria! Come with me to San Ildefonso, and thou shalt be well rewarded.

Shep. What wilt thou give me?

Monk. An Agnus Dei and my benediction.

(They disappear. A mounted Contrabandista passes, wrapped in his cloak, and a gun at his saddle-bow. He goes down the pass singing.)

SONG.
Worn with speed is my good steed,
And I march me hurried, worried!
Onward, cabillito mio,
With the white star in thy forehead!
Onward, for here comes the Ronda,
And I hear their rifles crack
Ay, jaléo! Ay, ay, jaléo!
Ay, jaléo! They cross our track.

(Song dies away. Enter PRECIOSA on horseback, attended by VICTORIAN, HYPOLITO, DON CARLOS, and CHISPA, on foot and armed.)

Vict. This is the highest point. Here let us rest.

See, Preciosa, see how all about us

Kneeling, like hooded friars, the misty mountains

Receive the benediction of the sun!

O glorious sight!

Prec. Most beautiful indeed!

Hyp. Most wonderful!

Vict. And in the vale below,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Where yonder steeples flash like lifted halberds,
San Ildefonso, from its noisy belfries,
Sends up a salutation to the morn,
As if an army smote their brazen shields,
And shouted victory !

Prec. And which way lies
Segovia ?

Vict. At a great distance yonder.
Dost thou not see it ?

Prec. No. I do not see it.

Vict. The merest flaw that dents the horizon's edge.

There, yonder !

Hyp. "Tis a notable old town,
Boasting an ancient Roman aqueduct,
And an Alcazar, builded by the Moors,
Wherein, you may remember, poor Gil Blas
Was fed on *Pan del Rey*. O, many a time
Out of its grated windows have I looked
Hundreds of feet plumb down to the Eresma,
That, like a serpent through the valley creeping,
Glides at its foot.

Prec. O yes ! I see it now.
Yet rather with my heart than with mine eyes,
So faint it is. And all my thoughts sail thither,
Freighted with prayers and hopes, and forward urged
Against all stress of accident, as in

The Eastern Tale, against the wind and tide
Great ships were drawn to the Magnetic Mountains,
And there were wrecked, and perished in the sea.

(She weeps.)

Vict. O gentle spirit ! Thou didst bear unmoved
Blasts of adversity and frosts of fate !
But the first ray of sunshine that falls on thee
Melts thee to tears ! O, let thy weary heart
Lean upon mine ! and it shall faint no more,
Nor thirst, nor hunger ; but be comforted
And filled with my affection.

Prec. Stay no longer !
My father waits. Methinks I see him there,
Now looking from the window, and now watching
Each sound of wheels or footfall in the street,
And saying, "Hark ! she comes !" O father ! father !

(They descend the pass. CHISPA remains behind.)

Chispa. I have a father, too, but he is a dead one. Alas and alack-a-day !
Poor was I born, and poor do I remain. I neither win nor lose. Thus I wag
through the world, half the time on foot, and the other half walking ; and always
as merry as a thunderstorm in the night. And so we plough along, as the
fly said to the ox. Who knows what may happen ? Patience, and shuffle
the cards ! I am not yet so bald that you can see my brains ; and perhaps,
after all, I shall some day go to Rome, and come back Saint Peter.
Benedicite !

[Exit.]

(A pause. Then enter BARTOLOMÉ wildly, as if in pursuit, with a carbine
in his hand.)

Bart. They passed this way ! I hear their horses' hoofs !

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Yonder I see them! Come, sweet caramillo,
This serenade shall be the Gypsy's last!

(*Fires down the pass.*)

Ha! ha! Well whistled, my sweet caramillo!
Well whistled!—I have missed her!—O my God!

(*The shot is returned. BARTOLOMÉ falls.*)

Judas Maccabæus.

1872.

ACT I.

The Citadel of Antiochus at Jerusalem.

SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS ; JASON.

Antiochus. O ANTIOCH, my Antioch, my city! Queen of the East! my solace, my delight! The dowry of my sister Cleopatra When she was wed to Ptolemy, and now Won back and made more wonderful by me! I love thee, and I long to be once more Among the players and the dancing women Within thy gates, and bathe in the Orontes, Thy river and mine. O Jason, my High-Priest, art mine, For I have made thee so, and thou Hast thou seen Antioch the Beautiful?

Jason. Never, my lord.

Ant. Then hast thou never seen The wonder of the world. This city of David Compared with Antioch is but a village, And its inhabitants compared with Greeks

Are mannerless boors.

Jason. They are barbarians, And mannerless.

Ant. They must be civilized. They must be made to have more gods than one;

And goddesses besides.

Jason. They shall have more.

Ant. They must have hippodromes, and games, and baths,

Stage-plays and festivals, and most of all The Dionysia.

Jason. They shall have them all. *Ant.* By Heracles! but I should like to see

These Hebrews crowned with ivy, and In skins of fawns, with drums and flutes and thyrsi, Revel and riot through the solemn streets

Of their old towns. Ha, ha! It makes me merry [laugh]. Only to think of it!—Thou dost not

Jason. Yea, I laugh inwardly. *Ant.* The new Greek leaven

Works slowly in this Israelitish dough! Have I not sacked the Temple, and

on the altar

Set up the statue of Olympian Zeus

To Hellenize it?

Jason. Thou hast done all this.

Ant. As thou wast Joshua once and now art Jason,

And from a Hebrew hast become a Greek,

So shall this Hebrew nation be translated,

Their very natures and their names be changed,

And all be Hellenized.

Jason. It shall be done.

Ant. Their manners and their laws and ways of living

Shall all be Greek. They shall unlearn

their language,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And learn the lovely speech of Antioch.
Where hast thou been to-day? Thou
comest late.

Jason. Playing at discus with the
other priests
In the Gymnasium.

Ant. Thou hast done well.
There's nothing better for you lazy
priests [people].
Than discus-playing with the common
Now tell me, Jason, what these
Hebrews call me

When they converse together at their
games.

Jason. Antiochus Epiphanes, my
lord;

Antiochus the Illustrious.

Ant. O, not that;
That is the public cry; I mean the
name
They give me when they talk among
themselves,
And think that no one listens; what is
that?

Jason. Antiochus Epiphanes, my
lord!

Ant. Antiochus the Mad! Ay, that
is it.
And who hath said it? Who has set
in motion
That sorry jest?

Jason. The Seven Sons insane
Of a weird woman, like themselves
insane.

Ant. I like their courage, but it
shall not save them.
They shall be made to eat the flesh of
swine,

Or they shall die. Where are they?

Jason. In the dungeons
Beneath this tower.

Ant. There let them stay and starve.
Till I am ready to make Greeks of
them,

After my fashion.

Jason. They shall stay and starve.—
My lord, the Ambassadors of Samaria
Await thy pleasure.

Ant. Why not my displeasure?
Ambassadors are tedious. They are
men

Who work for their own ends, and
not for mine;

There is no furtherance in them. Let
them go

To Apollonius, my governor
There in Samaria, and not trouble me.
What do they want?

Jason. Only the royal sanction
To give a name unto a nameless temple
Upon Mount Gerizim.

Ant. Then bid them enter.
This pleases me, and furthers my
designs.
The occasion is auspicious. Bid them
enter.

SCENE II.—ANTIOCHUS; JASON; THE
SAMARITAN AMBASSADORS.

Ant. Approach. Come forward;
stand not at the door
Wagging your long beards, but demean
yourselves

As doth become Ambassadors. What
seek ye?

An Ambassador. An audience from
the King.

Ant. Speak, and be brief.
Waste not the time in useless rhetoric.
Words are not things.

Ambassador (reading). "To King
Antiochus,
The God, Epiphanes; a Memorial
From the Sidonians, who live at
Sichem."

Ant. Sidonians?

Ambassador. Ay, my lord.
Ant. Go on, go on!

And do not tire thyself and me with
bowing!

Ambassador (reading). "We are a
colony of Medes and Persians."

Ant. No, ye are Jews from one of
the Ten Tribes;
Whether Sidonians or Samaritans
Or Jews of Jewry, matters not to me;
Ye are all Israelites, ye are all Jews.
When the Jews prosper, ye claim
kindred with them;

When the Jews suffer, ye are Medes
and Persians:

I know that in the days of Alexander
Ye claimed exemption from the annual
tribute

In the Sabbath Year, because, ye said,
Your fields had not been planted in
that year.

Ambassador (reading). "Our fathers,
upon certain frequent plagues,
And following an ancient superstition,
Were long accustomed to observe that
day

Which by the Israelites is called the
Sabbath,
And in a temple on Mount Gerizim

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Without a name, they offered sacrifice.
Now we, who are Sidonians, beseech thee,
Who art our benefactor and our saviour,
Not to confound us with these wicked Jews,
But to give royal order and injunction To Apollonius in Samaria,
Thy governor, and likewise to Nicanor,
Thy procurator, no more to molest us ;
And let our nameless temple now be named
The Temple of Jupiter Hellenius."

Ant. This shall be done. Full well it pleaseth me
Ye are not Jews, or are no longer Jews, But Greeks ; if not by birth, yet Greeks by custom,
Your nameless temple shall receive the name
Of Jupiter Hellenius. Ye may go !

SCENE III.—ANTIOCHUS ; JASON.

Ant. My task is easier than I dreamed. These people Meet me half-way. Jason, didst thou take note How these Samaritans of Sichem said They were not Jews? that they were Medes and Persians, They were Sidonians, anything but Jews?

'Tis of good augury. The rest will follow Till the whole land is Hellenized.

Jason. My lord, These are Samaritans. The tribe of Judah

• Is of a different temper, and the task Will be more difficult.

Ant. Dost thou gainsay me?

Jason. I know the stubborn nature of the Jew.

Yesterday, Eleazer, an old man, Being fourscore years and ten, chose rather death By torture than to eat the flesh of swine.

Ant. The life is in the blood, and the whole nation Shall bleed to death, or it shall change its faith !

Jason. Hundreds have fled already to the mountains

Of Ephraim, where Judas Maccabæus

231

Hath raised the standard of revolt against thee.

Ant. I will burn down their city, and will make it

Waste as a wilderness. Its thoroughfares

Shall be but furrows in a field of ashes, It shall be sown with salt as Sodom is ! This hundred and fifty-third Olympiad Shall have a broad and blood-red seal upon it,

Stamped with the awful letters of my name.

Antiochus the God, Epiphanes !— Where are those Seven Sons?

Jason. My lord, they wait Thy royal pleasure.

Ant. They shall wait no longer !

ACT II.

The Dungeons in the Citadel.

SCENE I.—THE MOTHER of the SEVEN SONS alone, listening.

The Mother. BE strong, my heart !

Break not till they are dead, All, all my Seven Sons ; then burst asunder, And let this tortured and tormented soul Leap and rush out like water through the shards Of earthen vessels broken at a well.

O my dear children, mine in life and death,

I know not how ye came into my womb : I neither gave you breath nor gave you life,

And neither was it I that formed the members

Of every one of you. But the Creator, Who made the world, and made the heavens above us,

Who formed the generation of mankind,

And found out the beginning of all things,

He gave you breath and life, and will again

Of his own mercy, as ye now regard Not your own selves, but his eternal law.

I do not murmur, nay, I thank thee, God,

[unworthy That I and mine have not been deemed

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

To suffer for thy sake and for thy law,
And for the many sins of Israel.
Hark ! I can hear within the sound of
scourges !
I feel them more than ye do, O my
sons !
But cannot come to you. I, who was
wont
To wake at night at the least cry ye
made,
To whom ye ran at every slightest
hurt,—
I cannot take you now into my lap
And soothe your pain, but God will
take you all
Into his pitying arms, and comfort
you,
And give you rest.

A Voice (within). What wouldst
thou ask of us ?
Ready are we to die, but we will never
Transgress the law and customs of
our fathers.

The Mother. It is the voice of my
first-born ! O brave
And noble boy ! Thou hast the privi-
lege
Of dying first, as thou wast born the
first.

The same Voice (within). God
looketh on us, and hath com-
fort in us ;
As Moses in his song of old declared,
He in his servants shall be comforted.

The Mother. I knew thou wouldst
not fail ! — He speaks no more,
He is beyond all pain !

Ant. (within). If thou eat not
Thou shalt be tortured throughout all
the members
Of thy whole body. Wilt thou eat
then ?

Second Voice (within). No.
The Mother. It is Adaiah's voice. I
tremble for him.

I know his nature, devious as the
wind,
And swift to change, gentle and yield-
ing always.
Be steadfast, O my son !

The same Voice (within). Thou,
like a fury,
Takest us from this present life, but
God,
Who rules the world, shall raise us up
again
Into life everlasting.

The Mother. God, I thank thee

That thou hast breathed into that
timid heart
Courage to die for thee. O my
Adaiah,
Witness of God ! if thou for whom I
feared
Canst thus encounter death, I need
not fear ;
The others will not shrink.
Third Voice (within). Behold these
hands
Held out to thee, O King Antiochus,
Not to implore thy mercy but to show
That I despise them. He who gave
them to me
Will give them back again.

The Mother. O Avilan,
It is thy voice. For the last time I
hear it ;
For the last time on earth, but not
the last.
To death it bids defiance and to tor-
ture.
It sounds to me as from another world,
And makes the petty miseries of this
Seem unto me as nought, and less
than nought.

Farewell, my Avilan ; nay, I should
say,
Welcome, my Avilan ; for I am dead
Before thee. I am waiting for the
others.

Why do they linger ?
Fourth Voice (within). It is good, O
King,
Being put to death by man, to look
for hope [him.
From God, to be raised up again by
But thou—no resurrection shalt thou
have

To life hereafter.

The Mother. Four ! already four !
Three are still living ; nay, they all are
living,

Half here, half there. Make haste,
Antiochus,
To reunite us ; for the sword that
cleaves
These miserable bodies makes a door
Through which our souls, impatient
of release,
Rush to each other's arms.

Fifth Voice (within). Thou hast the
power ; [while,
Thou doest what thou wilt. Abide a
And thou shalt see the power of God,
and how
He will torment thee and thy seed.

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

The Mother. O hasten !
Why dost thou pause ? Thou who
hast slain already
So many Hebrew women, and hast
hung
Their murdered infants round their
necks, slay me,
For I too am a woman, and these boys
Are mine. Make haste to slay us all,
And hang my lifeless babes about my
neck.

Sixth Voice (within). Think not,
Antiochus, that takest in hand
To strive against the God of Israel,
Thou shalt escape unpunished, for his
wrath
Shall overtake thee and thy bloody
house.

The Mother. One more, my Sirion,
and then all is ended.
Having put all to bed, then in my turn
I will lie down and sleep as sound as
they.
My Sirion, my youngest, best beloved !
And those bright golden locks, that I
so oft
Have curled about these fingers, even
now
Are foul with blood and dust, like a
lamb's fleece
Slain in the shambles.—Not a sound I
hear.
This silence is more terrible to me
Than any sound, than any cry of pain,
That might escape the lips of one who
dies.
Doth his heart fail him ? Doth he fall
away
In the last hour from God ? O Sirion,
Sirion,
Art thou afraid ? I do not hear thy
voice.
Die as thy brothers died. Thou must
not live !

SCENE II.—THE MOTHER ; ANTIOCHUS ; SIRION.

The Mother. Are they all dead ?
Ant. Of all thy Seven Sons
One only lives. Behold them where
they lie.
How dost thou like this picture ?
The Mother. God in heaven !
Can a man do such deeds, and yet
not die
By the recoil of his own wickedness ?

Ye murdered, bleeding, mutilated
bodies
That were my children once, and still
are mine,
I cannot watch o'er you as Rispah
watched
In sackcloth o'er the seven sons of
Saul,
Till water drop upon you out of
heaven
And wash this blood away ! I cannot
mourn
As she, the daughter of Aiah, mourned
the dead,
From the beginning of the barley-
harvest
Until the autumn rains, and suffered
not
The birds of air to rest on them by
day,
Nor the wild beasts by night. For ye
have died
A better death, a death so full of life
That I ought rather to rejoice than
mourn.—
Wherefore art thou not dead, O
Sirion ?
Wherefore art thou the only living
thing
Among thy brothers dead ? Art thou
afraid ?

Ant. O woman, I have spared him
for thy sake,
For he is fair to look upon and
comely ;
And I have sworn to him by all the
gods
That I would crown his life with joy
and honour :
Heap treasures on him, luxuries, de-
lights,
Make him my friend and keeper of my
secrets,
If he would turn from your Mosaic
Law [listen.

And be as we are ; but he will not
The Mother. My noble Sirion !
Ant. Therefore I
beseech thee,
Who art his mother, thou wouldst
speak with him
And wouldst persuade him. I am sick
of blood.

The Mother. Yea, I will speak with
him and will persuade him.
O Sirion, my son ! have pity on me,
On me that bare thee, and that gave
thee suck,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And fed and nourished thee, and brought thee up
With the dear trouble of a mother's care
Unto this age. Look on the heavens above thee,
And on the earth and all that is therein ; Consider that God made them out of things
That were not ; and that likewise in this manner
Mankind was made. Then fear not this tormenter ; But, being worthy of thy brethren, take Thy death as they did, that I may receive thee Again in mercy with them.

Ant. I am mocked, Yes, I am laughed to scorn.
Sirion. Whom wait ye for ? Never will I obey the King's commandment, But the commandment of the ancient Law That was by Moses given unto our fathers. And thou, O godless man, that of all others Art the most wicked, be not lifted up, Nor puffed up with uncertain hopes, uplifting Thy hand against the servants of the Lord, For thou hast not escaped the righteous judgment Of the Almighty God, who seeth all things !

Ant. He is no God of mine ; I fear him not.
Sirion. My brothers, who have suffered a brief pain, Are dead ; but thou, Antiochus, shalt suffer The punishment of pride. I offer up My body and my life, beseeching God That he would speedily be merciful Unto our nation, and that thou by plagues

Mysterious and by torments mayest confess

That he alone is God.

Ant. Ye both shall perish By torments worse than any that your God,

Here or hereafter, hath in store for me.

The Mother. My Sirion, I am proud of thee !

Ant. Be silent !

Go to thy bed of torture in yon chamber, Where lie so many sleepers, heartless mother ! Thy footsteps will not wake them, nor thy voice, Nor wilt thou hear, amid thy troubled dreams, Thy children crying for thee in the night !
The Mother. O Death, that stretchest thy white hands to me, I fear them not, but press them to my lips, That are as white as thine ; for I am Death. Nay, am the Mother of Death, seeing these sons Are lying lifeless.—Kiss me, Sirion.

ACT III.

The Battle-field of Beth-horon.

SCENE I.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS *in armour before his tent.*

Judas. THE trumpets sound ; the echoes of the mountains Answer them as the Sabbath morning breaks Over Beth-horon and its battle-field, Where the great captain of the hosts of God, A slave brought up in the brick-fields of Egypt, O'ercame the Amorites. There was no day Like that, before or after it, nor shall be. The sun stood still ; the hammers of the hail Beat on their harness ; and the captains set Their weary feet upon the necks of kings, As I will upon thine, Antiochus, Thou man of blood !—Behold, the rising sun Strikes on the golden letters of my banner, *Be Elohim Yehovah !* Who is like To thee, O Lord, among the gods ?— Alas ! I am not Joshua, I cannot say “Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou Moon, In Ajalon !” Nor am I one who wastes

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

The fateful time in useless lamentation;
But one who bears his life upon his
hand
To lose it or to save it, as may best
Serve the designs of Him who giveth
life.

SCENE II.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; JEWISH FUGITIVES.

Judas. Who and what are ye, that
with furtive steps
Steal in among our tents ?

Fugitives. O Maccaebæus,
Outcasts are we, and fugitives as thou
art,
Jews of Jerusalem, that have escaped
From the polluted city, and from
death.

Judas. None can escape from death.
Say that ye come
To die for Israel, and ye are welcome.
What tidings bring ye?

Fugitives. Tidings of despair.
The temple is laid waste ; the precious
vessels,
Censers of gold, vials and veils and
crowns,
And golden ornaments, and hidden
treasures,
Have all been taken from it, and the
Gentiles
With revelling and with riot fill its
courts,
And daily with harlots in the holy
places.

Judas. All this I knew before.
Fugitives. Upon the altar
Are things profane, things by the law
forbidden ;
Nor can we keep our Sabbaths or our
Feasts,
But on the festivals of Dionysus
Must walk in their processions, bearing
ivy
To crown a drunken god.

Judas. This too I know.
But tell me of the Jews. How fare
the Jews ?

Fugitives. The coming of this mis-
chief hath been sore
And grievous to the people. All the
land
Is full of lamentation and of mourning.
The Princes and the Elders weep and
wail ;
The young men and the maidens are
made feeble ;

The beauty of the women hath been
changed.

Judas. And are there none to die
for Israel ?
'Tis not enough to mourn. Breast-
plate and harness
Are better things than sackcloth. Let
the women

Lament for Israel ; the men should die.
Fugitives. Both men and women
die ; old men and young ;
Old Eleazer died : and Mâhala
With all her Seven Sons.

Judas. Antiochus,
At every step thou takest there is left
A bloody footprint in the street, by
which
The avenging wrath of God will track
thee out !
It is enough. Go to the sutler's tents :
Those of you who are men, put on
such armour
As ye may find ; those of you who are
women,
Buckle that armour on ; and for a
watchword
Whisper, or cry aloud, " The Help of
God."

SCENE III.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; NICANOR.

Nicanor. Hail, Judas Maccaebæus !
Judas. Hail !—Who art thou
That comest here in this mysterious
guise

Into our camp unheralded ?
Nic. A herald
Sent from Nicanor.
Judas. Heralds come not thus.
Armed with thy shirt of mail from
head to heel,
Thou glidest like a serpent silently
Into my presence. Wherefore dost
thou turn
Thy face from me ? A herald speaks
his errand,
With forehead unabashed. Thou art
a spy

Sent by Nicanor.
Nic. No disguise avails !
Behold my face ! I am Nicanor's self.
Judas. Thou art indeed Nicanor. I
salute thee.
What brings thee hither to this hostile
camp
Thus unattended ?
Nic. Confidence in thee.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Thou hast the nobler virtues of thy race,
Without the failings that attend those [virtues.
Thou canst be strong, and yet not tyrannous,
Canst righteous be and not intolerant.
Let there be peace between us.

Judas. What is peace ?
Is it to bow in silence to our victors ?
Is it to see our cities sacked and pillaged,
Our people slain, or sold as slaves, or
At night-time by the blaze of burning towns ;
Jerusalem laid waste; the Holy Temple
Polluted with strange gods ? Are
these things peace ?

Nic. These are the dire necessities
that wait [ginery
On war, whose loud and bloody en-
I seek to stay. Let there be peace
between

Antiochus and thee.

Judas. Antiochus ? What is Antiochus, that he should
prate
Of peace to me, who am a fugitive ?
To-day he shall be lifted up ; to-morrow
Shall not be found, because he is re-
turned

Unto his dust ; his thought has come
to nothing. [can be,
There is no peace between us, nor
Until this banner floats upon the walls
Of our Jerusalem.

Nic. Between that city.
And thee there lies a waving wall of
tents, [foot,
Held by a host of forty thousand
And horsemen seven thousand. What
hast thou

To bring against all these ?

Judas. The power of God,
Whose breath shall scatter your white
tents abroad,
As flakes of snow.

Nic. Your Mighty One in heaven
Will not do battle on the Seventh Day ;
It is his day of rest.

Judas. Silence, blasphemer.
Go to thy tents.

Nic. Shall it be war or peace ?
Judas. War, war, and only war.
Go to thy tents

That shall be scattered, as by you were
scattered [Law,

The torn and trampled pages of the
Blown through the windy streets.

Nic. Farewell, brave foe !
Judas. Ho, there, my captains !
Have safe conduct given
Unto Nicanor's herald through the
camp, [well, Nicanor !
And come yourselves to me.—Fare-

SCENE IV.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS ;
CAPTAINS AND SOLDIERS.

Judas. The hour is come, Gather
the host together
For battle. Lo, with trumpets and
with songs

The army of Nicanor comes against us.
Go forth to meet them, praying in your
hearts,
And fighting with your hands.

Captains. Look forth and see !
The morning sun is shining on their
shields
Of gold and brass ; the mountains
glisten with them,
And shine like lamps. And we who
are so few [with fasting,
And poorly armed, and ready to faint
How shall we fight against this mul-
titude ? [standeth not

Judas. The victory of a battle
In multitudes, but in the strength that
cometh [that I
From heaven above. The Lord forbid
Should do this thing, and flee away
from them. [die ;
Nay, if our hour be come, then let us
Let us not stain our honour.

Captains. 'Tis the Sabbath.
Wilt thou fight on the Sabbath, Mac-
cabeus ?

Judas. Ay ; when I fight the battles
of the Lord, [others.
I fight them on his day, as on all
Have ye forgotten certain fugitives
That fled once to these hills, and hid
themselves

In caves ? How their pursuers camped
against them
Upon the Seventh Day, and challenged
them ?
And how they answered not, nor cast
a stone.

Nor stopped the places where they lay
concealed,
But meekly perished with their wives
and children,

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

Even to the number of a thousand souls.
We who are fighting for our laws and lives

Will not so perish.

Captains. Lead us to the battle !
Judas. And let our watchword be,
"The Help of God!"

Last night I dreamed a dream ; and in my vision

Beheld Onias, our High-Priest of old, Who holding up his hands prayed for the Jews,

This done, in the like manner there appeared

An old man, and exceeding glorious, With hoary hair, and of a wonderful And excellent majesty. And Onias said :

"This is the lover of the Jews, who Much for the people and the Holy City,—

God's prophet Jeremias." And the prophet

Held forth his right hand and gave unto me

A sword of gold ; and giving it he said : "Take thou this holy sword, a gift

from God, And with it thou shalt wound thine adversaries."

Captains. The Lord is with us !
Judas. Hark !

I hear the trumpets Sound from Beth-horon ; from the battle-field

Of Joshua, where he smote the Amorites,

Smote the Five Kings of Eglon and of Jarmuth,

Of Hebron, Lachish, and Jerusalem, As we to-day will smite Nicanor's hosts And leave a memory of great deeds behind us.

Captains and Soldiers. The help of God !

Judas. Be Elohim Yehovah ! Lord, thou didst send thine Angel in the time

Of Esekias, King of Israel, And in the armies of Sennacherib Didst slay a hundred fourscore and five thousand.

Wherefore, O Lord of heaven, now also send

Before us a good angel for a fear, And through the might of thy right arm let those

Be stricken with terror that have come this day
Against thy holy people to blaspheme !

ACT IV.

The outer Courts of the Temple at Jerusalem.

SCENE I.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS ; CAPTAINS ; JEWS.

Judas. BEHOLD, our enemies are discomfited.

Jerusalem is fallen ; and our banners Float from her battlements, and o'er her gates

Nicanor's severed head, a sign of terror,

Blackens in wind and sun.

Captains. O Maccabæus, The citadel of Antiochus, wherein The Mother with her Seven Sons was murdered,

Is still defiant.

Judas. Wait.

Captains. Its hateful aspect Insults us with the bitter memories Of other days.

Judas. Wait ; it shall disappear And vanish as a cloud. First let us cleanse

The Sanctuary. See, it is become Waste like a wilderness. Its golden gates

Wrenched from their hinges and consumed by fire ;

Shrubs growing in its courts as in a forest ;

Upon its altars hideous and strange idols ;

And strewn about its pavement at my feet

Its Sacred Books, half burned and painted o'er

With images of heathen gods.

Jews. Woe ! woe ! Our beauty and our glory are laid waste !

The Gentiles have profaned our holy places !

(Lamentation and alarm of trumpets.)

Judas. The sound of trumpets, and this lamentation, The heart-cry of a people toward the heavens,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Stir me to wrath and vengeance. Go,
 my captains;
I hold you back no longer. Batter
 down
The citadel of Antiochus, while here
We sweep away his altars and his
 gods.

SCENE II.—JUDAS MACCABÆUS ;
 JASON ; JEWS.

Jews. Lurking among the ruins of
 the Temple,
Deep in its inner courts, we found
 this man,

Clad as High-Priest.

Judas. I ask not who thou art.
I know thy face, writ over with deceit
As are these tattered volumes of the
 Law
With heathen images. A priest of
 God
Wast thou in other days, but thou art
 now
A priest of Satan. Traitor, thou art

Jason. I am thy prisoner, Judas
 Maccabæus,

And it would ill become me to conceal
My name or office.

Judas. Over yonder gate
There hangs the head of one who was
 a Greek,
What should prevent me now, thou
 man of sin,
From hanging at its side the head of
 one
Who born a Jew hath made himself a
 Greek?

Jason. Justice prevents thee.

Judas. Justice? Thou art stained
With every crime 'gainst which the
 Decalogue

Thunders with all its thunder.

Jason. If not Justice,
Then Mercy, her handmaiden.

Judas. When hast thou
At any time, to any man or woman,
Or even to any little child, shown
 mercy?

Jason. I have but done what King
 Antiochus

Commanded me.

Judas. True, thou hast
 been the weapon
With which he struck; but hast been
 such a weapon,
So flexible, so fitted to his hand,

It tempted him to strike. So thou
 hast urged him
To double wickedness, thine own and
 his.

Where is this King? Is he in Antioch?
Among his women still, and from his
 windows

Throwing down gold by handfuls, for
 the rabble

To scramble for?

Jason. Nay, he is gone from there,
Gone with an army into the far East.

Judas. And wherefore gone?

Jason. I know not. For

 the space

Of forty days almost were horsemen
 seen

Running in air, in cloth of gold, and

 armed
With lances, like a band of soldiery;

It was a sign of triumph.

Judas. Or of death.

Wherefore art thou not with him?

Jason. I was left

For service in the Temple.

Judas. To pollute it,
And to corrupt the Jews; for there

 are men
Whose presence is corruption; to be

 with them [we do.

Degrades us and deforms the things

Jason. I never made a boast, as

 some men do,
Of my superior virtue, nor denied

The weakness of my nature, that hath

 made me

Subservient to the will of other men.

Judas. Upon this day, the five-and-

 twentieth day

Of the month Caslan, was the Temple

 here
Profaned by strangers,—by Antiochus

And thee, his instrument. Upon this

 day

Shall it be cleansed. Thou who didst

 lend thyself
Unto this profanation, canst not be

 A witness of these solemn services.

There can be nothing clean where

 thou art present.

The people put to death Callisthenes,

Who burned the Temple gates; and

 if they find thee [life

Will surely slay thee. I will spare thy

 To punish thee the longer. Thou

 shalt wander

Among strange nations. Thou, that

 hast cast out

JUDAS MACCABÆUS.

So many from their native land, shall perish
In a strange land. Thou, that hast left so many
Unburied, shalt have none to mourn for thee,
Nor any solemn funerals at all, Nor sepulchre with thy fathers.—Get thee hence !

(*Music. Procession of Priests and people, with citherns, harps, and cymbals.* JUDAS MACCABÆUS puts himself at their head, and they go into the inner courts.)

SCENE III.—JASON, alone.

Jason. Through the Gate Beautiful I see them come With branches and green boughs and leaves of palm, And pass into the inner courts. Alas ! I should be with them, should be one of them, But in an evil hour, an hour of weakness cometh unto all, I fell away From the old faith, and did not clutch the new, Only an outward semblance of belief ; For the new faith I cannot make mine own, Not being born to it. It hath no root Within me, I am neither Jew nor Greek, But stand between them both, a renegade To each in turn ; having no longer In gods or men. Then what mysterious charm, What fascination is it chains my feet, And keeps me gazing like a curious child Into the holy places, where the priests Have raised their altar ?—Striking stones together, They take fire out of them, and light the lamps In the great candlestick. They spread the veils, And set the loaves of shewbread on the table. The incense burns ; the well-remembered odour comes wasted unto me, and takes me To other days. I see myself among them As I was then ; and the old superstition

Creeps over me again !—A childish fancy !— And hark ! they sing with citherns and with cymbals, And all the people fall upon their faces, Praying and worshipping !—I will away Into the East, to meet Antiochus Upon his homeward journey, crowned with triumph. Alas ! to-day I would give everything To see a friend's face, or to hear a voice That had the slightest tone of comfort in it !

ACT V.

The Mountains of Ecbatana.

SCENE I.—ANTIOCHUS ; PHILIP ; ATTENDANTS.

Ant. HERE let us rest awhile. Where are we, Philip ?

What place is this ?

Philip. Ecbatana, my lord ; And yonder mountain range is the Oronites.

Ant. The Oronites is my river at Antioch.

Why did I leave it ! Why have I been tempted By coverings of gold and shields and breastplates

To plunder Elymais, and be driven From out its gates, as by a fiery blast Out of a furnace ?

Philip. These are fortune's changes.

Ant. What a defeat was ! The Persian horsemen Came like a mighty wind, the wind Khamaseen, And melted us away, and scattered us As if we were dead leaves, or desert sand.

Philip. Be comforted, my lord ; for thou hast lost

But what thou hadst not.

Ant. I, who made the Jews Skip like the grasshoppers, am made myself

To skip among these stones.

Philip. Be not discouraged. Thy realm of Syria remains to thee ; That is not lost nor marred.

Ant. O, where are now The splendours of my court, my baths and banquets ?

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Where are my players and my dancing women?

Where are my sweet musicians with their pipes,
That made me merry in the olden time?

I am a laughing-stock to man and
The very camels, with their ugly faces,
Mock me and laugh at me.

Philip. Alas ! my lord,
It is not so. If thou wouldest sleep a while,
All would be well.

Ant. Sleep from my eyes is gone,
And my heart faileth me for very care.
Dost thou remember, Philip, the old fable

Told us when we were boys, in which the bear

Going for honey overturns the hive,
And is stung blind by bees ? I am that beast,
Stung by the Persian swarms of Elymais.

Philip. When thou art come again to Antioch
These thoughts will be as covered and forgotten
As are the tracks of Pharaoh's chariot-wheels
In the Egyptian sands.

Ant. Ah ! when I come again to Antioch ! When will that be ?
Alas ! alas !

SCENE II.—ANTIOCHUS ; PHILIP ;
A MESSENGER.

Messenger. May the King live for ever !

Ant. Who art thou, and whence comest thou ?

Messenger. My lord, I am a messenger from Antioch, Sent here by Lysias.

Ant. A strange foreboding Of something evil overshadows me. I am no reader of the Jewish Scriptures ;

I know not Hebrew ; but my High-Priest Jason, As I remember, told me of a Prophet Who saw a little cloud rise from the sea Like a man's hand, and soon the heaven was black With clouds and rain. Here, Philip, read ; I cannot ;

I see that cloud. It makes the letters dim

Before mine eyes.

Philip (reading). "To King Antiochus,
The God, Epiphanes."

Ant. O mockery ! Even Lysias laughs at me !—Go on, go on !

Philip (reading). "We pray thee hasten thy return. The realm Is falling from thee. Since thou hast gone from us

The victories of Judas Maccabeus Form all our annals. First he overthrew [on,

Thy forces at Beth-horon, and passed And took Jerusalem, the Holy City. And then Ennus fell ; and then Bethsura ;

Ephron, and all the towns of Galaad, And Maccabeus marched to Carnion."

Ant. Enough, enough ! Go call my chariot-men ;

We will drive forward, forward, without ceasing,

Until we come to Antioch. My captains, My Lysias, Gorgias, Seron, and Nicanor,

Are babes in battle, and this dreadful Jew Will rob me of my kingdom and my crown.

My elephants shall trample him to dust ; I will wipe out his nation, and will make

Jerusalem a common burying-place, And every home within its walls a tomb !

(*Throws up his hands, and sinks into the arms of attendants, who lay him upon a bank.*)

Philip. Antiochus ! Antiochus ! Alas ! The King is ill ! What is it, O my lord ?

Ant. Nothing. A sudden and sharp spasm of pain, [knife As if the lightning struck me, or the Of an assassin smote me to the heart. 'Tis passed, even as it came. Let us set forward. [readiness

Philip. See that the chariots be in We will depart forthwith.

Ant. A moment more. I cannot stand. I am become at once

TRANSLATIONS.

Weak as an infant. Ye will have to lead me.

Jove, or Jehovah, or whatever name Thou wouldst be named,—it is alike to me,—

If I knew how to pray, I would entreat To live a little longer.

Philip. O my lord, Thou shalt not die; we will not let thee die!

Ant. How canst thou help it, Philip? Oh the pain!

Stab after stab. Thou hast no shield against

This unseen weapon. God of Israel, Since all the other gods abandon me, Help me. I will release the Holy City,

Garnish with goodly gifts the Holy Temple.

Thy people, whom I judged to be unworthy

To be so much as buried, shall be Unto the citizens of Antioch.

I will become a Jew, and will declare Through all the world that is inhabited The power of God!

Philip. He faints. It is like death. Bring here the royal litter. We will bear him

Into the camp, while yet he lives.

Ant. O Philip,

Into what tribulation am I come!

Alas! I now remember all the evil

I have done the Jews; and for this cause

[behold These troubles are upon me, and I perish through great grief in a strange land.

Philip. Antiochus! my King!

Ant. Nay, King no longer.

Take thou my royal robes, my signet-ring,

[them My crown and sceptre, and deliver

Unto my son, Antiochus Eupator;

And unto the good Jews, my citizens, In all my towns, say that their dying monarch

Wisheth them joy, prosperity, and health.

I who, puffed up with pride and arrogance,

Thought all the kingdoms of the earth mine own,

If I would but outstretch my hand and take them,

Meet face to face a greater potentate,

King Death—Epiphanes—the Illustrious!

[*Dies.*]

Translations.

COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

FROM THE SPANISH

[Don JORGE MANRIQUE, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. He followed the profession of arms, and died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honourable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés; and speaks of him as "a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valour." He died young; and was thus cut off from long exercising his great virtues, and exhibiting to the world the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Canavate, in the year 1479.]

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés; but, according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, "Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant Ode, full of poetic beauties, rich embellishments of genius, and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful; and, in accordance with it, the style moves on—calm, dignified, and majestic.]

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake:
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past—the past,
More highly prize.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Onward its course the present keeps,
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done;
And, did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.

Let no one fondly dream again,
That Hope in all her shadowy train
Will not decay;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill.
There all are equal; side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
Lie calm and still.

I will not here invoke the throng
Of orators and sons of song,
The deathless few:
Fiction entices and deceives,
And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
Lies poisonous dew.

To One alone my thoughts arise,
The Eternal Truth, the Good and
Wise,
To Him I cry,
Who shared on earth our common
lot,

But the world comprehended not
His Deity.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wan-
dering thought
To its high state.

Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Saviour came;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery!
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us, chances
strange,
Disastrous accident, and change,
That come to all;
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate;
The strongest fall.

Tell me, the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow,
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah, where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth im-
parts
In life's first stagé;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward
To weary age. [gate

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!

Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scutcheon, that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart!
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
Of fickle heart.

TRANSLATIONS.

These gifts in Fortune's hands are found;
Her swift revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone !
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles, till the grave
Reclaimed its prey,
Let none on such poor hopes rely ;
Life, like an empty dream, flits by,
And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,
They fade and die ;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
Eternally !

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
What are they, all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
Wherein we fall ?

No foe; no dangerous pass, we heed,
Brook no delay, but onward speed
With loosened rein ;
And, when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power,
What ardour show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
In weeds of woe !

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptred throng?
On these shall fall

As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
Beside his stall.

I speak not of the Trojan name,
Neither its glory nor its shame
Has met our eyes ;
Nor of Rome's great and glorious
dead,
Though we have heard so oft, and read,
Their histories.

Little availts it now to know
Of ages passed so long ago,
Nor how they rolled ;
Our theme shall be of yesterday,
Which to oblivion sweeps away,
Like days of old.

Where is the King, Don Juan? Where
Each royal prince and noble heir
Of Aragon?
Where are the courtly gallantries?
The deeds of love and high emprise,
In battle done?

Tourney and joust, that charmed the
eye,
And scarf, and gorgeous panoply,
And nodding plume,
What were they but a pageant scene?
What but the garlands, gay and green,
That deck the tomb?

Where are the high-born dames, and
where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odours sweet?
Where are the gentle knights, that
came
To kneel, and breathe love's ardent
flame,
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour?
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with
gold,
The dancers wore?

And he who next the sceptre swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride ;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside !

But O how false and full of guile
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

She, that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

The countless gifts, the stately walls,
The royal palaces, and halls
All filled with gold ;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold ;

The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight,
In rich array,
Where shall we seek them now ? Alas !
Like the bright dewdrops on the grass,
They passed away.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal,
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign ;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train !

But he was mortal ; and the breath,
That flamed from the hot forge of
Blasted his years ; [Death,
Judgment of God ! that flame by thee,
When raging fierce and fearfully,
Was quenched in tears !

Spain's haughty Constable, the true
And gallant Master, whom we knew
Most loved of all ;
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall !

The countless treasures of his care,
His villages and villas fair,
His mighty power,
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart, when came
The parting hour ?

His other brothers, proud and high,
Masters, who, in prosperity,
Might rival kings ;
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest,
Their underlings ;

What was their prosperous estate
When high exalted and elate
With power and pride ?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
Grew dim and died ?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
And baron brave,

That might the sword of empire wield,
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed.

In the dark grave !

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all-powerful mace
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
And flag displayed ;
High battlements intrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And palisade,

And covered trench, secure and deep ;
All these cannot one victim keep,
O Death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

O World ! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed !
Alas ! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom ;
Left desolate of real good,
Within this cheerless solitude
No pleasures bloom.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair ;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Thy goods are bought with many a
groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts ;
Fleet footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs.

And he, the good man's shield and
shade,
To whom all hearts their homage paid,
As Virtue's son,
Roderic Manrique, he whose name
Is written on the scroll of Fame,
Spain's champion ;

TRANSLATIONS.

His signal deeds and prowess high
Demand no pompous eulogy,—
Ye saw his deeds! [sung ?]
Why should their praise in verse be
The name, that dwells on every tongue,
No minstrel needs.

To friends a friend ; how kind to all
The vassals of this ancient hall
And feudal fief !
To foes how stern a foe was he !
And to the valiant and the free
How brave a chief !

What prudence with the old and wise ;
What grace in youthful gaieties ;
In all how sage !
Benignant to the serf and slave,
He showed the base and falsely brave
A lion's rage.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
At battle's call ;
His, Scipio's virtue ; his, the skill
And the indomitable will
Of Hannibal.

His was a Trajan's goodness, his
A Titus' noble charities
And righteous laws ;
The arm of Hector, and the might
Of Tully, to maintain the right
In truth's just cause ;

The clemency of Antonine,
Aurelius' countenance divine,
Firm, gentle, still ;
The eloquence of Adrian,
And Theodosius' love to man,
And generous will ;

In tented field and bloody fray,
An Alexander's vigorous sway
And stern command ;
The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

He left no well-filled treasury,
He heaped no pile of riches high,
Nor massive plate ;
He fought the Moors, and, in their fall,
City and tower and castled wall
Were his estate.

Upon the hard-fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave ;
And there the warrior's hand did gain
The rents, and the long vassal train,
That conquest gave.

245

And if, of old, his halls displayed
The honoured and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So, in the dark, disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondsmen of his power
His hand sustained.

After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made, that
more
And fairer regions, than before,
His guerdon were.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which, with the hand of youth, he
traced
On history's page ;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill, by great
And veteran service to the state,
By worth adored,
He stood, in his high dignity,
The proudest knight of chivalry,
Knight of the Sword.

He found his cities and domains
Beneath a tyrant's galling chains
And cruel power ;
But, by fierce battle and blockade,
Soon his own banner was displayed
From every tower.

By the tried valour of his hand,
His monarch and his native land
Were nobly served ;
Let Portugal repeat the story,
And proud Castile, who shared the
glory
His arms deserved.

And when so oft, for weal or woe,
His life upon the fatal throw
Had been cast down ;
When he had served with patriot zeal,
Beneath the banner of Castile,
His sovereign's crown ;

And done such deeds of valour strong
That neither history nor song
Can count them all ;
Then, on Ocaña's castled rock,
Death at his portal came to knock,
With sudden call,

Saying, " Good Cavalier, prepare
To leave this world of toil and care
With joyful mien ;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Let thy strong heart of steel this day
Put on its armour for the fray,
The closing scene.

"Since thou hast been, in battle-strife,
So prodigal of health and life,
For earthly fame,
Let virtue nerve thy heart again ;
Loud on the last stern battle-plain
They call thy name.

"Think not the struggle that draws
near
Too terrible for man, nor fear
To meet the foe ;
Nor let thy noble spirit grieve,
Its life of glorious fame to leave
On earth below.

"A life of honour and of worth
Has no eternity on earth,
'Tis but a name ;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

"The eternal life, beyond the sky,
Wealth cannot purchase, nor the high
And proud estate ;
The soul in dalliance laid, the spirit
Corrupt with sin, shall not inherit
A joy so great.

"But the good monk in cloistered cell,
Shall gain it by his book and bell,
His prayers and tears ; [dures
And the brave knight, whose arm en-
Fierce battle, and against the Moors
His standard rears.

"And thou, brave knight, whose hand
has poured
The life-blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive, at length,
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.

"Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith entire and pure
Thou dost profess,
Depart, thy hope is certainty,
The third, the better life on high,
Shalt thou possess."

"O Death, no more, no more delay !
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest ;
The will of Heaven my will shall be,
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.

"My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh ;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign
will

That we shall die.

"O Thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form, and humbly make
Thy home on earth ;
Thou, that to thy Divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,

"And in that form didst suffer here
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently ;
By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
Oh, pardon me ! "

As thus the dying warrior prayed,
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind ;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye
So soft and kind ;

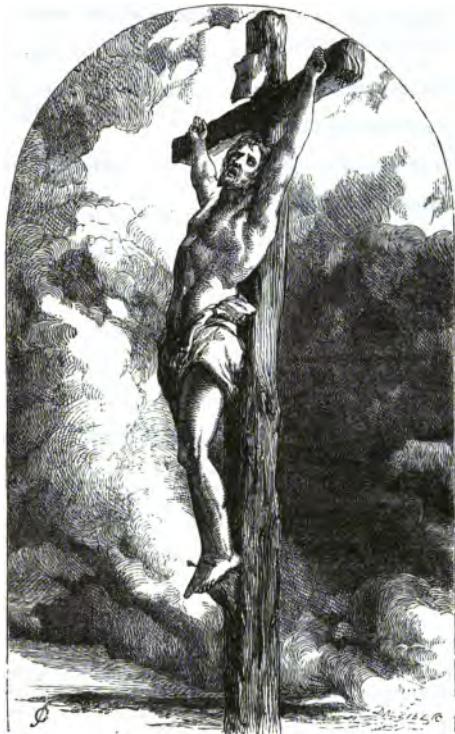
His soul to Him, who gave it, rose :
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest !
And, though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE
VEGA.

SHEPHERD ! who with thine amorous
sylvan songs
Hast broken the slumber that en-
compassed me,
Who mad'st thy crook from the
accursed tree,
On which thy powerful arms were
stretched so long !
Lead me to mercy's ever-flowing foun-
tains ;
For thou my shepherd, guard, and
guide shalt be ;
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the
mountains.
Hear, Shepherd ! thou who for thy
flock art dying,
Oh, wash away these scarlet sins,
for thou

TRANSLATIONS.



Rejoicest at the contrite sinner's
vow,
Oh, wait ! to thee my weary soul is
crying,
Wait for me ! Yet why ask it, when
I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou'rt
waiting still for me ?

~~~~~  
THE IMAGE OF GOD.  
FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO  
DE ALDANA.

O LORD ! who seest, from yon starry  
height  
Centred in one the future and the  
past [how fast  
Fashioned in thine own image, see

The world obscures in me what  
once was bright !  
Eternal Sun ! the warmth which thou  
hast given,  
To cheer life's flowery April, fast  
decays ;  
Yet in the hoary winter of my days,  
For'ever green shall be my trust in  
Heaven,  
Celestial King ! Oh let thy presence  
pass  
Before my spirit, and an image fair  
Shall meet that look of mercy from  
on high,  
As the reflected image in a glass  
Doth meet the look of him who  
seeks it there,  
And owes its being to the gazer's  
eye.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

TO-MORROW.

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,  
Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,  
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,  
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?  
O strange delusion! that I did not greet  
Thy blest approach, and oh, to Heaven how lost,  
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost  
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.  
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,  
"Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see  
How he persists to knock and wait for thee!"  
And, oh! how often to that voice of sorrow,  
"To-morrow we will open," I replied,  
And when the morrow came, I answered still, "To-morrow."

THE NATIVE LAND.

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE ALDANA.

CLEAR fount of light! my native land on high,  
Bright with a glory that shall never fade!  
Mansion of truth! without a veil or shade,  
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.  
There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,  
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;  
But, sentinel in heaven, its glorious presence  
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not, death.  
Beloved country! banished from thy shore,  
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,  
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!

Heavenward the bright perfections I adore

Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,  
That, whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

THE BROOK.

FROM THE SPANISH.

LAUGH of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!  
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!  
The soul of April, unto whom are born  
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!  
Although, where'er thy devious current strays,  
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,  
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems  
Than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.  
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent  
As the pure crystal, let the curious eye  
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!  
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!  
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!  
Thou shunn'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

THE CELESTIAL PILOT.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, II.

AND now, behold! as at the approach of morning,  
Through the gross vapours, Mars grows fiery red  
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,  
Appeared to me,—may I again behold it!—  
A light along the sea, so swiftly coming,  
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled.  
And when therefrom I had withdrawn a little  
Mine eyes, that I might question my conductor,

## TRANSLATIONS.

Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.  
Thereafter, on all sides of it, appeared  
I knew not what of white, and underneath,  
Little by little, there came forth another.  
My master yet had uttered not a word,  
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded ;  
But, when he clearly recognized the pilot,  
He cried aloud : " Quick, quick, and bow the knee !  
Behold the Angel of God ! fold up thy hands !  
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers !  
See, how he scorns all human arguments,  
So that no ear he wants, nor other sail  
Than his own wings, between so distant shores !  
See, how he holds them, pointed straight to heaven,  
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,  
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair !"  
And then, as nearer and more near us came  
The Bird of Heaven, more glorious he appeared,  
So that the eye could not sustain his presence,  
But down I cast it ; and he came to shore  
With a small vessel, gliding swift and light,  
So that the waters swallowed nought thereof.  
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot !  
Beatitude seemed written in his face !  
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.  
" *In exitu Israel de Aegypto !*"  
Thus sang they all together in one voice,  
With whatso in that Psalm is after written.  
Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,  
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,  
And he departed swiftly as he came.

THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE.  
FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXVIII.  
LONGING already to search in and round  
The heavenly forest, dense and living green,  
Which tempered to the eyes the new-born day,  
Withouten more delay I left the bank,  
Crossing the level country, slowly,  
Over the soil, that everywhere breathed fragrance.  
A gently-breathing air, that no mutation  
Had in itself, smote me upon the forehead,  
No heavier blow, than of a pleasant breeze,  
Whereat the tremulous branches readily  
Did all of them bow downward towards that side  
Where its first shadow casts the Holy Mountain ;  
Yet not from their upright direction bent  
So that the little birds upon their tops  
Should cease the practice of their tuneful art ;  
But, with full-throated joy, the hours of prime  
Singing received they in the midst of foliage  
That made monotonous burden to their rhymes,  
Even as from branch to branch it gathering swells,  
Through the pine forests on the shore of Chiassi,  
When Aeolus unlooses the Sirocco.  
Already my slow steps had led me on  
Into the ancient wood so far, that I  
Could see no more the place where  
I had entered.  
And lo ! my further course cut off a river,  
Which, tow'rs the left hand, with its little waves  
Bent down the grass, that on its margin sprang.  
All waters that on earth most limpid  
Would seem to have within themselves some mixture,  
Compared with that, which nothing doth conceal,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Although it moves on with a brown,  
brown current,  
Under the shade perpetual, that  
never  
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the  
moon.

~~~~~  
BEATRICE.

FROM DANTE. PURGATORIO, XXX.,
XXXI.

EVEN as the Blessed, at the final summons,
Shall rise up quickened, each one
from his grave,
Wearing again the garments of the
flesh,
So, upon that celestial chariot,
A hundred rose *ad vocem tanti senis*,
Ministers and messengers of life
eternal.
They all were saying, "*Benedictus qui
venis*,"
And scattering flowers above and
round about,
"*Manibus o date lilia plenis.*"
Oft have I seen, at the approach of day,
The orient sky all stained with
roseate hues,
And the other heaven with light
serene adorned,
And the sun's face uprising over-
shadowed,
So that by temperate influence of
vapours,
The eye sustained his aspect for long
while;
Thus in the bosom of a cloud of flowers,
Which from those hands angelic
were thrown up,
And down descended inside and
without,
With crown of olive o'er a snow-white
veil,
Appeared a lady under a green
mantle,
Vested in colours of the living flame.
Even as the snow, among the living
rafters
Upon the back of Italy, congeals,
Blown on and beaten by Sclavonian
winds.
And then, dissolving, filters through
itself,
Whene'er the land, that loses
shadow, breathes,

Like as a taper melts before a fire,
Even such I was, without a sigh or
tear,
Before the song of those who chime
for ever
After the chiming of the eternal
spheres;
But, when I heard in those sweet
melodies
Compassion for me, more than had
they said,
"Oh wherefore, lady, dost thou
thus consume him?"
The ice, that was about my heart con-
gealed,
To air and water changed, and, in
my anguish,
Through lips and eyes came gushing
from my breast.
Confusion and dismay, together
mingled,
Forced such a feeble "Yes!" out
of my mouth,
To understand it one had need of
sight.
Even as a cross-bow breaks, when 'tis
discharged,
Too tensely drawn the bow-string
and the bow,
And with less force the arrow hits
the mark;
So I gave way beneath this heavy
burden,
Gushing forth into bitter tears and
sighs,
And the voice, fainting, flagged,
upon its passage.

~~~~~  
SPRING.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES  
D'ORLEANS. XV. CENTURY.

GENTLE Spring! in sunshine clad,  
Well dost thou thy power display!  
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,  
And thou, thou makest the sad heart  
gay.  
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy  
train,  
The sleet, and the snow, and the  
wind, and the rain;  
And they shrink away, and they flee in  
fear,  
When thy merry step draws near.

TRANSLATIONS.



Winter giveth the fields and the trees,  
so old,

Their beards of icicles and snow ;  
And the rain, it raineth so fast and  
cold,

We must cower over the embers low ;  
And, snugly housed from the wind  
and weather,  
Mope like birds that are changing  
feather.

251

But the storm retires, and the sky  
grows clear,  
When thy merry step draws near.

Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy  
sky  
Wrap him round with a mantle of  
But, Heaven be praised, thy step is  
nigh ;  
Thou tearest away the mournful

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And the earth looks bright, and  
Winter surly,  
Who has toiled for nought both late  
and early,  
Is banished afar by the new-born  
year,  
When thy merry step draws near.

~~~~~

THE CHILD ASLEEP.

FROM THE FRENCH

SWEET babe ! true portrait of thy
father's face,
Sleep on the bosom that thy lips
have pressed !
Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently
place
Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's
breast.

Upon that tender eye, my little
friend,
Soft sleep shall come, that cometh
not to me !
I watch to see thee, nourish thee,
defend ;
'Tis sweet to watch for thee, alone
for thee !

His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon
his brow ;
His eye is closed ; he sleeps, nor
dreams of harm.
Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy
glow,
Would you not say he slept on
Death's cold arm ?

Awake, my boy ! I tremble with
affright !
Awake, and chase this fatal thought !
Unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the
light !
Even at the price of thine, give me
repose !

~~~~~

Sweet error ! he but slept—I breathe  
again ;  
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of  
sleep beguile !  
Oh, when shall he, for whom I sigh in  
vain,  
Beside me watch to see thy waking  
smile ?

~~~~~

THE GRAVE.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

FOR thee was a house built
Ere thou wast born,
For there was a mould meant
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not made ready,
Nor its depth measured,
Nor is it seen
How long it shall be.
Now I bring thee
Where thou shalt be ;
Now I shall measure thee,
And the mould afterwards.

Thy house is not
Highly timbered,
It is unhigh and low ;
When thou art therein,
The heel-ways are low,
The side-ways unhigh.
The roof is built
Thy breast full nigh.
So thou shalt in mould
Dwell full cold,
Dimly and dark.

Doorless is that house,
And dark it is within ;
There thou art fast detained
And Death hath the key.
Loathsome is that earth-house,
And grim within to dwell.
There thou shalt dwell,
And worms shall divide thee.

Thus thou art laid,
And leavest thy friends.
Thou hast no friend,
Who will come to thee,
Who will ever see
How that house pleaseth thee ;
Who will ever open
The door for thee,
And descend after thee ;
For soon thou art loathsome
And hateful to see.

~~~~~

THE HAPPIEST LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THERE sat one day in quiet,  
By an alehouse on the Rhine,  
Four hale and hearty fellows,  
And drank the precious wine.  
The landlord's daughter filled their  
cups,  
Around the rustic board :

TRANSLATIONS.



Then sat they all so calm and still,  
And spake not one rude word.

But when the maid departed,  
A Swabian raised his hand,  
And cried, all hot and flushed with  
wine,

“ Long live the Swabian land !

“ The greatest kingdom upon earth  
Cannot with that compare ;  
With all the stout and hardy men  
And the nut-brown maidens there.”

“ Ha ! ” cried a Saxon laughing,  
And dashed his beard with wine ;

“ I had rather live in Lapland,  
Than that Swabian land of thine !

“ The goodliest land on all this earth,  
It is the Saxon land !  
There have I as many maidens  
As fingers on this hand ! ”

“ Hold your tongues ! both Swabian  
and Saxon ! ”

A bold Bohemian cries ;  
“ If there’s a heaven upon this earth  
In Bohemia it lies.

“ There the tailor blows the flute,  
And the cobbler blows the horn,

## IONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And the miner blows the bugle,  
Over mountain gorge and bourn."

And then the landlord's daughter  
Up to heaven raised her hand,  
And said : " Ye may no more con-  
tend,—  
There lies the happiest land ! "

### KING CHRISTIAN.

*A National Song of Denmark.*  
FROM THE DANISH OF JOHANNES  
EVALD.

KING CHRISTIAN stood by the lofty  
mast  
In mist and smoke ;  
His sword was hammering so fast,  
Through Gothic helm and brain it  
passed ;  
Then sank each hostile hulk and mast,  
In mist and smoke.  
" Fly ! " shouted they, " fly, he who  
can !

Who braves of Denmark's Christian  
The stroke ? "

Nils Juel gave heed to the tempest's  
roar,  
Now is the hour !  
He hoisted his blood-red flag once  
more,  
And smote upon the foe full sore,  
And shouted loud, through the tem-  
pest's roar,  
" Now is the hour ! "

" Fly ! " shouted they, " for shelter  
fly !  
Of Denmark's Juel who can defy  
The power ? "

North Sea ! a glimpse of Wessel rent  
Thy murky sky !  
Then champions to thine arms were  
sent ;  
Terror and Death glared where he  
went ;  
From the waves was heard a wail, that  
rent

Thy murky sky !  
From Denmark, thunders Torden-  
skiol',  
Let each to Heaven commend his  
soul,  
And fly !

Path of the Dane to fame and might !  
Dark-rolling wave !

Receive thy friend, who, scorning flight,  
Goes to meet danger with despite,  
Proudly as thou the tempest's might,  
Dark-rolling wave !  
And amid pleasures and alarms,  
And war and victory, be thine arms  
My grave !

### THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.  
" WHITHER, thou turbid wave ?  
Whither, with so much haste,  
As if a thief wert thou ? "

" I am the Wave of Life,  
Stained with my margin's dust ;  
From the struggle and the strife  
Of the narrow stream I fly  
To the Sea's immensity,  
To wash from me the slime  
Of the muddy banks of Time. "

### THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF STOCKMANN.

How they so softly rest,  
All they the holy ones,  
Unto whose dwelling-place  
Now doth my soul draw near !  
How they so softly rest,  
All in their silent graves,  
Deep to corruption  
Slowly down-sinking !

And they no longer weep,  
Here, where complaint is still !  
And they no longer feel,  
Here, where all gladness flies !  
And, by the cypresses  
Softly o'ershadowed,  
Until the Angel  
Calls them, they slumber !

### THE BIRD AND THE SHIP.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

" THE rivers rush into the sea,  
By castle and town they go ;  
The winds behind them merrily  
Their noisy trumpets blow.

" The clouds are passing far and high,  
We little birds in them play ;  
And everything, that can sing and fly,  
Goes with us, and far away.

## TRANSLATIONS.

"I greet thee, bonny boat ! Whither,  
    or whence  
With thy fluttering golden band ?"  
"I greet thee, little bird ! To the wide  
    sea  
I haste from the narrow land.  
"Full and swollen is every sail ;  
I see no longer a hill,  
I have trusted all to the sounding gale,  
And it will not let me stand still.  
"And wilt thou, little bird, go with  
    us ?  
Thou mayest stand on the main-  
mast tall,  
For full to sinking is my house  
    With merry companions all."—

"I need not and seek not company,  
Bonny boat, I can sing all alone ;  
For the mainmast tall too heavy am I,  
Bonny boat I have wings of my own.  
"High over the sails, high over the  
    mast,  
Who shall gainsay these joys ?  
When thy merry companions are still,  
    at last,  
Thou shalt hear the sound of my  
voice.

"Who neither may rest, nor listen  
    may,  
God bless them every one !  
I dart away, in the bright blue day,  
And the golden fields of the sun.  
"Thus do I sing my weary song,  
Wherever the four winds blow ;  
And this same song, my whole life  
long,  
Neither Poet nor Printer may know.

~~~~~

WHITHER ?

FROM THE GERMAN OF MÜLLER.

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.
I know not what came o'er me,
Nor who the counsel gave ;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave ;
Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside ;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

255

Is this the way I was going ?
Whither, O brooklet, say !
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.
What do I say of a murmur ?
That can no murmur be ;'
'Tis the water-nymphs that are singing
Their roundelays under me.
Let them sing, my friend, let them
murmur,
And wander merrily near ;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.

~~~~~

### THE CASTLE BY THE SEA. FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"HAST thou seen that lordly castle,  
That Castle by the Sea ?  
Golden and red above it  
The clouds float gorgeously.  
"And fain it would stoop downward  
To the mirrored wave below ;  
And fain it would soar upward  
In the evening's crimson glow."  
"Well have I seen that castle,  
That Castle by the Sea,  
And the moon above it standing,  
And the mist rise solemnly."  
"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
Had they a merry chime ?  
Didst thou hear, from those lofty  
chambers,  
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme ?"  
"The winds and the waves of ocean,  
They rested quietly, [wail,  
But I heard on the gale a sound of  
And tears came to mine eye."  
"And sawest thou on the turrets  
The King and his royal bride ?  
And the wave of their crimson  
mantles ?  
And the golden crown of pride ?  
"Led they not forth, in rapture,  
A beauteous maiden there ?  
Resplendent as the morning sun,  
Beaming with golden hair ?"  
"Well saw I the ancient parents,  
Without the crown of pride ;  
They were moving slow, in weeds of  
woe,  
No maiden was by their side !"

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BELL ! thou soundest merrily,  
When the bridal party  
To the church doth hie !  
Bell ! thou soundest solemnly,  
When, on Sabbath morning,  
Fields deserted lie !  
  
Bell ! thou soundest merrily ;  
Tellest thou at evening,  
Bed-time draweth nigh !  
Bell ! thou soundest mournfully ;  
Tellest thou the bitter  
Parting hath gone by !  
  
Say ! how canst thou mourn ?  
How canst thou rejoice ?  
Thou art but metal dull !  
And yet all our sorrows,  
And all our rejoicings,  
Thou dost feel them all !  
  
God hath wonders many,  
Which we cannot fathom,  
Placed within thy form !  
When the heart is sinking,  
Thou alone canst raise it,  
Trembling in the storm !

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

'TWAS Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,  
When woods and fields put off all  
Thus began the King and spake :  
" So from the halls  
Of ancient Hofburg's walls,  
A luxuriant Spring shall break."  
  
Drums and trumpets echo loudly,  
Wave the crimson banners proudly,  
From balcony the King looked on ;  
In the play of spears,  
Fell all the cavaliers,  
Before the monarch's stalwart son.  
  
To the barrier of the fight  
Rode at last a sable Knight.  
" Sir Knight ! your name and  
scutcheon say ! "  
" Should I speak it here,  
Ye would stand aghast with fear ;"  
I am a Prince of mighty sway ! "  
  
When he rode into the lists, [mists,  
The arch of heaven grew black with  
And the castle 'gan to rock ;

At the first blow,  
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,  
Hardly rises from the shock ;  
Pipe and viol call the dances,  
Torch-light through the high halls  
glances ;  
Waves a mighty shadow in ;  
With manner bland  
Doth ask the maiden's hand,  
Doth with her the dance begin ;  
  
Danced in sable iron sark,  
Danced a measure weird and dark,  
Coldly clasped her limbs around ;  
From breast and hair  
Down fall from her the fair  
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.  
  
To the sumptuous banquet came  
Every Knight and every Dame ;  
Twixt son and daughter all distraught,  
With mournful mind.  
The ancient King reclined,  
Gazed at them in silent thought.  
  
Pale the children both did look,  
But the guest a beaker took :  
" Golden wine will make you  
whole ! "  
The children drank,  
Gave many a courteous thank :  
" Oh, that draught was very  
cool ! "  
  
Each the father's breast embraces,  
Son and daughter ; and their faces  
Colourless grow utterly ;  
Whichever way  
Looks the fear-struck father gray,  
He beholds his children die.  
  
" Woe ! the blessed children both  
Takest thou in the joy of youth ;  
Take me, too, the joyless father ! "  
Spake the grim Guest,  
From his hollow, cavernous breast :  
" Roses in the spring I gather ! "

BEWARE !

FROM THE GERMAN.

I KNOW a maiden fair to see,  
Take care !  
She can both false and friendly be,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

TRANSLATIONS.



She has two eyes, so soft and brown,  
Take care ! [down,  
She gives a side glance, and looks  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

And she has hair of a golden hue,  
Take care !  
And what she says, it is not true,  
Beware ! Beware !

Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !  
She has a bosom as white as snow,  
Take care ! [show,  
She knows how much it is best to  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !  
She gives thee a garland woven fair,  
Take care !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,  
Beware ! Beware !  
Trust her not,  
She is fooling thee !

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

INTO the Silent Land !  
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?  
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly  
gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on  
the strand.  
Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither, O thither,  
Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !  
To you, ye boundless regions  
Of all perfection ! Tender morning  
visions  
Of beauteous souls ! The Future's  
pledge and band !  
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand,  
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms  
Into the Silent Land !

O Land ! O Land !  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth  
stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
To the land of the great Departed,  
Into the Silent Land !

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF BISHOP TEGNÉR.

PENTECOST, day of rejoicing, had come. The church of the village Gleaming stood in the morning's sheen. On the spire of the belfry, Decked with the brazen cock, the friendly flames of the Spring-sun Glanced like the tongues of fire, beheld by Apostles aforetime. Clear was the heaven and blue, and May, with her cap crowned with roses, Stood in her holiday dress in the fields, and the wind and the brooklet Murmured gladness and peace, God's peace ! with lips rosy-tinted Whispered the race of the flowers, and merry on balancing branches Birds were singing their carol, a jubilant hymn to the Highest. Swept and clean was the churchyard. Adorned like a leaf-woven arbour Stood its old-fashioned gate ; and within upon each cross of iron Hung was a fragrant garland, new-twined by the hands of affection. Even the dial, that stood on a mound among the departed (There full a hundred years had it stood), was embellished with blossoms. Like to the patriarch hoary, the sage of his kith and the hamlet, Who on his birthday is crowned by children and children's children, So stood the ancient prophet, and mute with his pencil of iron Marked on the tablet of stone, and measured the time and its changes, While all around at his feet, an eternity slumbered in quiet. Also the church within was adorned, for this was the season When the young, their parents' hope, and the loved-ones of heaven, Should at the foot of the altar renew the vows of their baptism. Therefore each nook and corner was swept and cleaned, and the dust was Blown from the walls and ceiling, and from the oil-painted benches. There stood the church like a garden ; the Feast of the Leafy Pavilions Saw we in living presentment. From noble arms on the church wall Grew forth a cluster of leaves, and the preacher's pulpit of oak-wood Budded once more anew, as aforetime the rod before Aaron. Wreathed thereon was the Bible with leaves, and the dove, washed with silver, Under its canopy fastened, had on it a necklace of wind-flowers. But in front of the choir, round the altar-piece painted by Hörberg, Crept a garland gigantic ; and bright-curling tresses of angels Peeped, like the sun from a cloud, from out of the shadowy leaf-work. Likewise the lustre of brass, new-polished, blinked from the ceiling. And for lights there were lilies of Pentecost set in the sockets.

TRANSLATIONS.



Loud rang the bells already ; the thronging crowd was assembled  
Far from valleys and hills, to list to the holy preaching.  
Hark ! then roll forth at once the mighty tones of the organ,  
Hover like voices from God, aloft like invisible spirits.  
Like as Elias in heaven, when he cast from off him his mantle,  
So cast off the soul its garments of earth ; and with one voice  
Chimed in the congregation, and sang an anthem immortal  
Of the sublime Wallin, of David's harp in the North-land  
Tuned to the choral of Luther ; the song on its mighty pinions  
Took every living soul, and lifted it gently to heaven,  
And each face did shine like the Holy One's face upon Tabor.  
Lo ! there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher.  
Father he hight and he was in the parish ; a Christianly plainness  
Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy winters.  
Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel  
Walked he among the crowds, but still a contemplative grandeur  
Lay on his forehead as clear as on moss-covered gravestone a sunbeam.  
As in his inspiration (an evening twilight that faintly

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Gleams in the human soul, even now, from the day of creation)  
Th' Artist, the friend of heaven, imagines Saint John when in Patmos,  
Gray, with his eyes uplifted to heaven, so seemed then the old man ;  
Such was the glance of his eye, and such were his tresses of silver.  
All the congregation arose in the pews that were numbered.  
But with a cordial look, to the right and the left hand, the old man  
Nodding all hail and peace, disappeared in the innermost chancel.

Simply and solemnly now proceeded the Christian service,  
Singing and prayer, and at last an ardent discourse from the old man.  
Many a moving word and warning, that out of the heart came,  
Fell like the dew of the morning, like manna on those in the desert.  
Then, when all was finished, the Teacher re-entered the chancel,  
Followed therein by the young. The boys on the right had their places,  
Delicate figures, with close-curling hair and cheeks rosy-blooming.  
But on the left of these there stood the tremulous lilies,  
Tinged with the blushing light of the dawn, the diffident maidens,—  
Folding their hands in prayer, and their eyes cast down on the pavement.  
Now came, with question and answer, the catechism. In the beginning,  
Answered the children with troubled and faltering voice, but the old man's  
Glaces of kindness encouraged them soon, and the doctrines eternal  
Flowed, like the waters of fountains, so clear from lips unpolluted.  
Each time the answer was closed, and as oft as they named the Redeemer,  
Lowly bowed the boys, and lowly the maidens all courtesied.  
Friendly the Teacher stood, like an angel of light there among them,  
And to the children explained the holy, the highest, in few words,  
Thorough, yet simple and clear, for sublimity always is simple,  
Both in sermon and song, a child can seize on its meaning.  
E'en as the green-growing bud unfolds when Springtime approaches,  
Leaf by leaf puts forth, and, warmed by the radiant sunshine,  
Blushes with purple and gold, till at last the perfected blossom  
Opens its odorous chalice, and rocks with its crown in the breezes,  
So was unfolded here the Christian lore of salvation,  
Line by line from the soul of childhood. The fathers and mothers  
Stood behind them in tears, and were glad at the well-worded answer.

Now went the old man up to the altar ;—and straightway transfigured  
(So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.  
Like the Lord's Prophet sublime, and awful as Death and as Judgment  
Stood he, the God-commissioned, the soul-searcher, earthward descending.  
Glaces, sharp as a sword, into hearts that to him were transparent  
Shot he ; his voice was deep, was low like the thunder afar off.  
So on a sudden transfigured he stood there, he spake, and he questioned.

" This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered,  
This is moreover the faith whereunto I baptizeth you, while still ye  
Lay on your mother's breasts, and nearer the portals of heaven.  
Slumbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom ;  
Wakened from sleep are ye now, and the light in its radiant splendour  
Downward rains from the heaven ;—to-day on the threshold of childhood  
Kindly she frees you again, to examine and make your election,  
For she knows nought of compulsion, and only conviction desireth.  
This is the hour of your trial, the turning point of existence,  
Seed for the coming days ; without revocation departeth  
Now from your lips the confession. Bethink ye, before ye make answer !  
Think not, oh think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher.  
Sharp is his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood,  
Enter not with a lie on Life's journey ; the multitude hears you,  
Brothers and sisters and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy  
Standeth before your sight as a witness ; the Judge everlasting

## TRANSLATIONS.

Looks from the sun down upon you, and angels in waiting beside him  
Grave your confession in letters of fire upon tablets eternal.  
Thus, then,—believe ye in God, in the Father who this world created ?  
Him who redeemed it, the Son, and the Spirit where both are united ?  
Will ye promise me here (a holy promise !) to cherish  
God more than all things earthly, and every man as a brother ?  
Will ye promise me here to confirm your faith by your living,  
Th' heavenly faith of affection ! to hope, to forgive and to suffer,  
Be what it may your condition, and walk before God in uprightness ?  
Will ye promise me this before God and man ?"—With a clear voice  
Answered the young men Yes ! and Yes ! with lips softly-breathing  
Answered the maidens eke. Then dissolved from the brow of the Teacher  
Clouds with the lightnings therein, and he spake in accents more gentle,  
Soft as the evening's breath ; as harps by Babylon's rivers.

" Hail, then, hail to you all ! To the heirdom of heaven be ye welcome !  
Children no more from this day, but by covenant brothers and sisters !  
Yet,—for what reason not children ? Of such is the kingdom of heaven.  
Here upon earth an assemblage of children, in heaven one Father,  
Ruling them all as his household,—forgiving in turn and chastising,  
That is of human life a picture, as Scripture has taught us.  
Blest are the pure before God ! Upon purity and upon virtue  
Resteth the Christian Faith; she herself from on high is descended.  
Strong as a man and pure as a child, is the sun of the doctrine,  
Which the Divine One taught, and suffered and died on the cross for.  
Oh, as ye wander this day from childhood's sacred asylum  
Downward and ever downward, and deeper in Age's chill valley,  
Oh, how soon will ye come,—too soon !—and long to turn backward  
Up to its hill-tops again, to the sun-illumined, where Judgment  
Stood like a father before you, and Pardon, clad like a mother,  
Gave you her hand to kiss, and the loving heart was forgiven,  
Life was a play, and your hands grasped after the roses of heaven !  
Seventy years have I lived already ; the Father eternal  
Gave me gladness and care ; but the loveliest hours of existence,  
When I have steadfastly gazed in their eyes, I have instantly known them,  
Known them all again ;—they were my childhood's acquaintance.  
Therefore, take from henceforth, as guides in the paths of existence,  
Prayer, with her eyes raised to heaven, and Innocence, bride of man's childhood.  
Innocence, child beloved, is a guest from the world of the blessed,  
Beautiful, and in her hand a lily ; on life's roaring billows  
Swings she in safety, she heedeth them not, in the ship she is sleeping.  
Calmly she gazes around in the turmoil of men ; in the desert  
Angels descend and minister unto her ; she herself knoweth  
Nought of her glorious attendance ; but follows faithful and humble,  
Follows so long as she may her friend. Oh do not reject her,  
For she cometh from God, and she holdeth the keys of the heavens.—  
Prayer is Innocence' friend ; and willingly flieth incessant  
'Twixt the earth and the sky, the carrier-pigeon of heaven.  
Son of Eternity, fettered in Time, and an exile, the Spirit  
Tugs at his chains evermore, and struggles like flame ever upward.  
Still he recalls with emotion his Father's manifold mansions,  
Thinks of the land of his fathers, where blossomed more freshly the flowerets,  
Shone a more beautiful sun, and he played with the winged angels.  
Then grows the earth too narrow, too close ; and homesick for heaven  
Longs the wanderer again ; and the Spirit's longings are worship ;  
Worship is called his most beautiful hour, and its tongue is entreaty.  
Ah ! when the infinite burden of life descendeth upon us,  
Crushes to earth our hope, and, under the earth, in the graveyard,  
Then it is good to pray unto God ; for his sorrowing children

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Turns he ne'er from his door, but he heals and helps and consoles them.  
Yet is it better to pray when all things are prosperous with us,  
Pray in fortunate days, for life's most beautiful Fortune  
Kneels before the Eternal's throne ; and with hands interfolded,  
Praises thankful and moved the only giver of blessings.  
Or do ye know, ye children, one blessing that comes not from Heaven ?  
What has mankind, forsooth, the poor ! that it has not received ?  
Therefore, fall in the dust and pray ! The seraphs adoring  
Cover with pinions six their face in the glory of him who  
Hung his masonry pendant on nought, when the world he created.  
Earth declareth his might, and the firmament utters his glory.  
Races blossom and die, and stars fall downward from heaven,  
Downward like withered leaves ; at the last stroke of midnight, millenniums  
Lay themselves down at his feet, and he sees them, but counts them as nothing.  
Who shall stand in his presence ? The wrath of the judge is terrific,  
Casting the insolent down at a glance. When he speaks in his anger  
Hillocks skip like the kid, and mountains leap like the roebuck.  
Yet,—why are ye afraid, ye children ? This awful avenger,  
Ah ! is a merciful God ! God's voice was not in the earthquake,  
Not in the fire, nor the storm, but it was in the whispering breezes.  
Love is the root of creation ; God's essence ; worlds without number  
Lie in his bosom like children ; he made them for this purpose only.  
Only to love and to be loved again he breathed forth his spirit  
Into the slumbering dust, and upright standing, it laid its  
Hand on its heart, and felt it was warm with afame out of heaven.  
Quench, oh quench not that flame ! It is the breath of your being.  
Love is life, but hatred is death. Not father, nor mother  
Loved you, as God has loved you ; for 'twas that you may be happy  
Gave he his only Son. When he bowed down his head in the death-hour  
Solemnized Love its triumph ; the sacrifice then was completed.  
Lo ! there was rent on a sudden the veil of the temple, dividing  
Earth and heaven apart, and the dead from their sepulchres rising  
Whispered with pallid lips and low in the ears of each other !  
Th' answer but dreamed of before, to creation's enigma,—Atonement !  
Depths of Love are Atonement's depths, for Love is Atonement.  
Therefore, child of mortality, love thou the merciful Father ;  
Wish what the Holy One wishes, and not from fear, but affection ;  
Fear is the virtue of slaves ; but the heart that loveth is willing ;  
Perfect was before God, and perfect is Love, and Love only.  
Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then loveth thou likewise thy brethren ;  
One is the sun in heaven, and one, only one, is Love also.  
Bears not each human figure the God-like stamp on his forehead ?  
Readest thou not in his face thine origin ? Is he not sailing  
Lost like thyself on an ocean unkn own, and is he not guided  
By the same stars that guide thee ? Why shouldst thou hate then thy brother ?  
Hateth he thee, forgive ! For 'tis sweet to stammer one letter  
Of the Eternal's language ;—on earth it is called Forgiveness !  
Knowest thou Him who forgave, with the crown of thorns on his temples ?  
Earnestly prayed for his foes, for his murderers ? Say dost thou know him ?  
Ah ! thou confessest his name, so follow likewise his example,  
Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings,  
Guide the erring aright ; for the good, the heavenly shepherd  
Took the lost lamb in his arms, and bore it back to its mother.  
This is the fruit of Love, and it is by its fruits that we know it.  
Love is the creature's welfare with God ; but Love among mortals  
Is but an endless sigh ! He longs, and endures, and stands waiting,  
Suffers and yet rejoices, and smiles with tears on his eyelids.  
Hope,—so is called upon earth, his recompence,—Hope, the befriending,

## TRANSLATIONS.

Does what she can, for she points evermore up to heaven, and faithful  
Plunges her anchor's peak in the depths of the grave, and beneath it  
Paints a more beautiful world, a dim, but a sweet play of shadows !  
Races, better than we, have leaned on her wavering promise,  
Having nought else but Hope. Then praise we our Father in heaven,  
Him who has given us more ; for to us has Hope been transfigured,  
Groping no longer in night ; she is Faith, she is living assurance.  
Faith is enlightened Hope ; she is light, is the eye of affection,  
Dreams of the longing interprets, and carves their visions in marble.  
Faith is the sun of life ; and her countenance shines like the Hebrew's,  
For she has looked upon God ; the heaven on its stable foundation  
Draws she with chains down to earth, and the New Jerusalem sinketh  
Splendid with portals twelve in golden vapours descending.  
There enraptured she wanders, and looks at the figures majestic,  
Fears not the winged crowd, in the midst of them all is her homestead.  
Therefore love and believe ; for works will follow spontaneous  
Even as day does the sun ; the Right from the Good is an offspring,  
Love in a bodily shape ; and Christian works are no more than  
Animate Love and faith, as flowers are the animate Springtice.  
Works do follow us all unto God ; there stand and bear witness  
Not what they seemed, —but what they were only. Blessed is he who  
Hears their confession secure ; they are mute upon earth until Death's hand  
Opens the mouth of the silent. Ye children, does Death e'er alarm you ?  
Death is the brother of Love, twin-brother is he, and is only  
More austere to behold. With a kiss upon lips that are fading  
Takes he the soul and departs, and, rocked in the arms of affection,  
Places the ransomed child, new born, 'fore the face of its father.  
Sounds of his coming already I hear,—see dimly his pinions,  
Swart as the night, but with stars strewn upon them ! I fear not before him.  
Death is only release, and in mercy is mute. On his bosom  
Freer breathes, in its coolness, my breast ; and face to face standing  
Look I on God as he is, a sun unpolluted by vapours ;  
Look on the light of the ages I loved, the spirits majestic.  
Nobler, better than I ; they stand by the throne all transfigured,  
Vested in white, and with harps of gold, and are singing an anthem,  
Writ in the climate of heaven, in the language spoken by angels.  
You, in like manner, ye children beloved, he one day shall gather,  
Never forgets he the weary ;—then welcome, ye loved ones, hereafter !  
Meanwhile forget not the keeping of vows, forget not the promise,  
Wander from holiness onward to holiness ; earth shall ye heed not ;  
Earth is but dust and heaven is light ; I have pledged you to heaven.  
God of the universe, hear me ! thou fountain of Love everlasting,  
Hark to the voice of thy servant ! I send up my prayer to thy heaven !  
Let me hereafter not miss at thy throne one spirit of all these,  
Whom thou hast given me here ! I have loved them all like a father,  
May they bear witness for me, that I taught them the way of salvation,  
Faithful, so far as I knew, of thy word ; again may they know me,  
Fall on their Teacher's breast, and before thy face may I place them,  
Pure as they now are, but only more tried, and exclaiming with gladness,  
Father, lo ! I am here, and the children, whom thou hast given me ! "

Weeping he spake in these words ; and now at the beck of the old man  
Knee against knee they knitted a wreath round the altar's enclosure.  
Kneeling he read then the prayers of the consecration, and softly  
With him the children read ; at the close with tremulous accents,  
Asked he the peace of Heaven, a benediction upon them.  
Now should have ended his task for the day ; the following Sunday  
Was for the young appointed to eat of the Lord's holy Supper.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Sudden, as struck from the clouds, stood the Teacher silent, and laid his Hand on his forehead, and cast his looks upward ; while thoughts high and holy  
Flew through the midst of his soul, and his eyes glanced with wonderful brightness.  
“On the next Sunday, who knows ! perhaps I shall rest in the graveyard ! Some one perhaps of yourselves, a lily broken untimely, Bow down his head to the earth ; why delay ? the hour is accomplished. Warm is the heart !—I will ! for to-day grows the harvest of heaven. What I began accomplish I now ; what failing therein is I, the old man, will answer to God and the reverend father. Say to me only, ye children, ye denizens new-come in heaven, Are ye ready this day to eat of the bread of Atonement ? What it denotheth, that know ye full well, I have told it you often. Of the new covenant symbol it is, of Atonement a token, ‘Established between earth and heaven. Man by his sins and transgressions Far has wandered from God, from his essence. ‘Twas in the beginning, Fast by the Tree of Knowledge he fell, and it hangs its crown o'er the Fall to this day ; in the Thought is the Fall ; in the Heart the Atonement. Infinite is the Fall,—the Atonement infinite likewise. See ! behind me, as far as the old man remembers, and forward, Far as Hope in her flight can reach with her wearied pinions, Sin and Atonement incessant go through the lifetime of mortals. Sin is brought forth full-grown ; but Atonement sleeps in our bosoms Still as the cradled babe ; and dreams of heaven and of angels, Cannot awake to sensation ; is like the tones in the harp’s strings, Spirits imprisoned, that wait evermore the deliverer’s finger. Therefore, ye children beloved, descended the Prince of Atonement, Woke the slumberer from sleep, and she stands now with eyes all resplendent, Bright as the vault of the sky, and battles with Sin and o’ercomes her. Downward to earth he came, and, transfigured, thence reascended, Not from the heart in like wise, for there he still lives in the Spirit, Loves and atones evermore. So long as Time is, is Atonement. Therefore with reverence take this day her visible token. Tokens are dead if the things live not. The light everlasting Unto the blind is not, but is born of the eye that has vision. Neither in bread nor in wine, but in the heart that is hallowed Lieth forgiveness enshrined ; the intention alone of amendment Fruits of the earth ennobles to heavenly things, and removes all Sin and the guerdon of sin. Only Love with his arms wide extended, Penitence weeping and praying ; the Will that is tried, and whose gold flows Purified forth from the flames ; in a word, mankind by Atonement Breaketh Atonement’s bread, and drinketh Atonement’s wine-cup. But he who cometh up hither, unworthy, with hate in his bosom, Scoffing at men and at God, is guilty of Christ’s blessed body, And the Redeemer’s blood ! To himself he eateth and drinketh Death and doom ! And from this, preserve us, thou heavenly Father ! Are ye ready, ye children, to eat of the bread of Atonement ?” Thus with emotion he asked, and together answered the children, “Yes !” with deep sobs interrupted. Then read he the due supplications, Read the Form of Communion, and in chimed the organ and anthem : “O Holy Lamb of God, who takest away our transgressions, Hear us ! give us thy peace ! have mercy, have mercy upon us !” Th’ old man, with trembling hand, and heavenly pearls on his eyelids, Filled now the chalice and paten, and dealt round the mystical symbols. Oh, then seemed it to me as if God, with the broad eye of midday, Clearer looked in at the windows, and all the trees in the churchyard Bowed down their summits of green, and the grass on the graves gan to shiver.

*TRANSLATIONS.*



But in the children (I noted it well ; I knew it) there ran a  
Tremor of holy rapture along through their ice-cold members.  
Decked like an altar before them, there stood the green earth, and above it  
Heaven opened itself, as of old before Stephen ; they saw there  
Radiant in glory the Father, and on his right hand the Redeemer.  
Under them hear they the clang of harpstrings, and angels from gold clouds  
Beckon to them like brothers and fan with their pinions of purple.

Closed was the Teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their  
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely, [faces,  
Downward to kiss that reverend hand, but all of them pressed he  
Moved to his bosom, and laid, with the prayer, his hands full of blessings,  
Now on the holy breast, and now on the innocent tresses.

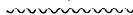
THE HEMLOCK TREE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O HEMLOCK tree ! O hemlock tree ! how faithful are thy branches !  
Green not alone in summer time,  
But in the winter's frost and rime !  
O hemlock tree ! O hemlock tree ! how faithful are thy branches !  
O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy bosom !  
To love me in prosperity,  
And leave me in adversity !  
O maiden fair ! O maiden fair ! how faithless is thy bosom !  
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example !  
So long as summer laughs she sings,

*LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.*

But in the autumn spreads her wings !  
The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine example !  
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood !  
It flows so long as falls the rain,  
In drought its springs soon dry again.  
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood !



ANNIE OF THARAW.

FROM THE LOW GERMAN OF SIMON DACH.

ANNIE of Tharaw, my true love of old,  
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw, her heart once again  
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,  
Thou, O my soul, my flesh, and my blood !

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,  
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain  
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,  
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,—

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,  
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone  
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,—

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,  
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,  
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,  
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,  
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one hand ?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife ;  
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love ;  
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen ;  
I am king of the household, and thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,  
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell ;  
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

TRANSLATIONS.



THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.  
FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINRICH  
HEINE.

THE sea hath its pearls,  
The heaven hath its stars ;  
But my heart, my heart,  
My heart hath its love.  
Great are the sea and the heaven ;  
Yet greater is my heart,  
And fairer than pearls and stars  
Flashes and beams my love.  
Thou little, youthful maiden,  
Come unto my great heart ;  
My heart, and the sea, and the  
heaven  
Are melting away with love !

~~~~~  
THE LEGEND OF THE
CROSSBILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.
On the cross the dying Saviour
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,

267

Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.
And by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with zealous care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A little bird is striving there.
Stained with blood and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease ;
From the cross 'twould free the
Saviour,
Its Creator's Son release.
And the Saviour speaks in mildness :
"Blest be thou of all the good !
Bear, as token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy rod !"
And that bird is called the crossbill ;
Covered all with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to
hear.

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LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

THE STATUE OVER THE  
CATHEDRAL DOOR.  
FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS  
MOSEN.

FORMS of saints and kings are standing  
The cathedral door above ;  
Yet I saw but one among them  
Who hath soothed my soul with  
love.

In his mantle,—wound about him,  
As their robes the sowers wind,—  
Bore he swallows and their fledglings,  
Flowers and weeds of every kind.  
And so stands he calm and childlike,  
High in wind and tempest wild ;  
O ! were I like him exalted,  
I would be like him, a child !  
And my songs,—green leaves and  
blossoms,—  
To the doors of heaven would bear,  
Calling, even in storm and tempest,  
Round me still these birds of air.

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNEDICHTE OF  
FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.

Seventeenth Century.

MONEY.

WHEREUNTO is money good ?  
Who has it not wants hardihood,  
Who has it has much trouble and care,  
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINE.  
Joy and Temperance and Repose  
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

MAN-LIKE is it to fall into sin,  
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,  
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,  
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.  
A BLIND man is a poor man, and  
blind a poor man is ;  
For the former seeth no man, and the  
latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

LIVE I, so live I.  
To my Lord heartily,  
To my Prince faithfully,  
To my Neighbour honestly.  
Dig I, so die I.

CREEDS.

LUTHERAN, Popish, Calvinistic, all  
these creeds and doctrines three  
Extant are ; but still the doubt is,  
where Christianity may be.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A MILLSTONE and the human heart  
are driven ever round ;  
If they have nothing else to grind, they  
must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

WHILOM Love was like a fire, and  
warmth and comfort it bespoke ;  
But, alas ! it now is quenched, and only  
bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

INTELLIGENCE and courtesy not  
always are combined ;  
Often in a wooden house a golden  
room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly,  
yet they grind exceeding small ;  
Though with patience he stands waiting,  
with exactness grinds he all.

TRUTH.

WHEN by night the frogs are croaking,  
kindle but a torch's fire,  
Ha ! how soon they all are silent !  
Thus Truth silences the liar.

RHYMES.

IF perhaps these rhymes of mine should  
sound not well in strangers' ears,  
They have only to bethink them that  
it happens so with theirs ;  
For so long as words, like mortals, call  
a fatherland their own,  
They will be most highly valued where  
they are best and longest known.

THE FUGITIVE.

Tartar Song, from the Prose Version  
of Chodzko.

I.

"HE is gone to the desert land !  
I can see the shining mane  
Of his horse on the distant plain,  
As he rides with his Kossak band !

"Come back, rebellious one !  
Let thy proud heart relent ;  
Come back to my tall white tent,  
Come back, my only son !

## TRANSLATIONS.

“ Thy hand in freedom shall  
Cast thy hawks, when morning breaks,  
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,  
On the lakes of Karajal.

“ I will give thee leave to stray  
And pasture thy hunting steeds  
In the long grass and the reeds  
Of the meadows of Karaday.

“ I will give thee my coat of mail,  
Of softest leather made,  
With choicest steel inlaid ;  
Will not all this prevail ? ”

### II.

“ THIS hand no longer shall  
Cast my hawks, when morning breaks,  
On the swans of the Seven Lakes,  
On the lakes of Karajal.

“ I will no longer stray  
And pasture my hunting steeds  
In the long grass and the reeds  
Of the meadows of Karaday.

“ Though thou give me thy coat of  
mail,  
Of softest leather made,  
With choicest steel inlaid,  
All this cannot prevail.

“ What right hast thou, O Khan,  
To me, who am mine own,  
Who am slave to God alone,  
And not to any man ? ”

“ God will appoint the day  
When I again shall be  
By the blue, shallow sea,  
Where the steel-bright sturgeons play.

“ God who doth care for me,  
In the barren wilderness,  
On unknown hills, no less  
Will my companion be.

“ When I wander lonely and lost  
In the wind ; when I watch at night  
Like a hungry wolf, and am white  
And covered with hoar-frost ; ”

“ Yea, wheresoever I be,  
In the yellow desert sands,  
In mountains or unknown lands,  
Allah will care for me ! ”

### III.

THEN Sobra, the old, old man,—  
Three hundred and sixty years  
Had he lived in this land of tears,—  
Bowed down and said, “ O Khan !

“ If you bid me, I will speak.  
There's no sap in dry grass,  
No marrow in dry bones ! Alas,  
The mind of old men is weak ! ”

“ I am old, I am very old :  
I have seen the primeval man,  
I have seen the great Gengis Khan,  
Arrayed in his robes of gold.

“ What I say to you is the truth ;  
And I say to you, O Khan,  
Pursue not the star-white man,  
Pursue not the beautiful youth.

“ Him the Almighty made,  
And brought him forth of the light,  
At the verge and end of the night,  
When men on the mountain prayed.

“ He was born at the break of day,  
When abroad the angels walk ;  
He hath listened to their talk,  
And he knoweth what they say.

“ Gifted with Allah's grace,  
Like the moon of Ramazan  
When it shines in the skies, O Khan,  
Is the light of his beautiful face.

“ When first on earth he trod,  
The first words that he said  
Were these, as he stood and prayed,  
There is no God but God ! ”

“ And he shall be king of men,  
For Allah hath heard his prayer,  
And the Archangel in the air,  
Gabriel, hath said, Amen ! ”

### THE SIEGE OF KAZAN, *Tartar Song, from the Prose Version of Chodzko.*

BLACK are the moors before Kazan,  
And their stagnant waters smell of  
blood ;

I said in my heart, with horse and man,  
I will swim across this shallow flood.

Under the feet of Argamack,  
Like new moons were the shocs he  
bare,

Silken trappings hung on his back,  
In a talisman on his neck a prayer.

My warriors, thought I, are following  
me ;

Put when I looked behind, alas !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Not one of all the band could I see,  
All had sunk in the black morass !  
Where are our shallow fords ? and  
where  
The power of Kazan with its four-  
fold gates ?  
From the prison windows our maidens  
fair  
Talk of us still through the iron  
grates.  
We cannot hear them ; for horse and  
man  
Lie buried deep in the dark abyss !  
Ah ! the black day hath come down  
on Kazan !  
Ah ! was ever a grief like this ?

~~~~~

THE BOY AND THE BROOK.
Armenian Popular Song, from the Prose Version of Alishan.

DOWN from yon distant mountain
height
The brooklet flows through the
village street ;
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,
Washing, yes washing, there he
stands,
In the water cool and sweet.
Brook, from what mountain dost thou
come ?
O my brooklet cool and sweet !
I come from yon mountain high and
cold,
Where lieth the new snow on the old,
And melts in the summer heat.
Brook, to what river dost thou go ?
O my brooklet cool and sweet !
I go to the river there below
Where in bunches the violets grow,
And sun and shadow meet.
Brook, to what garden dost thou go ?
O my brooklet cool and sweet !
I go to the garden in the vale
Where all night long the nightingale
Her love-song doth repeat.
Brook, to what fountain dost thou go ?
O my brooklet cool and sweet !
I go to the fountain at whose brink
The maid that loves thee comes to
drink,
And whenever she look's therin
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,
And my joy is then complete.

TO THE STORK.
Armenian Popular Song, from the Prose Version of Alishan.

WELCOME, O Stork ! that dost wing
Thy flight from the far-away !
Thou hast brought us the signs of
Spring,
Thou hast made our sad hearts gay.
Descend, O Stork ! descend
Upon our roof to rest ;
In our ash-tree, O my friend,
My darling, make thy nest.
To thee, O Stork, I complain,
O Stork, to thee I impart
The thousand sorrows, the pain
And aching of my heart.

When thou away didst go,
Away from this tree of ours,
The withering winds did blow,
And dried up all the flowers.
Dark grew the brilliant sky,
Cloudy and dark and drear ;
They were breaking the snow on high,
And winter was drawing near.
From Varaca's rocky wall,
From the rock of Varaca unrolled,
The snow came and covered all,
And the green meadow was cold.
O Stork, our garden with snow
Was hidden away and lost,
And the rose-trees that in it grow
Were withered by snow and frost.

~~~~~

CONSOLATION.

*To M. Duperrier, Gentleman of Aix  
in Provence, on the Death of his  
Daughter.*

FROM MALHERBE.

WILL then, Duperrier, thy sorrow be  
eternal ?  
And shall the sad discourse  
Whispered within thy heart, by ten-  
derness paternal,  
Only augment its force ?  
Thy daughter's mournful fate, into the  
tomb descending  
By death's frequented ways,

## TRANSLATIONS.

Has it become to thee a labyrinth  
never ending,  
Where thy lost reason strays ?

I know the charms that made her  
youth a benediction :  
Nor should I be content,  
As a censorious friend, to solace thine  
affliction  
By her disparagement.

But she was of the world, which fairest things exposes  
To fates the most forlorn ;  
A rose, she too hath lived as long as  
live the roses,  
The space of one brief morn.

Death has his rigorous laws, unparalleled, unfeeling ;  
All prayers to him are vain ;  
Cruel, he stops his ears, and, deaf to  
our appealing,  
He leaves us to complain.

The poor man in his hut, with only  
thatch for cover,  
Unto these laws must bend ;  
The sentinel that guards the barriers  
of the Louvre  
Cannot our kings defend.

To murmur against death, in petulant  
defiance,  
Is never for the best ;  
To will what God doth will, that is  
the only science  
That gives us any rest.

### TO CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

FROM MALHERBE.

THOU mighty Prince of Church and  
State,  
Richelieu ! until the hour of death,  
Whatever road man chooses, Fate  
Still holds him subject to her breath.  
Spun of all silks, our days and nights,  
Have sorrows woven with delights ;  
And of this intermingled shade  
Our various destiny appears,  
Even as one sees the course of years  
Of summers and of winters made.  
Sometimes the soft, deceitful hours  
Let us enjoy the halcyon wave ;  
Sometimes impending peril lowers  
Beyond the seaman's skill to save.  
The Wisdom, infinitely wise,  
That gives to human destinies

Their fore-ordained necessity,  
Has made no law more fixed below,  
Than the alternate ebb and flow  
Of Fortune and Adversity.

### THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

FROM JEAN REBOUL, THE BAKER  
OF NISMES.

An angel with a radiant face,  
Above a cradle bent to look,  
Seemed his own image there to trace,  
As in the waters of a brook.

" Dear child ! who me resemblest so."  
He whispered, " come, oh come with  
Happy together let us go, [me !  
The earth unworthy is of thee !

" Here none to perfect bliss attain ;  
The soul in pleasure suffering lies ;  
Joy hath an undertone of pain,  
And even the happiest hours their  
sighs.

" Fear doth at every portal knock ;  
Never a day serene and pure  
From the o'ershadowing tempest's  
shock [cure.  
Hath made the morrow's dawn se-

" What, then, shall sorrows and shall  
fears  
Come to disturb so pure a brow ?  
And with the bitterness of tears  
These eyes of azure troubled grow ?

" Ah, no ! into the fields of space,  
Away shalt thou escape with me ;  
And Providence will grant the grace  
Of all the days that were to be.

" Let no one in thy dwelling cower,  
In sombre vestments draped and  
veiled ;  
But let them welcome thy last hour,  
As thy first moments once they  
hailed.

" Without a cloud be there each brow ;  
There let the grave no shadow cast ;  
When one is pure as thou art now,  
The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white,  
The angel at these words had sped  
Towards the eternal realms of light !—  
Poor mother ! see, thy son is dead !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

TO ITALY.

FROM FILICAJA.

ITALY ! Italy ! thou who'rt doomed to wear  
The fatal gift of beauty and possess  
The dower funest of infinite wretchedness  
Written upon thy forehead by despair ;  
Ah ! would that thou wert stronger or less fair,  
That they might fear thee more or love thee less,  
Who in the splendour of thy loveliness  
Seem wasting, yet to mortal combat dare !  
Then from the Alps I should not see descending  
Such torrents of armed men, nor Gallic horde  
Drinking the wave of Po, distained with gore,  
Nor should I see thee girded with a sword  
Not thine, and with the stranger's arm contending,  
Victor or vanquished, slave for evermore.

WANDERER'S NIGHT SONGS.

FROM GOETHE.

I.

THOU that from the heavens art,  
Every pain and sorrow stillest,  
And the doubly wretched heart  
Doubly with refreshment fillest,  
I am weary with contending !  
Why this rapture and unrest ?  
Peace descending  
Come, ah, come into my breast !

II.

O'er all the hill-tops  
Is quiet now,  
In all the tree-tops  
Hearest thou  
Hardly a breath ;  
The birds are asleep in the trees :  
Wait ; soon like these  
Thou too shalt rest.

REMORSE.

FROM AUGUST VON PLATEN.

How I started up in the night, in the night,  
Drawn on without rest or reprieve !  
The streets, with their watchmen, were lost to my sight,  
As I wandered so light  
In the night, in the night,  
Through the gate with the arch meæval.

The mill-brook rushed from the rocky height.  
I leaned o'er the bridge in my yearning ;  
Deep under me watched I the waves in their flight,  
As they glided so light  
In the night, in the night,  
Yet backward not one was returning.  
O'erhead were revolving, so countless and bright,  
The stars in melodious existence ;  
And with them the moon, more serenely bedight ;  
They sparkled so light  
In the night, in the night,  
Through the magical, measureless distance.

And upward I gazed in the night, in the night,  
And again on the waves in their fleeting ;  
Ah woe ! thou hast wasted thy days in delight,  
Now silence thou light,  
In the night, in the night,  
The remorse in thy heart that is beating.

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK.

FROM THE SPANISH OF SANTA TERESA.

LET nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee ;  
All things are passing ;  
God never changeth ;  
Patient endurance  
Attaineth to all things ;  
Who God possessth  
In nothing is wanting ;  
Alone God sufficeth.

*SONGS.*

*Songs.*

**SEAWEED.**

WHEN descends on the Atlantic  
The gigantic  
Storm-wind of the equinox,  
Landward in his wrath he scourges  
The toiling surges,  
Laden with seaweed from the rocks :  
From Bermuda's reefs ; from edges  
Of sunken ledges,  
In some far-off, bright Azore ;  
From Bahama, and the dashing,  
Silver flashing  
Surges of San Salvador ;  
From the tumbling surf, that buries  
The Orkneyan skerries,  
Answering the hoarse Hebrides ;  
And from wrecks of ships, and drifting  
Spars, uplifting  
On the desolate, rainy seas ;—  
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless main ;  
Till in sheltered coves, and reaches  
Of sandy beaches,  
All have found repose again.  
So when storms of wild emotion  
Strike the ocean  
Of the poet's soul, ere long  
From each cave and rocky fastness,  
In its vastness,  
Floats some fragment of a song :  
From the far-off isles enchanted,  
Heaven has planted  
With the golden fruit of Truth ;  
From the flashing surf, whose vision  
Gleams Elysian  
In the tropic clime of youth ;  
From the strong Will, and the En-  
deavour  
That for ever  
Wrestles with the tides of Fate ;  
From the wreck of Hopes far scat-  
tered,  
Tempest shattered,  
Floating waste and desolate ;—  
Ever drifting, drifting, drifting  
On the shifting  
Currents of the restless heart ;

Till at length in books recorded,  
They, like hoarded  
Household words, no more depart.

**THE DAY IS DONE.**

THE day is done, and the darkness  
Falls from the wings of Night  
As a feather is wafted downward  
From an eagle in its flight.  
I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
That my soul cannot resist :  
A feeling of sadness and longing,  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the mist resembles the rain.  
Come read to me some poem,  
Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
That shall soothe that restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.  
Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of Time.  
For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavour ;  
And to-night I long for rest.  
Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of sum-  
mer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start ;  
Who, through long days of labour,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his soul the music  
Of wonderful melodies.  
Such songs have power to quiet  
The restless pulse of care,  
And come like the benediction  
That follows after prayer.  
Then read from the treasured volume  
The poem of thy choice,  
And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
The beauty of thy voice.

T

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And the night shall be filled with  
music,  
And the cares, that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

THE day is ending,  
The night is descending ;  
The marsh is frozen,  
The river dead.  
Through clouds like ashes  
The red sun flashes  
On village windows  
That glimmer red.  
The snow recommends ;  
The buried fences  
Mark no longer  
The road o'er the plain ;  
While through the meadows,  
Like fearful shadows,  
Slowly passes  
A funeral train.  
The bell is pealing,  
And every feeling  
Within me responds  
To the dismal knell ;  
Shadows are trailing,  
My heart is bewailing  
And tolling within  
Like a funeral bell.

WALTER VON DER  
VOGELWEID.

VOGELWEID the Minnesinger,  
When he left this world of ours,  
Laid his body in the cloister,  
Under Würzburg's minster towers.  
And he gave the monks his treasures,  
Gave them all with this behest :  
They should feed the birds at noon-tide  
Daily on his place of rest ;  
Saying, " From these wandering minstrels  
I have learned the art of song ;  
Let me now repay the lessons  
They have taught so well and long."  
Thus the bard of love departed ;  
And, fulfilling his desire,

On his tomb the birds were feasted  
By the children of the choir.

Day by day, o'er tower and turret,  
In foul weather and in fair,  
Day by day, in vaster numbers,  
Flocked the poets of the air.

On the tree whose heavy branches  
Overshadowed all the place,  
On the pavement, on the tombstone,  
On the poet's sculptured face,  
On the cross-bars of each window,  
On the lintel of each door,  
They renewed the War of Wartburg,  
Which the bard had fought before.

There they sang their merry carols,  
Sang their lauds on every side ;  
And the name their voices uttered  
Was the name of Vogelweid.

Till at length the portly abbot  
Murmured, " Why this waste of  
food ?"  
Be it changed to loaves henceforward  
For our fasting brotherhood."

Then in vain o'er tower and turret  
From the walls and woodland nests,  
When the minster bells rang noon-tide,  
Gathered the unwelcome guests.

Then in vain with cries discordant,  
Clamorous round the Gothic spire,  
Screamed the feathered Minnesingers  
For the children of the choir.

Time has long effaced the inscriptions

On the cloister's funeral stones,  
And tradition only tells us  
Where repose the poet's bones.

But around the vast cathedral,  
By sweet echoes multiplied,  
Still the birds repeat the legend,  
And the name of Vogelweid.

TO AN OLD DANISH SONG-  
BOOK.

WELCOME, my old friend,  
Welcome to a foreign fireside,  
While the sullen gales of autumn  
Shake the windows.

The ungrateful world  
Has, it seems, dealt harshly with thee,  
Since, beneath the skies of Denmark,  
First I met thee,



There are marks of age,  
There are thumbmarks on thy margin,  
Made by hands that clasped thee  
At the ale-house. [rudely]

Soiled and dull thou art ;  
Yellow are thy time-worn pages,  
As the russet, rain-molested  
Leaves of autumn.

Thou art stained with wine  
Scattered from hilarious goblets,  
As the leaves with the libations  
Of Olympus.

Yet dost thou recall  
Days departed, half-forgotten,  
When in dreamy youth I wandered  
By the Baltic,—

When I paused to hear  
The old ballad of King Christian  
Shouted from suburban taverns  
In the twilight.

Thou recallest bards,  
Who, in solitary chambers,  
And with hearts by passion wasted,  
Wrote thy pages.

Thou recallest homes  
Where thy songs of love and friendship  
Made the gloomy Northern winter  
Bright as summer.

Once some ancient Scald,  
In his bleak, ancestral Iceland,  
Chanted staves of these old ballads  
To the Vikings.

Once in Elsinore,  
At the court of old King Hamlet,  
Yorick and his boon companions  
Sang these ditties.

Once Prince Frederick's Guard  
Sang them in their smoky barracks ;  
Suddenly the English cannon  
Joined the chorus !

Peasants in the field,  
Sailors on the roaring ocean,  
Students, tradesmen, pale mechanics,  
All have sung them.

Thou hast been their friend ;  
They, alas ! have left thee friendless !  
Yet at least by one warm fireside  
Art thou welcome.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And, as swallows build  
In this wide, old-fashioned chimneys,  
So thy twittering songs shall nestle  
In my bosom,—

Quiet, close, and warm,  
Sheltered from all molestation,  
And recalling by their voices  
Youth and travel.



DRINKING SONG.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN ANTIQUE  
PITCHER.

COME, old friend ! sit down and listen !  
From the pitcher, placed between us,  
How the waters laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus !

Old Silenus, bloated, drunken,  
Led by his inebriate Satyrs ;  
On his breast his head is sunken,  
Vacantly he leers and chatters.

Fauns with youthful Bacchus follow ;  
Ivy crowns that brou' supernal  
As the forehead of Apollo,  
And possessing youth eternal.

Round about him, fair Bacchantes,  
Bearing cymbals, flutes, and thyrses,  
Wild from Naxian groves or Zante's  
Vineyards, sing delirious verses.

Thus he won, through all the nations,  
Bloodless victories, and the farmer,  
Bore, as trophies and oblations,  
Vines for banners, ploughs for  
armour.

Judged by no o'er-zealous rigour,  
Much this mystic throng expresses ;  
Bacchus was the type of vigour,  
And Silenus of excesses.

These are ancient ethnic revels,  
Of a faith long since forsaken ;  
Now the Satyrs, changed to devils,  
Frighten mortals wine-o'er-taken.

Now to rivulets from the mountains  
Point the rods of fortune-tellers ;  
Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—  
Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars.

Claudius, though he sang of flagons  
And huge tankards filled with  
Rhenish,  
From that fiery blood of dragons  
Never would his own replenish.

Even Redi, though he chaunted  
Bacchus in the Tuscan valleys,  
Never drank the wine he vaunted  
In his dithyrambic sallies.

Then with water fill the pitcher  
Wreathed about with classic fables ;  
Ne'er Falernian threw a richer  
Light upon Lucullus' tables.

Come, old friend, sit down and listen !  
As it passes thus between us,  
How its wavelets laugh and glisten  
In the head of old Silenus !



THE OLD CLOCK ON THE  
STAIRS.

L'éternité est une pendule, dont le balancier  
dit et redit sans cesse ces deux mots seulement, dans le silence des tombeaux : "Toujours ! jamais ! Jamais ! toujours !"

JACQUES BRIDAIN.

SOMEWHAT back from the village  
street  
Stands the old-fashioned country-seat.  
Across its antique portico  
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw ;  
And from its station in the hall  
An ancient timepiece says to all,—  
" For ever—never !  
Never—for ever ! "

Half-way up the stairs it stands,  
And points and beckons with its hands  
From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas !  
With sorrowful voice to all who  
pass,—

" For ever—never !  
Never—for ever ! "

By day its voice is low and light ;  
But in the silent dead of night,  
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,  
It echoes along the vacant hall,  
Along the ceiling ; along the floor,  
And seems to say, at each chamber-door,—

" For ever—never !  
Never—for ever ! "

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,  
Through days of death and days of birth,  
Through every swift vicissitude  
Of changeful time, unchanged it has  
stood,

## SONNETS.

And as if, like God, it all things saw,  
It calmly repeats those words of awe,—

“For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!”

In that mansion used to be  
Free-hearted Hospitality ;  
His great fires up the chimney roared ;  
The stranger feasted at his board ;  
But, like the skeleton at the feast,  
That warning timepiece never ceased,—

“For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!”

There groups of merry children played,  
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed ;  
O precious hours ! O golden prime,  
And affluence of love and time !  
Even as a miser counts his gold,  
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—

“For ever—never!  
Never—for ever!”

From that chamber, clothed in white,  
The bride came forth on her wedding night ;  
There, in that silent room below,  
The dead lay in his shroud of snow ;  
And in the hush that followed the prayer,  
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—

“For ever—never!  
Never—for ever !”

All are scattered now and fled,  
Some are married, some are dead ;  
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,  
“Ah ! when shall they all meet again ?”

As in the days long since gone by,  
The ancient timepiece makes reply,—  
“For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !”

Never here, for ever there,  
Where all parting, pain, and care,  
And death, and time shall disappear,—  
For ever there, but never here !  
The horologe of Eternity  
Sayeth this incessantly,—

“For ever—never !  
Never—for ever !”

### THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where ;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song ?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke ;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

## Sonnets.

### THE EVENING STAR.

Lo ! in the painted oriel of the West,  
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines !

Like a fair lady at her casement,  
shines

The evening star, the star of love  
and rest !

And then anon she doth herself divest  
Of all her radiant garments, and  
reclines

Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,

277

With slumber and soft dreams of  
love oppressed.

O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus !  
My morning and my evening star of  
love !

My best and gentlest lady ! even  
thus,

As that fair planet in the sky above,  
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at  
night ;

And from thy darkened window  
fades the light.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

AUTUMN.

THOU comest, Autumn, heralded by  
the rain,  
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned;  
Brighter than brightest silks of  
Samarcand,  
And stately oxen harnessed to thy  
wain !  
Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,  
Upon thy bridge of gold ; thy royal  
Outstretched with benedictions o'er  
the land,  
Blessing the farms through all thy  
vast domain !  
Thy shield is the red harvest moon,  
suspended  
So long beneath the heaven's o'er-hanging eaves ;  
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers  
attended ;  
Like flames upon an altar shine the  
sheaves ;  
And, following thee, in thy ovation  
splendid,  
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters  
the golden leaves !

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DANTE.

TUSCAN, that wanderest through the
realms of gloom,
With thoughtful pace, and sad,
majestic eyes,
Stern thoughts and awful from thy
soul arise,
Like Farinata from his fiery tomb.
Thy sacred song is like the trump of
doom ;
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in
the skies
The tender stars their clouded
lamps relume !
Methinks I see thee stand, with pallid
cheeks,
By Fra Hilario in his diocese,
As up the convent-walls, in golden
streaks,
The ascending sunbeams mark the
day's decrease ;
And, as he asks what there the
stranger seeks,
Thy voice along the cloister whispers, " Peace ! "

THREE FRIENDS OF MINE.

I.
WHEN I remember them, those friends
of mine, [three,
Who are no longer here, the noble
Who half my life were more than
friends to me,
And whose discourse was like a
generous wine,
I most of all remember the divine
Something, that shone in them, and
made us see
The archetypal man, and what
might be [sign.
The amplitude of Nature's first de-
In vain I stretch my hands to clasp
their hands ;
I cannot find them. Nothing now
is left
But a majestic memory. They
meanwhile
Wander together in Elysian lands,
Perchance remembering me, who
am bereft
Of their dear presence, and, remember-
ing, smile.

II.
IN Attica thy birthplace should have
been,
Or the Ionian Isles, or where the
seas
Encircle in their arms the Cyclades,
So wholly Greek wast thou in thy
serene
And childlike joy of life, O Philhelene !
Around thee would have swarmed
the Attic bees ;
Homer had been thy friend, or
Socrates,
And Plato welcomed thee to his
demesne.
For thee old legends breathed historic
breath ;
Thou sawest Poseidon in the purple
sea,
And in the sunset Jason's fleece of
gold !
Oh, what hadst thou to do with cruel
Death,
Who wast so full of life, or Death,
with thee,
That thou shouldst die before thou
hadst grown old !

III.
I STAND again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted
sea

SONNETS.

Piteously calling and lamenting
thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage
door.
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean
floor.
The willows in the meadow, and the
free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome
me ;
Then why shouldst thou be dead,
and come no more ?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when
common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding ? Why, when
thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and
then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it
bears,
Why art thou silent ? Why shouldst
thou be dead ?

IV.
RIVER, that stealest with such silent
peace [lies
Around the City of the Dead, where
A friend who bore thy name, and
whom these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed
plæe,
Linger and fold him in thy soft em-
brace
And say good night, for now the
western skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists
arise
Like damps that gather on a dead
man's face.
Good night ! good night ! as we so
oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight, in the
days
That are no more, and shall no
more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and
gone to bed ;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still
burn.

V.
THE door are all wide open ; at the
gate
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a
blaze,
And seem to warm the air ; a
dreamy haze

Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows
like a fate,
And on their margin, with sea-tides
elate,
The flooded Charles, as in the hap-
per days,
Writes the last letter of his name,
and stays
His restless steps, as if compelled to
wait.
I also wait ! but they will come no
more,
Those friends of mine, whose pre-
sence satisfied
The thirst and hunger of my heart.
Ah me !
They have forgotten the pathway to
my door !
Something is gone from nature since
they died.
And summer is not summer nor can
be.

SHAKESPEARE.

A VISION as of crowded city streets,
With human life in endless overflow ;
Thunder of thoroughfares ; trum-
pets that blow
To battle ; clamour in obscure re-
treats,
Of sailors landed from their anchored
fleets ;
Tolling of bells in turrets, and be-
low
Voices of children, and bright
flowers that throw
O'er garden-walls their intermingled
sweets !
This vision comes to me when I un-
The volume of the Poet paramount,
Whom all the Muses loved, not one
alone ;—
Into his hands they put the lyre of
gold,
And, crowned with sacred laurel at
their fount,
Placed him as Musagetes on their
throne.

CHAUCER.

AN old man in a lodge within a park ;
The chamber walls depicted all
around
With portraiture of huntsman,
hawk, and hound,



And the hurt deer, he listeneth to
the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine
through the dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice
bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the
sound,
Then writeth in a book like any
clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old
age
Made beautiful with song ; and as I
read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the
note
Of lark and linnet, and from every
page
Rise odours of ploughed field or
flowery mead.

MILTON.

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and
behold
How the voluminous billows roll
and run,
Upheaving and subsiding, while the
sun
Shines through their sheeted emer-
ald far unrolled,
And the ninth wave, slow gathering
fold by fold
All its loose-flowing garments into
one,
Plunges upon the shore ; and floods the
dun
Pale reach of sands, and changes
them to gold.
So in majestic cadence rise and fall
The mighty undulation of thy song,
O sightless bard, England's Maeon-
ides.

SONNETS.

And ever and anon, high over all:
Uplifted a ninth wave, superb and
strong,
Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

KEATS.

THE young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep :
The shepherd boy whose tale was left half told !
The solemn grove uplifts its shield of gold
To the red rising moon, and loud and deep
The nightingale is singing from the steep ;
It is midsummer, but the air is cold ;
Can it be death ? Alas, beside the fold
A shepherd's pipe lies shattered near his sheep.
Lo ! in the moonlight gleams a marble white,
On which I read : "Here lieth one whose name
Was writ in water." And was this the meed
Of his sweet singing ? Rather let me write :
"The smoking flax before it burst to flame
Was quenched by death, and broken the bruised reed."

THE GALAXY.

TORRENT of light and river of the air,
Along whose bed the glimmering stars are seen
Like gold and silver sands in some ravine
Where mountain streams have left their channels bare !
The Spaniard sees in thee, the pathway where
His patron saint descended in the sheen
Of his celestial armour, on serene
And quiet nights, when all the heavens were fair.
Not this I see, nor yet the ancient fable
Of Phaeton's wild course, that scorched the skies
Where'er the hoofs of his hot coursers trod ;

281

But the white drift of worlds o'er chasms of sable,
The star-dust, that is whirled aloft and flies
From the invisible chariot-wheels of God.

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

THE sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep ;
A voice out of the silence of the deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep,
So comes to us at times, from the unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of being,
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul ;
And inspirations that we deem our own,
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason or control.

A SUMMER DAY BY THE SEA.

THE sun is set ; and in his latest beams
Yon little cloud of ashen gray and gold,
Slowly upon the amber air unrolled,
The falling mantle of the prophet seems.
From the dim headlands many a lighthouse gleams,
The street-lamps of the ocean ; and behold,
O'erhead the banners of the night unfold ;
The day hath passed into the land of dreams.
O summer day beside the joyous sea !
O summer day so wonderful and white,
So full of gladness and so full of pain !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

For ever and for ever shalt thou be
To some the gravestone of a dead
delight,
To some the landmark of a new
domain.

~~~~~  
THE TIDES.

I SAW the long line of the vacant  
shore,  
The seaweed and the shells upon  
the sand,  
And the brown rocks left bare on  
every hand  
As if the ebbing tide would flow no  
more.  
Then heard I, more distinctly than be-  
fore,  
The ocean breathe, and its great  
breast expand,  
And hurrying came on the defence-  
less land  
The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.  
All thought and feeling and desire, I  
said,  
Love, laughter, and the exultant joy  
of song,  
Have ebbed from me for ever !  
Suddenly q'er me  
They swept again from their deep  
ocean bed,  
And in a tumult of delight, and  
strong  
As youth, and beautiful as youth,  
upbore me.

~~~~~  
A SHADOW.

I SAID unto myself, if I were dead,
What would befall these children ?
What would be
heir fate, who now are looking up
to me
For help and furtherance ? Their
lives, I said,
Would be a volume wherein I have read
But the first chapters, and no longer
see
To read the rest of their dear his-
tory,
So full of beauty and so full of
dread.
Be comforted ; the world is very old,
And generations pass, as they have
passed,
A troop of shadows moving with the
sun ;

Thousands of times has the old tale
been told ;
The world belongs to those who
come the last,
They will find hope and strength as
we have done.

~~~~~

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

" A SOLDIER of the Union mustered  
out,"  
Is the inscription on an unknown  
grave  
At Newport News, beside the salt-  
sea wave,  
Nameless and dateless ; sentinel or  
scout  
Shot down in skirmish, or disastrous  
rout  
Of battle, when the loud artillery  
drove  
Its iron wedges through the ranks  
of brave  
And doomed battalions, storming  
the redoubt  
Thou unknown hero sleeping by the  
sea  
In thy forgotten grave ! with secret  
shame  
I feel my pulses beat, my forehead  
burn,  
When I remember thou hast given for  
me  
All that thou hadst, thy life, thy  
very name,  
And I can give thee nothing in return.

~~~~~

SLEEP.

ULL me to sleep, ye winds, whose
fitful sound
Seems from some faint $\text{\textit{Aeolian}}$ harp-
string caught ;
Seal up the hundred wakeful eyes of
thought
As Hermes with his lyre in sleep
profound
The hundred wakeful eyes of Argus
bound ;
For I am weary, and am over-
wrought
With too much toil, with too much
care distraught,
And with the iron crown of anguish
crowned.
Lay thy soft hand upon my brow and
cheek,

SONNETS.

O peaceful sleep ! until from pain
released [breath !
I breathe again uninterrupted
Ah, with what subtle meaning did
the Greek
Call thee the lesser mystery at the
feast
Whereof the greater mystery is
death !

THE OLD BRIDGE AT FLORENCE.

TADDEO GADDI built me. I am old,
Five centuries old. I plant my foot
of stone
Upon the Arno, as St. Michael's own
Was planted on the dragon. Fold
by fold
Beneath me as it struggles, I behold
Its glistening scales. Twice hath it
overthrown
My kindred and companions. Me
alone
It moveth not : but is by me con-
trolled.
I can remember when the Medici
Were driven from Florence ; longer
still ago [Guelf.
The final wars of Ghibelline and

Florence adorns me with her jewellery ;
And when I think that Michael
Angelo
Hath leaned on me, I glory in my-
self.

IL PONTE VECCHIO DI FIRENZE.

GADDI mi fece ; il Ponte Vecchio
sono ;
Cinquecent' anni già sull' Arno
pianto
Il piede, come il suo Michele Santo
Piantò sul draco. Mentre ch' io
ragiono
Lo vedo torcere con flebil suono
Le rilucenti scaglie. Ha questi
affranto
Due volte i miei maggior. Me solo
intanto
Neppure muove, ed io non l' ab-
bandono
Io mi rammento quando fur cacciati
I Medici ; pur quando Ghibellino
E Guelfo fecer pace mi rammento.
Fiorenza i suoi giojelli m' ha prestati ;
E quando penso ch' Agnolo il
divino
Su me posava, insuperbir mi sento.

Sonnets.

1878.

NATURE.

As a fond mother, when the day is
o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child
to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on
the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open
door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may
not please him more ;
So Nature deals with us, and takes
away
Our playthings one by one, and by
the hand

283

Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wished to go or
stay,

Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends
the what we know.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT TARRYTOWN.

HERE lies the gentle humourist, who
died
In the bright Indian summer of his
fame ! [name,
A simple stone, with but a date and
Marks the secluded resting-place
beside
The river that he loved and glorified.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Here in the autumn of his days he
came,
But the dry leaves of life were all
afame
With tints that brightened and were
multiplied.
How sweet a life was his ; how sweet
a death !
Living, to wing with mirth the
weary hours,
Or with romantic tales the heart to
cheer ;
Dying, to leave a memory like the
breath
Of summers full of sunshine and of
showers,
A grief and gladness in the
atmosphere.

All time and space,
Splendour of cloudless days and
starry nights,
And men and manners, and all
sounds and sights,
Had a new meaning, a diviner grace.
Proud were these sisters, but were not
too proud
To teach in schools of little country
towns
Science and song, and all the arts
that please ;
So that while housewives span, and
farmers ploughed,
Their comely daughters, clad in
homespun gowns,
Learned the sweet songs of the
Pierides.

ELIOT'S OAK.

THOU ancient oak ! whose myriad
leaves are loud
With sounds of unintelligible speech,
Sounds as of surges on a shingly
beach,
Or multitudinous murmurs of a
crowd ;
With some mysterious gift of tongues
endowed,
Thou speakest a different dialect
to each ;
To me a language that no man can
teach,
Of a lost race, long vanished like a
cloud.
For underneath thy shade, in days
remote,
Seated like Abraham at eventide
Beneath the oaks of Mamre, the
unknown
Apostle of the Indians, Eliot, wrote
His Bible in a language that hath
died
And is forgotten, save by thee alone.

VENICE.
WHITE swan of cities, slumbering in
thy nest
So wonderfully built among the
reeds
Of the lagoon, that fences thee and
feeds,
As sayeth thy old historian and thy
guest !
White water-lily, cradled and caressed
By ocean streams, and from the silt
and weeds
Lifting thy golden filaments and
seeds.
Thy sun-illumined spires, thy crown
and crest !
White phantom city, whose untrodden
streets
Are rivers, and whose pavements
are the shifting
Shadows of palaces and strips of
sky ;
I wait to see thee vanish like the fleets
Seen in mirage, or towers of cloud
uplifting
In air their unsubstantial masonry.

THE DESCENT OF THE
MUSES.

NINE sisters, beautiful in form and
face,
Came from their convent on the
shining heights
Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,
To dwell among the people at its
base.
Then seemed the world to change.

THE POETS.
O YE dead Poets, who are living still
Immortal in your verse, though life
be fled,
And ye, O living Poets, who are
dead
Though ye are living, if neglect can
kill,

Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,

SONNETS.

With drops of anguish falling fast
and red
From the sharpcrown of thorns upon
your head,
Ye were not glad your errand to
fulfil ?

Yes ; for the gift and ministry of Song
Have something in them so divinely
sweet,
It can assuage the bitterness of
wrong ;
Not in the clamour of the crowded
street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of
the throng,
But in ourselves, are triumph and
defeat.

~~~~~  
PARKER CLEVELAND.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING BRUNSWICK  
IN THE SUMMER OF 1875.

AMONG the many lives that I have  
known,  
None I remember more serene and  
sweet,  
More rounded in itself and more  
complete,  
Than his, who lies beneath this  
funeral stone.  
These pines, that murmur in low  
monotone, [feet,  
These walks frequented by scholastic  
Were all his world ; but in this calm  
retreat  
For him the Teacher's chair became  
a throne.  
With fond affection memory loves to  
dwell  
On the old days, when his example  
made  
A pastime of the toil of tongue and  
pen ; [well  
And now, amid the groves he loved so  
That nought could lure him from  
their grateful shade,  
He sleeps, but wakes elsewhere, for  
God hath said, Amen !

~~~~~

THE HARVEST MOON.

IT is the Harvest Moon ! On gilded
vanes
And roofs of villages, on woodland
crests
And their aerial neighbourhood of
nests

Deserted, on the curtained window-
panes
Of rooms where children sleep, on
country lanes
And harvest-fields, its mystic splen-
dour rests !
Gone are the birds that were our
summer guests,
With the last sheaves return the
labouring wains !
All things are symbols : the external
shows [mind,
Of nature have their image in the
As flowers and fruits and falling of
the leaves ;
The song birds leave us at the
summer's close,
Only the empty nests are left behind,
And pipings of the quail among the
sheaves.

TO THE RIVER RHONE.

THOU Royal River, born of sun and
shower [glow,
In chambers purple with the Alpine
Wrapped in the spotless ermine of
the snow,
And rocked by tempests !—at the
appointed hour
Forth, like a steel-clad horseman from
a tower,
With clang and clink of harness
dost thou go
To meet thy vassal torrents, that
below
Rush to receive thee and obey thy
power.
And now thou movest in triumphal
march,
A king among the rivers ! On thy
way
A hundred towns await and welcome
thee ;
Bridges uplift for thee the stately arch,
Vineyards encircle thee with gar-
lands gay, [the sea !
And fleets attend thy progress to

THE THREE SILENCES OF MOLINOS.

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
THREE Silences there are : the first of
speech,
The second of desire, the third of
thought ;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

This is the lore a Spanish monk,
distracted
With dreams and visions, was the
first to teach.
These Silences, commingling each
with each,
Made up the perfect Silence that he
sought
And prayed for, and wherein at
times he caught
Mysterious sounds from realms be-
yond our reach.
O thou, whose daily life anticipates
The life to come, and in whose
thought and word
The spiritual world preponderates,
Hermit of Aymesbury ! thou too hast
heard
Voices and melodies from beyond
the gates,
And speakest only when thy soul is
stirred !

THE TWO RIVERS.

I.
SLOWLY the hour-hand of the clock
moves round ;
So slowly that no human eye hath
power
To see it move ! Slowly in shine or
shower
The painted ship above it, home-
ward bound,
Sails, but seems motionless, as if
aground ; [tower
Yet both arrive at last ; and in his
The slumbrous Watchman wakes and
strikes the hour,
A mellow, measured, melancholy
sound.
Midnight ! the outpost of advancing
day ! night !
The frontier town and citadel of
The watershed of Time, from which
the streams
Of Yesterday and To-morrow take
their way,
One to the land of promise and of
light,
One to the land of darkness and of
dreams !

II.
O RIVER of Yesterday, with current
swift
Through chasms descending, and
soon lost to sight,

I do not care to follow in thy flight
The faded leaves, that on thy bosom
drift !
O River of To-morrow, I uplift
Mine eyes, and thee I follow, as the
night
Wanes into morning, and the dawn-
ing light
Broadens, and all the shadows fade
and shift !
I follow, follow, where thy waters run
Through unfrequented, unfamiliar
fields,
Fragrant with flowers and musical
with song ; [sun.
Still follow, follow ; sure to meet the
And confident, that what the future
yields
Will be the right, unless myself be
wrong.

III.
YET not in vain, O River of Yesterday,
Through chasms of darkness to the
deep descending,
I heard thee sobbing in the rain, and
blending
Thy voice with other voices far
away.
I called to thee, and yet thou wouldest
not stay,
But turbulent, and with thyself con-
tending,
And torrent-like thy force on peb-
bles spending,
Thou wouldest not listen to a poet's
lay.
Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush
of wings,
Regrets and recollections of things
past,
With hints and prophecies of things
to be,
And inspirations, which, could they
be things,
And stay with us, and we could hold
them fast,
Were our good angels,—these I owe
to thee.

IV.
AND thou, O River of To-morrow,
flowing
Between thy narrow adamantine
walls,
But beautiful, and white with water-
falls
And wreaths of mist, like hands, the
pathway showing ;

SONNETS.

I hear the trumpets of the morning blowing,
I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and calls, [halls,
And see, as Ossian saw in Morven's Mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning, going !
It is the mystery of the unknown That fascinates us ; we are children still,
Wayward and wistful ; with one hand we cling To the familiar things we call our own, And with the other, resolute of will, Grope in the dark for what the day will bring.

BOSTON.

ST. BOTOLPH'S TOWN ! Hither across the plains
And fens of Lincolnshire, in garb austere,
There came a Saxon monk, and founded here
A Priory, pillaged by marauding Danes,
So that thereof no vestige now remains ;
Only a name, that, spoken loud and clear,
And echoed in another hemisphere, Survives the sculptured walls and painted panes.
St. Botolph's Town ! Far over leagues of land
And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,
And far around the chiming bells are heard :
So may that sacred name for ever stand
A landmark, and a symbol of the power
That lies concentrated in a single word.

~~~~~

ST. JOHN'S, CAMBRIDGE.
I STAND beneath the tree, whose branches shade Thy western window, Chapel of St. John ! And hear its leaves repeat their benison On him, whose hand thy stones memorial laid ;

287

Then I remember one of whom was said In the world's darkest hour, " Behold thy son ! " And see him living still, and wandering on And waiting for the advent long delayed. Not only tongues of the apostles teach Lessons of love and light, but these expanding And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore, And say in language clear as human speech, " The peace of God that passeth understanding, Be and abide with you for evermore ! "

~~~~~ MOODS.

O THAT a Song would sing itself to me Out of the heart of Nature, or the heart Of man, the child of Nature, not of Art. Fresh as the morning, salt as the salt sea, With just enough of bitterness to be A medicine to this sluggish mood, and start The life-blood in my veins, and so impart Healing and help in this dull lethargy. Alas ! not always doth the breath of song Breathe on us. It is like the wind that bloweth At its own will, not ours, nor tarries long ; We hear the sound thereof, but no man knoweth From whence it comes, so sudden and swift and strong, Nor whither in its wayward course it goeth.

~~~~~ WOODSTOCK PARK.

HERE in a little rustic hermitage Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred the Great, Postponed the cares of kingcraft to translate [sage. The Consolations of the Roman

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe old age
Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which soon or late
The venturesous hand that strives to imitate
Vanquished must fall on the unfinished page.
Two kings were they, who ruled by right divine,
And both supreme; one in the realm of Truth,
One in the realm of Fiction and of What prince hereditary of their line,
Uprising in the strength and flush of youth,
Their glory shall inherit and prolong?

~~~~~  
THE FOUR PRINCESSES AT WILNA.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

SWEET faces, that from pictured casements lean  
As from a castle window, looking down  
On some gay pageant passing through a town,  
Yourselves the fairest figures in the scene;  
With what a gentle grace, with what serene  
Unconsciousness ye wear the triple crown  
Of youth and beauty and the fair renown  
Of a great name, that ne'er hath tarnished been!  
From your soft eyes, so innocent and sweet,  
Four spirits, sweet and innocent as they,  
Gaze on the world below, the sky above;  
Hark! there is some one singing in the street;  
"Faith, Hope, and Love! these three," he seems to say;  
"These three; and the greatest of the three is Love."

~~~~~  
HOLIDAYS.

THE holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;

The secret anniversaries of the heart;
When the full river of feeling overflows;—
The happy days unclouded to their close;
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!
White as the gleam of a receding sail,
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,
White as the whitest lily on the stream,
These tender memories are;—a Fairy Tale
Of some enchanted land we know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

~~~~~  
WAPENTAKE.

TO ALFRED TENNYSON.  
POET! I come to touch thy lance with mine;  
Not as a knight, who on the listed field  
Of tourney touched his adversary's shield  
In token of defiance, but in sign  
Of homage to the mastery, which is thine,  
In English song; nor will I keep concealed,  
And voiceless as a rivulet frost-concealed,  
My admiration for thy verse divine.  
Not of the howling dervishes of song,  
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,  
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!  
Therefore to thee the laurel-leaves belong,  
To thee our love and our allegiance,  
For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

~~~~~  
THE BROKEN OAR.

ONCE upon Iceland's solitary strand
A poet wandered with his book and pen,
Seeking some final word, some sweet Amen,

TRANSLATIONS.

Wherewith to close the volume in his hand.
The billows rolled and plunged upon the sand,
The circling sea-gulls swept beyond his ken,
And from the parting cloud-rack now and then
Flashed the red sunset over sea and and.

Then by the billows at his feet was tossed
A broken oar ; and carved thereon he read,
" Oft was I weary, when I toiled at thee ; "
And like a man, who findeth what was lost,
He wrote the words, then lifted up his head,
And flung his useless pen into the sea.

Translations.

VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE.

MELIBOEUS.

TITYRUS, thou in the shade of a spreading beech-tree reclining,
Meditatest, with slender pipe, the Muse of the woodlands.
We our country's bounds and pleasant pastures relinquish,
We our country fly ; thou, Tityrus, stretched in the shadow,
Teachest the woods to resound with the name of the fair Amaryllis.

TITYRUS.

O Meliboeus, a god for us this leisure created,
For he will be unto me a god for ever ; his altar
Oftentimes shall imbue a tender lamb from our sheepfolds.
He, my heifers to wander at large, and myself, as thou seest,
On my rustic reed to play what I will, hath permitted.

MELIBOEUS.

Truly I envy not, I marvel rather ; on all sides
In all the fields is such trouble. Behold, my goats I am driving,
Heartsick, further away ; this one scarce, Tityrus, lead I ;
For having here yeaned twins just now among the dense hazels,
Hope of the flock, ah me ! on the naked flint she hath left them.
Often this evil to me, if my mind had not been insensate,
Oak-trees stricken by heaven predicted, as now I remember ;
Often the sinister crow from the hollow ilex predicted,
Nevertheless, who this god may be, O Tityrus, tell me.

TITYRUS.

O Meliboeus, the city that they call Rome, I imagined,
Foolish I ! to be like this of ours, where often we shepherds
Wonted are to drive down of our ewes the delicate offspring.
Thus whelps like unto dogs had I known, and kids to their mothers,
Thus to compare great things with small had I been accustomed.
But this among other cities its head as far hath exalted
As the cypresses do among the lissome viburnums.

MELIBOEUS.

And what so great occasion of seeing Rome hath possessed thee ?

TITYRUS.

Liberty, which, though late, looked upon me in my inertness,
After the time when my beard fell whiter from me in shaving.—
Yet she looked upon me, and came to me after a long while,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Since Amaryllis possesses and Galatea hath left me,
For I will even confess that while Galatea possessed me
Neither care of my flock nor hope of liberty was there.
Though from my wattled folds there went forth many a victim,
And the unctuous cheese was pressed for the city ungrateful,
Never did my right hand return home heavy with money.

MELIBCEUS.

I have wondered why sad thou invokest the gods, Amaryllis,
And for whom thou didst suffer the apples to hang on the branches !
Tityrus hence was absent ! Thee, Tityrus, even the pine-trees,
Thee, the very fountains, the very copes were calling.

TITYRUS.

What could I do ? No power had I to escape from my bondage,
Nor had I power elsewhere to recognise gods so propitious.
Here I beheld that youth, to whom each year, Melibœus,
During twice six days ascends the smoke of our altars.
Here first gave he response to me soliciting favour :
" Feed us before your heifers, ye boys, and yoke up your bullocks."

MELIBCEUS.

Fortunate old man ! So then thy fields will be left thee,
And large enough for thee, thou naked stone, and the marsh
All thy pasture-lands with the dreggy rush may encompass.
No unaccustomed food thy gravid ewes shall endanger,
Nor of the neighbouring flock the dire contagion infect them.
Fortunate old man ! Here among familiar rivers,
And these sacred founts, shalt thou take the shadowy coolness.
On this side, a hedge along the neighbouring cross-road,
Where Hyblaean bees ever feed on the flower of the willow,
Often with gentle susurrous to fall asleep shall persuade thee.
Yonder, beneath the high rock, the pruner shall sing to the breezes,
Nor meanwhile shall thy heart's delight, the hoarse wood-pigeons,
Nor the turtle-dove cease to mourn from aerial elm-trees.

TITYRUS.

Therefore the agile stags shall sooner feed in the ether,
And the billows leave the fishes bare on the sea-shore,
Sooner, the border-lands of both overpassed, shall the exiled
Parthian drink of the Soane, or the German drink of the Tigris,
Than the face of him shall glide away from my bosom !

MELIBCEUS.

But we hence shall go, a part to the thirsty Africs,
Part to Scythia come, and the rapid Cretan Oaxes,
And to the Britons from all the universe utterly sundered.
Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the bounds of my country
And the roof of my lowly cottage covered with greensward
Seeing, with wonder behold,—my kingdoms, a handful of wheat-ears
Shall an impious soldier possess these lands newly cultured,
And these fields of corn a barbarian ? Lo, whither discord
Us wretched people hath brought ! for whom our fields we have planted !
Graft, Melibœus, thy pear-trees now, put in order thy vineyards ;
Go, my goats, go hence, my flock so happy aforetime.
Never again henceforth outstretched in my verdurous cavern
Shall I behold you afar from the bushy precipice hanging.
Songs no more shall I sing ; not with me, ye goats, as your shepherd,
Shall ye browse on the bitter willow or blooming laburnum.

TRANSLATIONS.

TITYRUS.

Nevertheless, this night together with me canst thou rest thee
Here on the verdant leaves ; for us there are mellowing apples,
Chestnuts soft to the touch, and elouted cream in abundance ;
And the high roofs now of the villages smoke in the distance,
And from the lofty mountains are falling larger the shadows.

OVID IN EXILE,

AT TOMIS, IN BESSARABIA, NEAR THE MOUTHS OF THE DANUBE.

TRISTIA, Book III. Elegy X.

SHOULD any one there in Rome remember Ovid the exile,
And, without me, my name still in the city survive ;

Tell him that under stars which never set in the ocean
I am existing still, here in a barbarous land.

Fierce Sarmatians encompass me round, and the Bessi and Getae
Names how unworthy to be sung by a genius like mine !

Yet when the air is warm, intervening Ister defends us :
He, as he flows, repels inroads of war with his waves.

But when the dismal winter reveals its hideous aspect,
When all the earth becomes white with a marble-like frost ;

And when Boreas is loosed, and the snow hurled under Arcturus,
Then these nations, in sooth, shudder and shiver with cold.

Deep lies the snow, and neither the sun nor the rain can dissolve it ;
Boreas hardens it still, makes it for ever remain.

Hence, ere the first has melted away another succeeds it,
And two years it is wont, in many places, to lie.

And so great is the power of the North-wind awakened, it levels
Lofty towers with the ground, roofs uplifted bears off.

Wrapped in skins, and with trousers sewed, they contend with the weather,
And their faces alone of the whole body are seen.

Often their tresses, when shaken, with pendent icicles tinkle,
And their whitened beards shine with the gathering frost.

Wines consolidate stand, preserving the form of the vessels ;
No more draughts of wine,—pieces presented they drink.

Why should I tell you how all the rivers are frozen and solid,
And from out of the lake frangible water is dug ?

Ister,—no narrower stream than the river that bears the papyrus,—
Which through its many mouths mingles its waves with the deep ;

Ister, with hardening winds, congeals its cerulean waters,
Under a roof of ice, winding its way to the sea.

There where ships have sailed, men go on foot ; and the billows,
Solid made by the frost, hoof-beats of horses indent.

Over unwonted bridges, with water gliding beneath them,
The Sarmatian steers drag their barbarian carts.

Scarcely shall I be believed ; yet when naught is gained by a falsehood,
Absolute credence then should to a witness be given.

I have beheld the vast Black Sea of ice all compacted,
And a slippery crust pressing its motionless tides.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

'Tis not enough to have seen, I have trodden this indurate ocean ;
Dry-shod passed my foot over its uppermost wave.
If thou hadst had of old such a sea as this is, Leander !
Then thy death had not been charged as a crime to the Strait.
Nor can the curved dolphins uplift themselves from the water ;
All their struggles to rise merciless winter prevents ;
And though Boreas sound with roar of wings in commotion,
In the blockaded gulf never a wave will there be ;
And the ships will stand hemmed in by the frost, as in marble,
Nor will the oar have power through the stiff waters to cleave.
Fast-bound in the ice have I seen the fishes adhering,
Yet notwithstanding this some of them still were alive.
Hence, if the savage strength of omnipotent Boreas freezes
Whether the salt-sea wave, whether the reffluent stream,—
Straightway,—the Ister made level by arid blasts of the North-wind,—
Comes the barbaric foe borne on his swift-footed steed ;
Foe, that powerful made by his steed and his far-flying arrows,
All the neighbouring land void of inhabitants makes.
Some take flight, and none being left to defend their possessions,
Unprotected, their goods pillage and plunder become ;
Cattle and creaking carts, the little wealth of the country,
And what riches beside indigent peasants possess.
Some as captives are driven along, their hands bound behind them,
Looking backward in vain toward their Lares and lands.
Others, transfixed with barbed arrows, in agony perish,
For the swift arrow-heads all have in poison been dipped.
What they cannot carry or lead away they demolish,
And the hostile flames burn up the innocent cots.
Even when there is peace, the fear of war is impending ;
None, with the ploughshare pressed, furrows the soil any more.
Either this region sees, or fears a foe that it sees not,
And the sluggish land slumbers in utter neglect.
No sweet grape lies hidden here in the shade of its vine-leaves,
No fermenting must fills and overflows the deep vats.
Apples the region denies ; nor would Acontius have found here
Aught upon which to write words for his mistress to read.
Naked and barren plains without leaves or trees we behold here,—
Places, alas ! unto which no happy man would repair.
Since then this mighty orb lies open so wide upon all sides,
Has this region been found only my prison to be ?

TRISTIA, Book III. Elegy XII.

Now the zephyrs diminish the cold, and the year being ended,
Winter Maeonian seems longer than ever before ;
And the Ram that bore unsafely the burden of Helle,
Now makes the hours of the day equal with those of the night.
Now the boys and the laughing girls the violet gather,
Which the fields bring forth, nobody sowing the seed.

TRANSLATIONS.

Now the meadows are blooming with flowers of various colours,
And with untaught throats carol the garrulous birds.

Now the swallow, to shun the crime of her merciless mother,
Under the rafters builds cradles and dear little homes;

And the blade that lay hid, covered up in the furrows of Ceres,
Now from the tepid ground raises its delicate head.

Where there is ever a vine, the bud shoots forth from the tendrils,
But from the Getic shore distant afar is the vine !

Where there is ever a tree, on the tree the branches are swelling,
But from the Getic land distant afar is the tree !

Now it is holiday there in Rome, and to games in due order
Give place the windy wars of the vociferous bar.

Now they are riding the horses ; with light arms now they are playing,
Now with the ball, and now round rolls the swift-flying hoop ;

Now, when the young athlete with flowing oil is anointed,
He in the Virgin's Fount bathes, overwearied, his limbs.

Thrives the stage ; and applause, with voices at variance, thunders,
And the Theatres three for the three Forums resound.

Four times happy is he, and times without number is happy,
Who the city of Rome, uninterdicted, enjoys.

But all I see is the snow in the vernal sunshine dissolving,
And the waters no more delved from the indurate lake.

Nor is the sea now frozen, nor as before o'er the Ister
Comes the Sarmatian boor driving his stridulous cart.

Hitherward, nevertheless, some keels already are steering,
And on this Pontic shore alien vessels will be.

Eagerly shall I run to the sailor, and, having saluted,
Who he may be, I shall ask ; wherefore and whence he hath come.

Strange indeed will it be, if he come not from regions adjacent,
And incautious unless ploughing the neighbouring sea.

Rarely a mariner over the deep from Italy passes,
Rarely he comes to these shores, wholly of harbours devoid.

Whether he knoweth Greek, or whether in Latin he speaketh,
Surely on this account he the more welcome will be.

Also perchance from the mouth of the Strait and the waters Propontic,
Unto the steady South-wind, some one is spreading his sails.

Whosoever he is, the news he can faithfully tell me,
Which may become a part and an approach to the truth.

He, I pray, may be able to tell me the triumphs of Cæsar,
Which he has heard of, and vows paid to the Latian Jove ;

And that thy sorrowful head, Germania, thou, the rebellious,
Under the feet, at last, of the Great Captain hast laid.

Whoso shall tell me these things, that not to have seen will afflict me
Forthwith unto my house welcomed as guest shall he be.

Woe is me ! Is the house of Ovid in Scythian lands now ?
And doth punishment now give me its place for a home ?

Grant, ye gods, that Cæsar make this not my house and my homestead,
But decree it to be only the inn of my pain.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

ON THE TERRACE OF THE
AIGALADES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MÉRY.

FROM this high portal, where up-springs
The rose to touch our hands in play,
We at a glance behold three things,—
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

And the Sea says : My shipwrecks
fear ;
I drown my best friends in the deep ;
And those who braved my tempests,
here
Among my sea-weeds lie asleep !

The Town says : I am filled and
fraught
With tumult and with smoke and care ;
My days with toil are overwrought,
And in my nights I gasp for air.

The Highway says : My wheel-tracks
guide
To the pale climates of the North ;
Where my last milestone stands abide
The people to their death gone forth.

Here, in the shade, this life of ours,
Full of delicious air, glides by
Amid a multitude of flowers
As countless as the stars on high ;

These red-tiled roofs, this fruitful soil,
Bathed with an azure all divine,
Where springs the tree that gives us
oil,

The grape that giveth us the wine ;

Beneath these mountains stripped of
trees, [o'er,
Whose tops with flowers are covered
Where springtime of the Hesperides
Begins, but endeth nevermore ;

Under these leafy vaults and walls,
That unto gentle sleep persuade,
This rainbow of the waterfalls,
Of mingled mist and sunshine made ;

Upon these shores, where all invites,
We live our languid life apart ;
This air is that of life's delights,
The festival of sense and heart ;

This limpid space of time prolong,
Forget-to-morrow in to-day,
And leave unto the passing throng
The Sea, the Town, and the Highway.

TO MY BROOKLET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DUCIS.

THOU brooklet, all unknown to song,
Hid in the covert of the wood !
Ah, yes, like thee I fear the throng,
Like thee I love the solitude.

O brooklet, let my sorrows past
Lie all forgotten in their graves,
Till in my thoughts remain at last
Only thy peace, thy flowers, thy
waves.

The lily by thy margin waits ;—
The nightingale, the marguerite ;
In shadow here he meditates
His nest, his love, his music sweet

Near thee the self-collected soul
Knows nought of error or of crime :
Thy waters, murmuring as they roll,
Transform his musings into rhyme.

Ah, when, on bright autumnal eves,
Pursuing still thy course, shall I
List the soft shudder of the leaves,
And hear the lapwing's plaintive cry ?

BARÈGES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LEFRANC DE
POMPIGNAN.

I LEAVE you, ye cold mountain chains,
Dwelling of warriors stark and frore !
You, may these eyes behold no more,
Save on the horizon of our plains.

Vanish, ye frightful, gloomy views !
Ye rocks that mount up to the clouds !
Of skies, enwrapped in misty shrouds,
Impracticable avenues !

Ye torrents, that with might and main
Break pathways through the rocky
walls,

With your terrific waterfalls
Fatigue no more my weary brain !

Arise, ye landscapes full of charms,
Arise, ye pictures of delight !
Ye brooks, that water in your flight
The flowers and harvests of our farms !

You I perceive, ye meadows green,
Where the Garonne the lowland fills,
Not far from that long chain of hills,
With intermingled vales between.

Yon wreath of smoke, that mounts so
high, [come :
Methinks from my own hearth must

SEVEN SONNETS.

With speed to that beloved home,
Fly, ye too lazy coursers, fly !
And bear me thither, where the soul
In quiet may itself possess,
Where all things soothe the mind's
distress,
Where all things teach me and console.

FORSAKEN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

SOMETHING the heart must have to
cherish,
Must love and joy and sorrow learn,
Something with passion clasp, or
perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.
So to this child my heart is clinging,
And its frank eyes, with look
intense,
Me from a world of sin are bringing
Back to a world of innocence.
Disdain must thou endure for ever ;
Strong may thy heart in danger be !

Thou shalt not fail ! but ah, be never
False as thy father was to me.
Never will I forsake thee, faithless,
And thou thy mother ne'er forsake,
Until her lips are white and breath-
less,
Until in death her eyes shall break.

ALLAH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF MAHLMANN.

ALLAH gives light in darkness,
Allah gives rest in pain,
Cheeks that are white with weeping
Allah paints red again.

The flowers and the blossoms wither,
Years vanish with flying feet ;
But my heart will live on for ever,
That here in sadness beat.

Gladly to Allah's dwelling
Yonder would I take flight ;
There will the darkness vanish,
There will my eyes have sight.

Seven Sonnets

AND

A CANZONE, FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

[The following translations are from the poem of Michael Angelo as revised by his nephew Michael Angelo the Younger, and were made before the publication of the original text by Guasti.]

I.

THE ARTIST.

NOTHING the greatest artist can con-
ceive
That every marble block doth not
confine
Within itself ; and only its design
The hand that follows intellect can
achieve.
The ill I flee, the good that I believe,
In thee, fair lady, lofty and divine,
Thus hidden lie ; and so that death
be mine
Art, of desired success, doth me
bereave.
Love is not guilty, then, nor thy fair
face,

295

Nor fortune, cruelty, nor great dis-
dain,
Of my disgrace, nor chance nor
destiny,
If in thy heart both death and love
find place [brain,
At the same time, and if my humble
Burning, can nothing draw but
death from thee.

II.

FIRE.

NOT without fire can any workman
mould
The iron to his preconceived design,
Nor can the artist without fire refine

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And purify from all its dross the gold !
Nor can revive the phoenix, we are told,
Except by fire. Hence if such death be mine
I hope to rise again with the divine,
Whom death augments, and time cannot make old.
O sweet, sweet death ! O fortunate fire that burns
Within me still to renovate my days,
Though I am almost numbered with the dead !
If by its nature unto heaven returns
This element, me, kindled in its blaze,
Will it bear upward when my life is fled.

~~~~~

III.

YOUTH AND AGE.

O give me back the days when loose and free  
To my blind passion were the curb and rein,  
O give me back the angelic face again,  
With which all virtue buried seems to be !  
O give my panting footsteps back to me,  
That are in age so slow and fraught with pain,  
And fire and moisture in the heart and brain,  
If thou wouldest have me burn and weep for thee !  
If it be true thou livest alone, Amor,  
On the sweet-bitter tears of human hearts,  
In an old man thou canst not wake desire ;  
Souls that have almost reached the other shore  
Of a diviner love should feel the darts,  
And be as tinder to a holier fire.

~~~~~

IV.

OLD AGE.

THE course of my long life hath reached at last,
In fragile bark o'er a tempestuous sea,

The common harbour, where must be rendered
Account of all the actions of the past.
The impassioned phantasy, that, vague and vast,
Made art an idol and a king to me,
Was an illusion, and but vanity
Were the desires that lured me and harassed.
The dreams of love, that were so sweet of yore,
What are they now, when two deaths may be mine, —
One sure, and one forecasting its alarms ?
Painting and sculpture satisfy no more
The soul now turning to the Love Divine,
That oped, to embrace us, on the cross its arms.

~~~~~

V.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

LADY, how can it chance—yet this we see  
In long experience—that will longer last [vast  
A living image carved from quarries Than its own maker, who dies presently ?  
Cause yieldeth to effect if this so be,  
And even Nature is by Art surpassed ;  
This know I, who to Art have given the past,  
But see that Time is breaking faith with me.

Perhaps on both of us long life can I  
Either in colour or in stone bestow  
By now portraying each in look and mien ;  
So that a thousand years after we die,  
How fair thou wast, and I how full of woe,  
And wherefore I so loved thee, may be seen.

~~~~~

VI.

TO VITTORIA COLONNA,

WHEN the prime mover of my many sighs
Heaven took through death from out her earthly place,

SEVEN SONNETS.

Nature, that never made so fair a
face,
Remained ashamed, and tears were in
all eyes. [cries !
O fate, unheeding my impassioned
O hopes fallacious ! O thou spirit
of grace,
Where art thou now ? Earth holds
in its embrace
Thy lovely limbs, thy holy thoughts
the skies.
Vainly did cruel death attempt to stay
The rumour of thy virtuous renown,
That Lethe's waters could not wash
away !
A thousand leaves, since he hath
stricken thee down,
Speak of thee, nor to thee could
Heaven convey,
Except through death, a refuge and
a crown.

~~~~~

### VII. DANTE.

WHAT should be said of him cannot  
be said ;  
By too great splendour is his name  
attended ; [offended,  
To blame is easier those who him  
Than reach the faintest glory round  
him shed.  
This man descended to the doomed  
and dead  
For our instruction : then to God  
ascended ;  
Heaven opened wide to him its  
portals splendid,  
Who from his country's, closed  
against him, fled.  
Ungrateful land ! To its own pre-  
judice  
Nurse of his fortunes ; and this  
sheweth well,  
That the most perfect most of grief  
shall see.  
Among a thousand proofs let one  
suffice,  
That as his exile hath no parallel,  
Ne'er walked the earth a greater  
man than he.

### VIII.

### CANZONE.

AH me ! ah me ! when thinking of  
the years,  
The vanished years, alas, I do not find  
Among them all one day that was my  
own !  
Fallacious hopes, desires of the un-  
known,  
Lamenting, loving, burning, and in  
tears  
(For human passions all have stirred  
my mind),  
Have held me, now I feel and know,  
confined  
Both from the true and good still far  
away.  
I perish day by day ;  
The sunshine fails, the shadows grow  
more dreary,  
And I am near to fall, infirm and  
weary.

~~~~~

SONNET.

ON MRS. KEMBLE'S READINGS FROM
SHAKESPEARE.

O PRECIOUS evenings ! all too swiftly
sped !
Leaving us heirs to amplest heri-
tages
Of all the best thoughts of the
greatest sages,
And giving tongues unto the silent
dead !
How our hearts glowed and trembled
as she read,
Interpreting by tones the wondrous
pages
Of the great Poet who foreruns the
ages,
Anticipating all that shall be said !
O happy reader ! having for thy text
The magic book, whose Sibylline
leaves have caught
The rarest essence of all human
thought !
O happy Poet ! by no critic vext !
How must thy listening spirit now
rejoice
To be interpreted by such a voice !



Tales of a Wayside Inn.

1863.

PRELUDE.—THE WAYSIDE INN.

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through
the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality;
A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,

And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.
A region of repose it seems,
A place of slumber and of dreams,
Remote among the wooded hills!
For there no noisy railway speeds,
Its torch-race scattering smoke and
gleeds;
But noon and night, the panting
teams
Stop under the great oaks, that throw
Tangles of light and shade below,
On roofs and doors and window-sills.
Across the road the barns display
Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Through the wide doors the breezes blow,
The wattled cocks strut to and fro,
And, half effaced by rain and shine,
The Red Horse prances on the sign.
Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
Deep silence reigned, save when a gust
Went rushing down the country road,
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks o'er-head
Mysterious voices moaned and fled.
But from the parlour of the inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir ;
Oft interrupted by the din
Of laughter and of loud applause,
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.
The fire-light, shedding over all
The splendour of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlour large and low;
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,
It touched with more than wonted grace
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face ;
It bronzed the rafters overhead,
On the old spinet's ivory keys
It played inaudible melodies,
It crowned the sombre clock with flame, [name]
The hands, the hours, the maker's
And painted with a livelier red
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again ;
And, flashing on the window-pane,
Emblazoned with its light and shade
The jovial rhymes, that still remain,
Writ near a century ago,
By the great Major Molineaux,
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.
Before the blazing fire of wood
Erect the rapt musician stood ;
And ever and anon he bent
His head upon his instrument,
And seemed to listen till he caught
Confessions of its secret thought.—
The joy, the triumph, the lament,
The exultation and the pain ;
Then, by the magic of his art,
He soothed the throbings of its heart,
And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease
There sata group of friends, entranced
With the delicious melodies ;
Who from the far-off noisy town
Had to the wayside inn come down,
To rest beneath its old oak-trees.
The fire-light on their faces glanced,
Their shadows on the wainscot danced,
And, though of different lands and speech,
Each had his tale to tell, and each
Was anxious to be pleased and please.
And while the sweet musician plays,
Let me in outline sketch them all,
Perchance uncouthly as the blaze
With its uncertain touch portrays
Their shadowy semblance on the wall.
But first the Landlord will I trace ;
Grave in his aspect and attire ;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."
Proud was he of his name and race,
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlour, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colours blazed ;
He beareth gules upon his shield,
A chevron Argent in the field,
With three wolves' heads, and for the crest
A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed
Upon a helmet barred ; below
The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe."
And over this, no longer bright,
Though glimmering with a latent light,
Was hung the sword his grandsire bore
In the rebellious days of yore,
Down there at Concord in the fight.
A youth was there, of quiet ways,
A Student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands were known,
And yet a lover of his own ;
With many a social virtue graced,
And yet a friend of solitude ;
A man of such a genial mood
The heart of all things he embraced
And yet of such fastidious taste,
He never found the best too good.
Books were his passion and delight,
And in his upper room at home

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,
In vellum bound, with gold bedight,
Great volumes garmented in white,
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.
He loved the twilight that surrounds
The border-land of old romance ;
Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
And banner waves, and trumpet [sounds
And ladies ride with hawk on wrist,
And mighty warriors sweep along,
Magnified by the purple mist.
The dusk of centuries and of song.
The chronicles of Charlemagne,
Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure,
Mingled together in his brain,
With tales of Flores and Blanchefleur,
Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,
Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,
Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain.

A young Sicilian, too, was there ;
In sight of Etna born and bred,
Some breath of its volcanic air
Was glowing in his heart and brain,
And, being rebellious to his liege,
After Palermo's fatal siege,
Across the western seas he fled,
In good king Bomba's happy reign.
His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light ;
His hands were small ; his teeth shone
white

As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke ;
His sinews supple and strong as oak ;
Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Save that upon his upper lip
His beard, a good palm's length at
least,

Level and pointed at the tip,
Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.
The poets read he o'er and o'er,
And most of all the Immortal Four
Of Italy : and next to those,
The story-telling bard of prose,
Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales
Of the Decameron, that make
Fiesole's green hills and vales
Remembered for Boccaceio's sake,
Much too of music was his thought ;
The melodies and measures fraught
With sunshine and the open air,
Of vineyards and the singing sea
Of his beloved Sicily ;
And much it pleased him to peruse
The songs of the Sicilian muse, —

Bucolic songs by Meli sung
In the familiar peasant tongue,
That made men say, " Behold ! once
more
The pitying gods to earth restore
Theocritus of Syracuse ! "
A Spanish Jew from Alicant
With aspect grand and grave was
there ;
Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the Levant.
Like an old Patriarch he appeared,
Abraham or Isaac, or at least
Some later Prophet or High-Priest ;
With lustre eyes, and olive skin,
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and
chin,
The tumbling cataract of his beard.
His garments breathed a spicy scent
Of cinnamon and sandal bient,
Like the soft aromatic gales
That meet the mariner, who sails
Through the Moluccas, and the seas
That wash the shores of Celebes.
All stories that recorded are
By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,
And it was rumoured he could say
The Parables of Sandabar,
And all the Fables of Pilpay,
Or if not all, the greater part !
Well versed was he in Hebrew books,
Talmud and Targum, and the lore
Of Kabala ; and evermore
There was a mystery in his looks :
His eyes seemed gazing far away,
As if in vision or in trance
He heard the solemn sackbut play,
And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

A Theologian, from the school
Of Cambridge on the Charles, was there ;
Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.
With reverent feet the earth he trod,
Nor banished nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research
To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as in the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical and terse ;
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream,
All these were his ; but with them
came

No envy of another's fame ;
He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighbouring street,
Nor rustling hear in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades.
Honour and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead,
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown !

Last the Musician, as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood ;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect
blithe,

His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race ;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
He lived in that ideal world
Whose language is not speech, but
song ;

Around him evermore the throng
Of elves and sprites their dances
whirled ;
The Strömkarl sang, the cataract
hurled

Its headlong waters from the height ;
And mingled in the wild delight
The scream of sea-birds in their flight,
The rumour of the forest trees,
The plunge of the implacable seas,
The tumult of the wind at night,
Voices of old, like trumpets blowing,
Old ballads, and wild melodies
Through mist and darkness pouring
forth,

Like Elivagar's river flowing
Out of the glaciers of the North.

The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the past,
Ere yet was lost the art divine ;
Fashioned of maple and of pine,
That in Tyrolian forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the
blast ;

Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art ;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came

Had written his unrivalled name,—
" Antonius Stradivarius."

And when he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled,
The birds came down from bush and
tree,

The dead came from beneath the sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee !

The music ceased ; the applause was
loud,
The pleased musician smiled and
bow'd ;
The wood-fire clapped its hands of
flame,
The shadows on the wainscot stirred,
And from the harpsichord there came
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,
A sound like that sent down at night,
By birds of passage in their flight,
From the remotest distance heard.

Then silence followed ; then began
A clamour for the Landlord's tale,—
The story promised them of old,
They said, but always left untold ;
And he, although a bashful man,
And all his courage seemed to fail,
Finding excuse of no avail,
Yielded ; and thus the story ran.

THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall
hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy—
Hardly a man is now alive [five :
Who remembers that famous day and
year.

He said to his friend, " If the British
march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal
light,—

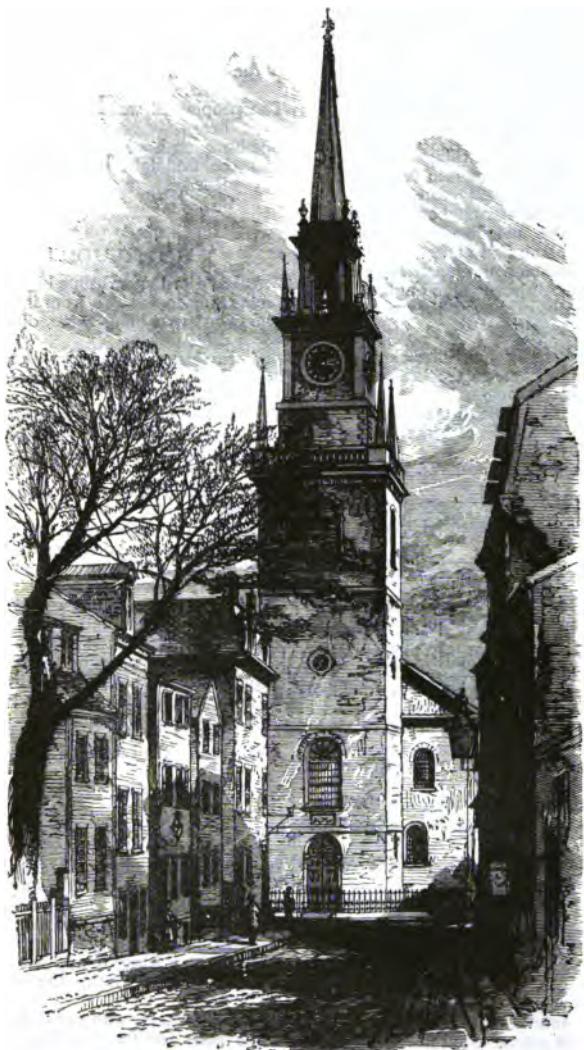
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and
farm, [arm.]
For the country-folk to be up and to

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Then he said "Good-night ! " and
with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown
shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings
lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;
A phantom-ship, with each mast and
spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.
Meanwhile, his friend, through alley
and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of
feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the
shore.
Then he climbed the tower of the old
North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy
tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their
perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him
made.
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and
tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look
down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the
dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's
tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place, and the hour, and the
secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead ;

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the
bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of
boats.
Meanwhile, impatient to mount and
ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy
stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul
Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and
near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth ;
But mostly he watched with eager
search
The belfry-tower of the old North
Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and
still.
And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's
height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle
he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his
sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !
A hurry of hoofs in village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in
the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in
passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless
and fleet :
That was all ! And yet, through the
gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that
night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed,
in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its
heat.
He has left the village and mounted
the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad
and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders, that skirt its
edge,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.



Now soft on the sand, now loud on | Is heard the tramp of his steed as he
the ledge, | rides.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Med-
ford town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows,
blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look
upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Con-
cord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the
trees,
And felt the breath of the morning
breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his
bed
Who at the bridge would be first to
fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.
You know the rest. In the books you
have read,
How the British Regulars fired and
fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for
ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard
wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge
again
Under the trees at the turn of the
road,
And only pausing to fire and load.
So through the night rode Paul Re-
vere ;
And so through the night went his cry
of alarm
To every Middlesex village and
farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at
the door, [more !]
And a word that shall echo for ever-

For, borne on the night-wind of the
Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and
need,
The people will waken and listen to
hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul
Revere.

INTERLUDE.

THE Landlord ended thus his tale,
Then rising took down from its nail
The sword that hung there, dim with
dust,
And cleaving to its sheath with rust,
And said, "This sword was in the
fight."
The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,
"It is the sword of a good knight,
Though home-spun was his coat-of
mail ;
What matter if it be not named
Joyeuse, Colado, Durindale,
Excalibar, or Aroundight,
Or other name the books record ?
Your ancestor, who bore this sword
As Colonel of the Volunteers,
Mounted upon his old grey mare,
Seen here and there and everywhere
To me a grander shape appears
Than old Sir William, or what not,
Clinking about in foreign lands
With iron gauntlets on his hands,
And on his head an iron pot ! "

All laughed : the Landlord's face grew
red
As his escutcheon on the wall ;
He could not comprehend at all,
The drift of what the Poet said ;
For those who had been longest dead
Were always greatest in his eyes ;
And he was speechless with surprise
To see Sir William's plumed head
Brought to a level with the rest,
And made the subject of a jest.
And this perceiving, to appease
The Landlord's wrath, the others'
fears,
The Student said, with careless ease,
"The ladies and the cavaliers,
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,
The deeds of high emprise, I sing !
Thus Ariosto says, in words

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

That have the stately stride and ring
Of armed knights and clashing swords.
Now listen to the tale I bring ;
Listen ! though not to me belong
The flowing draperies of his song,
The words that rouse, the voice that
charms.

The Landlord's tale was one of arms,
Only a tale of love is mine,
Blending the human and divine,
A tale of the Decameron, told
In Palmieri's garden old,
By Fiametta, laurel-crowned,
While her companions lay around,
And heard the intermingled sound
Of airs that on their errands sped,
And wild birds gossiping overhead,
And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall,
And her own voice more sweet than
all,

Telling the tale, which, wanting these,
Perchance may lose its power to
please."

THE STUDENT'S TALE.

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO.

ONE summer morning, when the sun
was hot,
Weary with labour in his garden-plot,
On a rude bench beneath his cottage
eaves
Ser Federigo sat among the leaves
Of a huge vine, that, with its arms
outspread,
Hung in delicious clusters overhead.
Below him, through the lovely valley,
flowed
The river Arno, like a winding road,
And from its banks were lifted high in
air
The spires and roofs of Florence called
the Fair ;
To him a marble tomb, that rose above
His wasted fortunes and his buried
love.
For there, in banquet and in tourna-
ment,
His wealth had lavished been, his sub-
stance spent
To woo and lose, since ill his wooing
sped,
Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,
Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,
The ideal woman of a young man's
dream.
Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,

To this small farm, the last of his
domain,
His only comfort and his only care
To prune his vines, and plant the fig
and pear ;
His only forester and only guest
His falcon, faithful to him, when the
rest,
Whose willing hands had found so
light of yore
The brazen knocker of his palace door,
Had now no strength to lift the
wooden latch, [thatch.
That entrance gave beneath a roof of
Companion of his solitary ways,
Purveyor of his feasts on holidays,
On him this melancholy man bestowed
The love with which his nature over-
flowed.

And so the empty-handed years went
round,
Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic
sound,
And so, that summer morn, he sat and
mused [used,
With folded, patient hands, as he was
And dreamily before his half-closed
sight
Floated the vision of his lost delight.
Beside him, motionless, the drowsy
bird
Dreamed of the chase, and in his
slumber heard
The sudden, scythe-like sweep of
wings, that dare
The headlong plunge thro' eddying
gulfs of air,
Then, starting broad awake upon his
perch,
Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in a
church, [say,
And, looking at his master, seemed to
"Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-day?"

Ser Federigo thought not of the chase ;
The tender vision of her lovely face,
I will not say he seems to see, he sees
In the leaf-shadows of the trellises,
Herself, yet not herself ; a lovely child
With flowing tresses, and eyes wide
and wild,
Coming undaunted up the garden
walk, [hawk.
And looking not at him, but at the
"Beautiful falcon!" said he, "would
that I [thee fly!"
Might hold thee on my wrist, or see

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The voice was hers, and made strange
echoes start
Through all the haunted chambers of
his heart,
As an æolian harp through gusty doors
Of some old ruin its wild music pours.
"Who is thy mother, my fair boy?"
he said,
His hand laid softly on that shining
"Monna Giovanna. Will you let me
stay
A little while, and with your falcon
play?
We live there, just beyond your garden
wall,
In the great house behind the poplars
tall."
So he spake on; and Federigo heard
As from afar each softly uttered word,
And drifted onward through the
golden gleams
And shadows of the misty sea of
dreams,
As mariners becalmed through vapours
drift,
And feel the sea beneath them sink
and lift,
And hear far off the mournful breakers
roar,
And voices calling faintly from the
shore!
Then, waking from his pleasant
reveries,
He took the little boy upon his knees,
And told him stories of his gallant bird,
Till in their friendship he became a
third.
Monna Giovanna, widowed in her
prime,
Had come with friends to pass the
summer time
In her grand villa, half-way up the hill,
Overlooking Florence, but retired and
still;
With iron gates, that opened through
long lines
Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,
And terraced gardens, and broad steps
of stone,
And sylvan deities, with moss o'er-
grown,
And fountains palpitating in the heat,
And all Val d'Arno stretched beneath
its feet.
Here in seclusion, as a widow may,
The lovely lady whiled the hours away,

Pacing in sable robes the statued hall,
Herself the stateliest statue among all,
And seeing more and more, with
secret joy,
Her husband risen and living in her
boy,
Till the lost sense of life returned again,
Not as delight, but as relief from pain.
Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his
strength,
Stormed down the terraces from length
to length;
The screaming peacock chased in hot
pursuit,
And climbed the garden trellises for
fruit.
But his chief pastime was to watch the
flight
Of a gerafalcon, soaring into sight,
Beyond the trees that fringed the
garden wall,
Then downward stooping at some
distant call;
And as he gazed full often wondered he
Who might the master of the falcon be,
Until that happy morning, when he
found
Master and falcon in the cottage
ground.
And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a passing-bell
Toiled from the tower, and filled each
spacious room
With secret awe, and preternatural
gloom;
The petted boy grew ill, and day by day
Pined with mysterious malady away.
The mother's heart would not be com-
forted;
Her darling seemed to her already
dead,
And often, sitting by the sufferer's side,
"What can I do to comfort thee?"
she cried.
At first the silent lips made no reply,
But moved at length by her importu-
nate cry,
"Give me," he answered with implor-
ing tone,
"Ser Federigo's falcon for my own!"
No answer could the astonished
mother make;
How could she ask, e'en for her
darling's sake,
Such favour at a luckless lover's hand,
Well knowing that to ask was to com-
mand?

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Well knowing, what all falconers confessed,
In all the land that falcon was the best,
The master's pride and passion and delight,
And the sole pursuivant of this poor knight.
But yet, for her child's sake, she could no less
Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness,
So promised, and then promising to keep
Her promise sacred, saw him fall asleep.
The morrow was a bright September morn ;
The earth was beautiful as if new-born ;
There was that nameless splendour everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet.
Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,
Passed through the garden gate into the wood,
Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen [tween.
Of dewy sunshine showering down be-
The one close-hooded had the attractive grace
Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face ;
Her dark eyes moistened with the mists that roll
From the gulf-stream of passion in the soul ;
The other with her hood thrown back, her hair
Making a golden glory in the air,
Her cheeks suffused with an auroral blush,
Her young heart singing louder than the thrush.
So walked, that morn, through mingled light and shade,
Each by the other's presence lovelier made,
Monna Giovanna and her bosom friend,
Intent upon their errand and its end.
They found Ser Federigo at his toil,
Like banished Adam, delving in the soil ;

And when he looked and these fair women spied,
The garden suddenly was glorified ;
His long-lost Eden was restored again,
And the strange river winding through the plain
No longer was the Arno to his eyes,
But the Euphrates watering Paradise
Monna Giovanna raised her stately head,
And with fair words of salutation said :
"Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,
Hoping in this to make some poor amends
For past unkindness. I who ne'er before
Would even cross the threshold of your door,
I who in happier days such pride maintained,
Refused your banquets, and your gifts disdained,
This morning come, a self-invited guest,
To put your generous nature to the test,
And breakfast with you under your own vine."
To which he answered : "Poor desert of mine,
Not your unkindness, call it, for if aught
Is good in me of feeling or of thought,
From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs
All sorrows, all regrets of other days."
And after further compliment and talk,
Among the dahlias in the garden walk
He left his guests ; and to his cottage turned,
And as he entered for a moment yearned
For the lost splendours of the days of old,
The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,
And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,
By want embittered and intensified.
He looked about him for some means or way
To keep this unexpected holiday ;
Searched every cupboard, and then searched again,
Summoned the maid, who came, but came in vain ;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

"The Signor did not hunt to day,"
she said,
"There's nothing in the house but
wine and bread."

Then suddenly the drowsy falcon
shook
His little bells, with that sagacious
look,
Which said as plain as language to
the ear,
"If anything is wanting, I am here!"
Yes, everything is wanting," gallant
bird!
The master seized thee without further
word,
Like thine own lure, he whirled thee
round ; ah me !
The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,
The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet
hood,
The flight and the pursuit o'er field
and wood,
All these for evermore are ended now ;
No longer victor, but the victim thou !

Then on the board a snow-white cloth
he spread,
Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of
bread,
Brought purple grapes with autumn
sunshine hot,
The fragrant peach, the juicy ber-
gamot ;
Then in the midst a flask of wine he
placed,
And with autumnal flowers the banquet
graced.
Ser Federigo, would not these suffice
Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves
and spice ?

When all was ready, and the courtly
dame
With her companion to the cottage
came,
Upon Ser Federigo's brain there fell
The wild enchantment of a magic spell !
The room they entered, mean and low
and small,
Was changed into a sumptuous
banquet-hall,
With fanfares by aerial trumpets
blown ;
The rustic chair she sat on was a
throne ;
He ate celestial food, and a divine
Flavour was given to his country wine,

And the poor falcon, fragrant with his
spice,
A peacock was, or bird of Paradise !

When the repast was ended, they arose
And passed again into the garden-
close.
Then said the lady, "Far too well I
know,
Remembering still the days of long
ago,
Though you betray it not, with what
surprise
You see me here in this familiar wise.
You have no children, and you cannot
guess
What anguish, what unspeakable dis-
tress
A mother feels, whose child is lying ill,
Nor how her heart anticipates his will.
And yet for this, you see me lay aside
All womanly reserve and check of
pride,
And ask the thing most precious in
your sight,
Your falcon, your sole comfort and
delight,
Which if you find it in your heart to
give,
My poor unhappy boy perchance may
live."

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,
With tears of love and pity in his eyes :
"Alas, dear lady ! there can be no task
So sweet to me, as giving when you ask.
One little hour ago, if I had known
This wish of yours, it would have been
my own.
But thinking in what manner I could
best
Do honour to the presence of my guest,
I deemed that nothing worthier could
be [to me,
Than what most dear and precious was
And so my gallant falcon breathed his
last
To furnish forth this morning our
repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with
dismay,
The gentle lady turned her eyes away,
Grieving that he such sacrifice should
make,
And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's
pride, [denied ;
That nothing she could ask for was

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Then took her leave, and passed out
at the gate
With footsteps slow and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo ! a passing bell

Tolled from the little chapel in the dell ;
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said,

Breathing a prayer, " Alas ! her child is dead ! "

Three months went by ; and lo ! a merrier chime

Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas time ;

The cottage was deserted, and no more
Ser Federigo sat beside its door,
But now, with servitors to do his will,
In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side

Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair,
Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair,

High-perched upon the back of which there stood

The image of a falcon carved in wood,
And underneath the inscription, with a date,

" All things come round to him who will but wait."

INTERLUDE.

SOON as the story reached its end,
One, over eager to commend,
Crowned it with injudicious praise ;
And then the voice of blame found vent,
And fanned the embers of dissent
Into a somewhat lively blaze.
The Theologian shook his head ;
" These old Italian tales," he said,
" From the much-praised Decameron down

Through all the rabble of the rest,
Are either trifling, dull, or lewd ;
The gossip of a neighbourhood,
In some remote provincial town,
A scandalous chronicle at best !
They seem to me a stagnant fen,
Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,
Where a white lily, now and then,
Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds
And deadly nightshade on its banks."

To this the Student straight replied,
" For the white lily many thanks !

309

One should not say, with too much pride,

Fountain, I will not drink of thee !

Nor were it grateful to forget,
That from these reservoirs and tanks
Even imperial Shakespeare drew
His Moor of Venice and the Jew,
And Romeo and Juliet,
And many a famous comedy."

Then a long pause ; till some one said,
" An Angel is flying overhead ! "

At these words spake the Spanish Jew,
And murmured with an inward breath :
" God grant, if what you say be true,
It may not be the Angel of Death ! "
And then another pause ; and then,
Stroking his beard, he said again :
" This brings back to my memory
A story in the Talmud told,
That book of gems, that book of gold,
Of wonders many and manifold,
A tale that often comes to me,
And fills my heart, and haunts my brain,
And never wearies nor grows old."



THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI.

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
" No man shall look upon my face
and live."

And as he read he prayed that God would give [eye
His faithful servant grace with mortal
To look upon his face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim
with age,

He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right hand.

Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.
With trembling voice he said, " What wilt thou here ? "

The Angel answered, " Lo ! the time draws near
When thou must die ; yet first, by God's decree,

Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."

Replied the Rabbi, " Let these living eyes

First look upon my place in Paradise."



Then said the Angel, "Come with me
and look."
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred
book,
And rising, and uplifting his gray head,
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel
said,
"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by
the way."
The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial
Town,
And set him on the all, whence,
gazing down,

Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,
Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-
Angel's sword,
And through the streets there swept a
sudden breath
Of something there unknown, which
men call death.
Meanwhile the Angel stayed without,
and cried,
"Come back!" To which the Rabbi's
voice replied,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

"No ! in the name of God, whom I
adore,
I swear that hence I will depart no
more!"

Then all the Angels cried, "O Holy
One,
See what the son of Levi here hath
done !
The kingdom of Heaven he takes by
violence,
And in the name refuses to go hence !"
The Lord replied, "My Angels, be
not wroth ;
Did e'er the son of Levi break his oath ?
Let him remain : for he with mortal eye
Shall look upon my face and yet not
die."

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of
Death
Heard the great voice, and said, with
panting breath,
" Give back the sword, and let me go
my way."
Whereat the Rabbi paused, and an-
swered, " Nay !
Anguish enough already has it caused
Among the sons of men." And while
he paused
He heard the awful mandate of the
Lord
Resounding through the air, " Give
back the sword !"
The Rabbi bowed his head in silent
prayer ;
Then said he to the dreadful Angel,
" Swear,
No human eye shall look on it again ;
But when thou takest away the souls
of men,
Thysel unseen, and with an unseen
sword,
Thou wilt perform the bidding of the
Lord."
The Angel took the sword again, and
swore,
And walks on earth unseen for ever-
more.

INTERLUDE.

HE ended : and a kind of spell
Upon the silent listeners fell.
His solemn manner and his words
Had touched the deep, mysterious
chords,
That vibrate in each human breast

Alike, but not alike confessed.
The spiritual world seemed near ;
And close above them, full of fear,
Its awful adumbration passed,
A luminous shadow, vague and vast.
They almost feared to look, lest there,
Embodyed from the impalpable air,
They might behold the Angel stand,
Holding the sword in his right hand.
At last, but in a voice subdued,
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,
Said the Sicilian, " While you spoke,
Telling your legend marvellous,
Suddenly in my memory woke
The thought of one, now gone from
us.—

An old Abate, meek and mild,
My friend and teacher, when a child,
Who sometimes in those days of old
The legend of an Angel told,
Which ran, as I remember, thus."

THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

KING ROBERT OF SICILY.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope
Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Appareled in magnificent attire,
With retinue of many a knight and
squire,
On St. John's Eve, at vespers, proudly
sat
And heard the priests chant the Mag-
nificat.
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Depositum potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles* ;
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
" What mean these words ? " The
clerk made answer meet,
" He has put down the mighty from
their seat,
And has exalted them of low de-
gree."

Thereat King Robert muttered scorn-
fully,
" 'Tis well that such seditious words
are sung
Only by priests, and in the Latin
tongue ;
For unto priests and people be it
known, [my throne !]
There is no power can push me from

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And leaning back, he yawned and fell
 asleep,
Lulled by the chant monotonous and
 deep.

When he awoke, it was already night ;
The church was empty, and there was
 no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered
 few and faint,
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed
 around,
But saw no living thing, and heard no
 sound.
He groped towards the door, but it
 was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then
 knocked,
And uttered awful threatenings and
 complaints,
And imprecations upon men and
 saints.
The sounds re-echoed from the roof
 and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in
 their stalls !

At length the sexton, hearing from
 without
The tumult of the knocking and the
 shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house
 of prayer,
Came with his lantern, asking, " Who
 is there ?"
Half choked with rage, King Robert
 fiercely said,
" Open : 'tis I, the King ! Art thou
 afraid ?"
The frightened sexton, muttering, with
 a curse,
" This is some drunken vagabond, or
 worse !"
Turned the great key, and flung the
 portal wide ;
A man rushed by him at a single
 stride,
Haggard, half-naked, without hat or
 cloak,
Who neither turned, nor looked at
 him, nor spoke,
But leaped into the blackness of the
 night, [sight.
And vanished like a spectre from his
 Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope
 Urbane
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,

Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent
 with mire,
With sense of wrong and outrage des-
 perate,
Strode on and thundered at the palace
 gate ;
Rushed through the courtyard, thrust-
 ing in his rage
To right and left each seneschal and
 page,
And hurried up the broad and sounding
 stair,
His white face ghastly in the torches'
 glare.
From hall to hall he passed with
 breathless speed ;
Voices and cries he heard, but did not
 heed,
Until at last he reached the banquett-
 room,
Blazing with light, and breathing with
 perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
Wearing his robes, his crown, his
 signet-ring,
King Robert's self in features, form,
 and height,
But all transfigured with angelic light !
It was an Angel ; and his presence
 there
With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel re-
 cognise.

A moment speechless, motionless,
 amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel
 gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why
 com'st thou here ?"
To which King Robert answered with
 a sneer,
" I am the King, and come to claim
 my own
From an impostor, who usurps my
 throne !"
And suddenly, at these audacious
 words,
Up sprang the angry guests and drew
 their swords ;
The angel answered, with unruffled
 brow,
" Nay, not the King, but the King's
 Jester, thou

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Henceforth shalt wear the bells and
scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an
ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when
they call,
And wait upon my henchmen in the
hall !"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and
cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and
down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-
door,
His heart failed, for he heard, with
strange alarms,
The boisterous laughter of the men-
at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and
ring
With the mock plaudits of " Long live
the King ! "

Next morning, waking with the day's
first beam,
He said within himself, " It was a
dream ! "
But the straw rustled as he turned his
head,
There were the cap and bells beside
his bed,
Around him rose the bare, discoloured
walls,
Close by the steeds were champing in
their stalls,
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the
wretched ape.
It was no dream ; the world he loved
so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his
touch !

Days came and went ; and now re-
turned again
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn
and wine,
And deep within the mountain's
burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.
Meantime King Robert yielded to his
fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters
wear,

313

With look bewildered and a vacant
stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks
are shorn,
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed
to scorn,
His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left,—he still was unsub-
dued.
And when the Angel met him on his
way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would
say,
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might
feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of
steel,
" Art thou the King ? " the passion of
his woe
Burst from him in restless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he
would fling
The haughty answer back, " I am, I
am the King ! "

Almost three years were ended ; when
there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Alle-
maine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope
Urbane
By letter summoned them forthwith to
come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his
guests,
And gave them presents of embroi-
dered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine
lined,
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o'er the
sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplen-
dent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings,
and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo ! among the menials, in mock
state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling
gait,
His cloak of foxtails flapping in the
wind, [behind,
The solemn ape demurely perched

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.
The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on St. Peter's Square,
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a King's disguise.
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.
In solemn state the Holy Week went by, [sky;
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the presence of the Angel with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the jester, on his bed of straw,
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more [shore,
Valmond returning to the Danube's Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
The land was made resplendent with his train,
Flashing along the towns of Italy
Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
And when once more within Palermo's wall, [hall,
And, seated on the throne in his great He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
As if the better world conversed with [ours,
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
And with a gesture bade the rest retire; And when they were alone, the Angel said,
"Art thou the King?" Then, bowing down his head,
King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,
And meekly answered him: "Thou knowest best!
My sins as scarlet are; let me go hence, [penitence,
And in some cloister's school of Across those stones that pave the way to heaven, [shriven!"
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
A holy light illumined all the place, And through the open window, loud, and clear, [chapel near,
They heard the monks chant in the Above the stir and tumult of the street: "He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree!" And through the chant a second melody
Rose like the throbbing of a single string: [King!"
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone! But all apparelled as in days of old,
With ermine mantle and with cloth of gold!
And when his courtiers came they found him there
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

INTERLUDE.

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman told
A Saga of the days of old.
"There is," said he, "a wondrous book
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,
Of the dead kings of Norway,—
Legends that once were told or sung
In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
By wandering Saga-man, or Scald ;
Heimskringla is the volume called ;
And he who looks may find therein
The story that I now begin."

And in each pause the story made
Upon his violin he played,
As an appropriate interlude,
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes
That bound in one the separate runes,
And held the mind in perfect mood,
Entwining and encircling all
The strange and antiquated rhymes
With melodies of olden times ;
As over some half-ruined wall,
Disjointed and about to fall,
Fresh woodbines climb and interlace,
And keep the loosened stones in place.

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF.

I.—THE CHALLENGE OF THOR.

I AM the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer !
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I for ever !

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations ;
This is my hammer,
Mjölnir the mighty ;
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it !

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off ;
This is my girdle
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled !

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens,
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard

315

Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations !
Jove is my brother ;
Mine eyes are the lightning ;
The wheels of my chariot
Roll in the thunder,
The blows of my hammer
Ring in the earthquake !

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it ;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still it is Thor's day !

Thou art a God, too,
O Galilean !
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee !

II.—KING OLAF'S RETURN.

AND King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed ;
And the red light glanced and
gleamed
On the armour that he wore ;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor ! "

To avenge his father slain,
And reconquer realm and reign,
Came the youthful Olaf home,
Through the midnight, sailing, sailing,
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
And the dashing of the foam.

To his thoughts the sacred name
Of his mother Astrid came,
And the tale she oft had told
Of her flight by secret passes,
Through the mountains and morasses,
To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded back
Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack
And a hurried flight by sea ;
Of grim Vikings, and the rapture
Of the sea-fight, and the capture,
And the life of slavery.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

How a stranger watched his face
In the Estonian market-place,
Scanned his features one by one,
Saying, "We should know each other;
I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son !"

Then as Queen Allogia's page,
Old in honours, young in age,
Chief of all her men-at-arms ;
Till vague whispers, and mysterious,
Reached King Valdemar, the impetuous,
Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruings o'er the seas,
Westward to the Hebrides,
And to Scilly's rocky shore ;
And the hermit's cavern dismal, [mal,
Christ's great name and rites baptis-
In the ocean's rush and roar.

All these thoughts of love and strife
Glimmered through his lurid life,
As the stars' intenser light [trailing,
Through the red flames o'er him
As his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,
Skilful in each manly sport,
Young and beautiful and tall ;
Art of warfare, craft of chases,
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe races,
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,
He along the bending oars
Outside of his ship could run.
He the Smalsor Horn ascended,
And his shining shield suspended
On its summit, like a sun.

On the ship-rails he could stand,
Wield his sword with either hand,
And at once two javelins throw ;
At all feasts where ale was strongest
Sat the merry monarch longest,
First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen
One so beautiful of mien,
One so royal in attire,
When in arms completely furnished,
Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,
Mantle like a flame of fire.

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night-wind blown
Passed that cry along the shore ;
And he answered, while the risted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
"I accept thy challenge, Thor !"

III.—THORA OF RIMOL.

" THORA of Rimol; hide me ! hide
me !
Danger and shame and death betide
me !
For Olaf the King is hunting me down
Through field and forest, through
thorp and town !"
Thus cried Jarl Hakon
To Thora, the fairest of women.
" Hakon Jarl ! for the love I bear thee
Neither shall shame nor death come
near thee !
But the hiding-place wherein thou
must lie
Is the cave underneath the swine in
the sty."
Thus to Jarl Hakon
Said Thora, the fairest of women.
So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall
Karker
Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon
darker,
As Olaf came riding, with men in mail,
Through the forest roads into Orkdale,
Demanding Jarl Hakon
Of Thora, the fairest of women.
" Rich and honoured shall be who-
ever
The head of Hakon Jarl shall dis-
sever !"
Hakon heard him, and Karker the
slave,
Through the breathing-holes of the
darksome cave.
Alone in her chamber
Wept Thora, the fairest of women.
Said Karker, the crafty, " I will not
slay thee !
For all the King's gold I will never
betray thee !"
" Then why dost thou turn so pale, O
churl,
And then again black as the earth ?"
said the Earl,
More pale and more faithful
Was Thora, the fairest of women.
From a dream in the night the thrall
started, saying,
" Round my neck a gold ring King
Olaf was laying !"
And Hakon answered, " Beware of
the King !

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

He will lay round thy neck a blood-red ring."
At the ring on her finger
Gazed Thora, the fairest of women,
At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows encumbered,
But screamed and drew up his feet as he slumbered;
The thrall in the darkness plunged with his knife,
And the Earl awakened no more in this life.
But wakeful and weeping
Sat Thora, the fairest of women.
At Nidarholm the priests are all singing,
Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are swinging;
One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his thrall's,
And the people are shouting from windows and walls,
While alone in her chamber
Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

IV.—QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY.

QUEEN SIGRID the Haughty sat proud and aloft
In her chamber, that looked over meadow and croft.
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?
The floor with tassels of fir was besprent,
Filling the room with their fragrant scent.
She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun shine,
The air of summer was sweeter than wine.
Like a sword without scabbard the bright river lay
Between her own kingdom and Norway.
But Olaf the King had sued for her hand,
The sword would be sheathed, the river be spanned.
Her maidens were seated around her knee,
Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun.

And through it, and round it, and over it all
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold,

From the door of Lade's temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift,
But her thoughts as arrows were keen and swift.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain,
Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way,
Said, "Why do you smile, my goldsmiths? say."

And they answered: "O Queen! if the truth must be told,
The ring is of copper, and not of gold!"

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek,
She only murmured, she did not speak:

"If in his gifts he can faithless be,
There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of love,
And swore to be true as the stars are above.

But she smiled with contempt as she answered, "O King,
Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring?"

And the King: "Oh speak not of Odin to me,
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be."

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows, [my vows.]
She said, "I keep true to my faith and

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Then the face of King Olaf was
darkened with gloom,
He rose in his anger and strode
through the room.

"Why then, should I care to have
thee?" he said,—
"A faded old woman, a heathenish
jade!"

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,
And he struck the Queen in the face
with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger
he fled,
And the wooden stairway shook with
his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under
her breath,
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy
death!"
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

V.—THE SKERRY OR SHRIEKS.

Now from all King Olaf's farms
His men-at-arms
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;
To his house at Angvalds-ness
Fast they press,
Drinking with the royal feaster.
Loudly through the wide-flung door
Came the roar
Of the sea upon the Skerry;
And its thunder loud and near
Reached the ear
Mingling with their voices merry.
"Hark!" said Olaf to his Scald,
Halfred the Bald,
"Listen to that song, and learn it!
Halt my kingdom would I give,
As I live,
If by such songs you would earn it!
"For of all the runes and rhymes
Of all times,
Best I like the ocean's dirges,
When the old harper heaves and rocks,
His hoary locks
Flowing and flashing in the surges!"

Halfred answered: "I am called
The Unappalled!
Nothing hinders me or daunts me.
Hearken to me, then, O King,
While I sing [me.]
The great Ocean Song that haunts

"I will hear your song sublime
Some other time,"
Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,
And retires; each laughing guest

Applauds the jest;
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard,
King Olaf's guard

Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping
O'er the sands and up the hill,

Gathering still [sleeping].

Round the house where they were

It was not the fog he saw,
Nor misty flaw,

That above the landscape brooded;

It was Eyvind Kallda's crew

Of warlocks blue,

With their caps of darkness hooded!

Round and round the house they go,

Weaving slow

Magic circles to encumber

And imprison in their ring

Olaf the King,

As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapours dun

The Easter Sun

Streamed with one broad track of

splendour!

In their real forms appeared

The warlocks weird,

Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,

They groped and stared

Round about with steps unsteady;

From his window Olaf gazed,

And, amazed,

"Who are these strange people?"

said he.

"Eyvind Kallda and his men!"

Answered then

From the yard a sturdy farmer;

While the men-at-arms apace

Filled the place,

Busily buckling on their armour.

From the gates they sallied forth,

South and north,

Scoured the island coast around

them,

Seizing all the warlock band,

Foot and hand [them.]

On the Skerry's rocks they bound

And at eve the King again

Called his train,

And with all the candles burning,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Silent sat and heard once more
The sullen roar
Of the ocean tides returning.
Shrieks and cries of wild despair
Filled the air,
Growing fainter as they listened ;
Then the bursting surge alone
Sounded on ;—
Thus the sorcerers were christened !
“ Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,
Your ocean-rhyme,”
Cried King Olaf : “ it will cheer me ! ”
Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,
“ The Skerry of Shrieks
Sings too loud for you to hear me ! ”

VI.—THE WRAITH OF ODIN.

THE guests were loud, the ale was strong,
King Olaf feasted late and long ;
The hoary Scalds together sang ;
O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din ;
A blast of cold night-air came in,
And on the threshold shivering stood
A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The King exclaimed, “ O graybeard pale !
Come warm thee with this cup of ale.”

The foaming draught the old man quaffed,
The noisy guests looked on and laughed.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Then spake the King : “ Be not afraid ;
Sit here by me.” The guest obeyed,
And, seated at the table, told
Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er,
The King demanded yet one more ;
Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,
“ Tis late, O King, and time for bed.”

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The King retired ; the stranger-guest
Followed and entered with the rest ;
The lights were out, the pages gone,
But still the garrulous guest spake on.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

As one who from a volume reads,
He spake of heroes and their deeds,
Of lands and cities he had seen,
And stormy gulfs that tossed between.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Then from his lips in music rolled
The Havamal of Odin old,
With sounds mysterious as the roar
Of billows on a distant shore.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

“ Do we not learn from runes and rhymes
Made by the gods in elder times,
And do not still the great Scalds teach
That silence better is than speech ? ”
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,
“ Thy lore is by thy tongue belied ;
For never was I so enthralled
Either by Saga-man or Scald.”
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

The Bishop said, “ Late hours we keep !
Night wanes, O King ! 'tis time for sleep ! ”
Then slept the King, and when he woke
The guest was gone, the morning broke.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

They found the doors securely barred,
They found the watch-dog in the yard,
There was no footprint in the grass,
And none had seen the stranger pass.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said :
“ I know that Odin the Great is dead ;
Sure is the triumph of our Faith,
The one-eyed stranger was his wraith.”
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogel-sang.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

VII.—IRON-BEARD.

OLAF the King, one summer morn,
Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere
Gathered the farmers far and near,
With their war weapons ready to confront him.

Ploughing under the morning star,
Old Iron-Beard in Yriar
Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow,
Unharnessed his horses from the plough,
And clattering came on horseback to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls ;
Little he cared for king or earls ;
Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foaming passions.

Hodden-gray was the garb he wore,
And by the Hammer of Thor he swore ;
He hated the narrow town, and all its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,
His ale at night, by the fireside warm,
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen tresses.

He loved his horses and his herds,
The smell of the earth, and the song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with its water-cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame ;
His beard, from which he took his name,
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,
On horseback, in an attitude defiant,

And to King Olaf he cried aloud,
Out of the middle of the crowd,
That tossed about him like a stormy ocean :

" Such sacrifices shalt thou bring
To Odin and to Thor, O King,
As other kings have done in their devotion ! "

King Olaf answered : " I command
This land to be a Christian land ;
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptises !

" But if you ask me to restore
Your sacrifices, stained with gore,
Then will I offer human sacrifices !

" Not slaves and peasants shall they be,
But men of note and high degree,
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Grying ! "

Then to their Temple strode he in,
And loud behind him heard the din
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods with Thor supreme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade
Of his huge war-axe gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose without,
From the contending crowd, a shout,
A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,
Midway between the assailed and the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke :
" Choose ye between two things, my folk,
To be baptised or given up to slaughter ! "

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

And seeing their leader stark and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
" O King, baptise us with thy holy water ! "

So all the Dronheim land became
A Christian land in name and fame,
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun ;
And thus in peace ended the Dronheim Hus-Ting !

VIII.—GUDRUN.

ON King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light,
And across the chamber streams
Its tide of dreams.

At the fatal midnight hour,
When all evil things have power,
In the glimmer of the moon
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast,
Something in her hand is pressed ;
Like an icicle, its sheen
Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes,
Where her murdered father lies,
And a voice remote and drear
She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this !
Cold will be the dagger's kiss ;
Laden with the chill of death
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps
To the couch where Olaf sleeps ;
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,
His eyes meet hers.

" What is that," King Olaf said,
" Gleams so bright above thy head ?
Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight ? "

" 'Tis the bodkin that I wear
When at night I bind my hair
It woke me falling on the floor
'Tis nothing more."

" Forests have ears, and fields have
eyes ;
Often treachery lurking lies
Underneath the fairest hair
Gudrun, beware ! "

Ere the earliest peep of morn
Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn ;
And for ever sundered ride
Bridegroom and bride !

IX.—THANGBRAND THE PRIEST.

SHORT of stature, large of limb,
Burly face and russet beard,
All the women stared at him,
When in Iceland he appeared.

" Look ; " they said,
With nodding head, [Priest.]
" There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's
All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysostome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.

A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl,
Everywhere
Would drink and swear,
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.
In his house this malcontent
Could the king no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent
To convert the heathen there,
And away

One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.
There in Iceland, o'er their books
Pored the people day and night,
But he did not like their looks ;
Not the songs they used to write.

" All this rhyme
Is waste of time ! "
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.
To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the Scalds and Saga-men ;
Is it to be wondered at,
That they quarrelled now and then,
When o'er his beer

Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest ?
All the folk in Altafjord
Boasted of their island grand ;
Saying in a single word,
" Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon ! " [Priest.]
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And he answered : " What's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town ! "

Every Scald
Satires scrawled

On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that ;
And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in shovel hat,
Drawn in charcoal on the wall ;

With words that go
Sprawling below,

" This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did,
Then he smote them might and
main,

Thorvald Veile and Veterlid

Lay there in the alehouse slain.

" To-day we are gold,
To-morrow mould ! "

Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Much in fear of axe and rope,
Back to Norway sailed he then,

" O, King Olaf ! little hope
Is there of these Iceland men ! "

Meekly said,
With bending head,

Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

X.—RAUD THE STRONG.

" ALL the old gods are dead,
All the wild warlocks fled ;
But the White Christ lives and reigns
And throughout my wide domains
His Gospel shall be spread ! "
On the Evangelists
Thus swore King Olaf.

But still in dreams of the night
Beheld he the crimson light,
And heard the voice that defied
Him who was crucified,
And challenged him to the fight.
To Sigurd the Bishop
King Olaf confessed it.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,
" The old gods are not dead,
For the great Thor still reigns,
And among the Jarls and Thanes
The old witchcraft still is spread."
Thus to King Olaf
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

" Far north in the Salten Fiord,
By rapine, fire, and sword,

Lives the Viking, Raud the Strong ;
All the Godoe Isles belong
To him and his heathen horde."

Thus went on speaking
Sigurd the Bishop.

" A warlock, a wizard is he,
And lord of the wind and the sea ;
And whichever way he sails,
He has ever favouring gales,
By his craft in sorcery."

Here the sign of the cross made
Devoutly King Olaf.

" With rites that we both abhor,
He worships Odin and Thor ;
So it cannot yet be said,
That all the old gods are dead,
And the warlocks are no more,"

Flushing with anger
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Then King Olaf cried aloud :
" I will talk with this mighty Raud,
And along the Salten Fiord
Preach the Gospel with my sword,
Or be brought back in my shroud ! "
So northward from Drontheim
Sailed King Olaf !

XI.—BISHOP SIGURD AT SALTEN
FIORD.

LOUD the angry wind was wailing
As King Olaf's ships came sailing
Northward out of Drontheim haven
To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray drenches
Fore and aft the rowers' benches,
Not a single heart is craven
Of the champions there on board.

All without the Fiord was quiet,
But within it storm and riot,
Such as on his Viking cruises [ride].
Raud the Strong was wont to

And the sea through all its tide-ways
Swept the reeling vessel sideways,
As the leaves are swept through
sluices,

When the flood-gates open wide,

" 'Tis the warlock ! 'tis the demon
Raud ! " cried Sigurd to the seamen ;
" But the Lord is not affrighted
By the witchcraft of his foes."

To the ship's bow he ascended,
By his choristers attended,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Round him were the tapers lighted,
And the sacred incense rose.
On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,
In his robes, as one transfigured,
And the Crucifix he planted
High amid the rain and mist.
Then with holy water sprinkled
All the ship ; the mass bells tinkled ;
Loud the monks around him chanted,
Loud he read the Evangelist.
As into the Fiord they darted,
On each side the water parted ;
Down a path like silver molten
Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships ;
Steadily burned all night the tapers,
And the White Christ through the
vapours
Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,
As through John's Apocalypse.—
Till at last they reached Raud's dwel-
On the little isle of Gelling ; [ling
Not a guard was at the doorway,
Not a glimmer of light was seen.
But at anchor, carved and gilded,
Lay the dragon-ship he builded ;
'Twas the grandest ship in Norway,
With its crest and scales of green.
Up the stairway, softly creeping,
To the loft where Raud was sleeping.
With their fists they burst asunder
Bolt and bar that held the door.
Drunken with sleep and ale they found
him,
Dragged him from his bed and bound
While he stared with stupid wonder,
At the look and garb they wore.
Then King Olaf said : " O Sea-King !
Little time have we for speaking,
Choose between the good and evil :
Be baptised, or thou shalt die ! "
But-in scorn the heathen scoffed
Answered : " I disdain thine offer ;
Neither fear I God nor Devil ;
Thee and thy Gospel I defy ! "
Then between his jaws distended,
When his frantic struggles ended,
Through King Olaf's horn an adder,
Touched by fire they forced to
glide.
Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
As he gnawed through bone and
marrow ;

But without a groan or shudder,
Raud the Strong blaspheming
died.

Then baptised they all that region,
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,
Far as swims the salmon, leaping,
Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his
sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded
Dragon-ship that Raud had builded,
And the tiller single-handed,
Grasping, steered into the main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er
him,
Southward sailed the ship that bore
him,
Till at Drontheim haven landed
Olaf and his crew again.

XII.—KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS.

At Drontheim, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,
As he sat in his banquet-hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale,
With his bearded Berserks hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with Bishops and Priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim ;
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking horn, the sign
He made of the Cross divine,
As he drank and muttered his
prayers ;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the firelight dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the
King ;
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled, and bald,
" Sing !

"Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward."

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And he loosened the belt at his waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

"Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,
Wherewith at a stroke he hewed
The millstone through and
through,

And foot-breadth of Thoralf the
Strong,
Were neither so broad nor so long,
Nor so true."

Then the Scald took his harp and
sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word ;
And the harp-strings a clangour made,
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
Broke forth in a shout
That made the rafters ring ;
They smote with their fists on the
board,
And shouted, "Long live the Sword,
And the King !"

But the King said, "O my son,
I miss the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy
rhymes."

And Halfred the Scald replied,
"In another 'twas multiplied
Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse ;
Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross :
Choose !"

And Halfred the Scald said, "This
In the name of the Lord I kiss.
Who on it was crucified !"
And a shout went round the board,
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died !"

Then over the waste of snows
The noonday sun uprose,
Through the driving mists re-
vealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense-clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword,

And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-hael !
To the Lord !"

XIII.—THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT.

THORBERG SKAFTING, master-builder,
In his ship-yard by the sea,
Whistling said, "It would bewilder
Any man but Thorberg Skafting,
Any man but me !"

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,
Built of old by Raud the Strong,
And King Olaf had commanded
He should build another Dragon,
Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting,
As he sat with half-closed eyes,
And his head turned sideways, draft-
ing

That new vessel for King Olaf
Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and ham-
mered
Mallet huge and heavy axe ;
Workmen laughed and sang and
clamoured ;
Whirred the wheels, that into rigging
Spun the shining flax !

All this tumult heard the master,—
It was music to his ear ;
Fancy whispered all the faster,
"Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year !"

Workmen sweating at the forges
Fashioned iron bolt and bar,
Like a warlock's midnight orgies
Smoked and bubbled the black caul-
dron
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,
Thorberg Skafting, any curse ?
Could you not be gone a minute
But some mischief must be doing,
Turning bad to worse ?

'Twas an ill wind that came wafting,
From his homestead words of
woe ;
To his farm went Thorberg Skafting,
Oft repeating to his workmen,
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning
Came the master back by night ;

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

To his ship-yard longing, yearning,
Hurried he, and did not leave it
Till the morning's light.

"Come and see my ship, my darling!"
On the morrow said the King;
"Finished now from keel to carling;
Never yet was seen in Norway
Such a wondrous thing!"

In the ship-yard, idly talking,
At the ship the workmen stared;
Some one all their labour baulking,
Down her sides had cut deep gashes,
Not a plank was spared!

"Death be to the evil-doer!"
With an oath King Olaf spoke;
"But rewards to his pursuer!"
And with wrath his face grew redder
Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling,
Answered thus the angry King:
"Cease blaspheming and reviling.
Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting.
Who has done this thing?"

Then he chipped and smoothed the
planking,
Till the King, delighted, swore,
With much lauding and much thank-
ing,
"Handsome is now my Dragon
Than she was before!"

Seventy ells and four extended
On the grass the vessel's keel;
High above it, gilt and splendid,
Rose the figure-head ferocious
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the
tresses,
In the ship-yard by the sea;
She was the grandest of all vessels,
Never ship was built in Norway
Half so fine as she!

The Long Serpent was she christened,
'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer!
They who to the Saga listened
Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!

XIV.—THE CREW OF THE LONG
SERPENT.

SAFE at anchor in Drontheim bay
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay,
And, striped with white and blue,

Downward fluttered sail and banner,
As alights the screaming lanner:
Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,
The Long Serpent's crew.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red;
Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
His teeth as large and white;
His beard of grey and russet blended,
Round as a swallow's nest descended:
As standard-bearer he defended
Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,
Like the King in garb and face.
So gallant and so hale;
Every cabin-boy and varlet
Wondered at his cloak of scarlet;
Like a river, frozen and star-lit,
Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark,
Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,
A figure gaunt and grand;
On his hairy arm imprinted
Was an anchor, auzure-tinted,
Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted
Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
To the winds his golden hair,
By the mainmast stood;
Graceful was his form and slender,
And his eyes were deep and tender
As a woman's in the splendour
Of her maidenhood.

In the forehold Bjorn and Bork
Watched the sailors at their work:
Heavens! how they swore!
Thirty men they each commanded,
Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,
Tugging at the oar.

These, and many more like these,
With King Olaf sailed the seas,
Till the waters vast
Filled them with a vague devotion,
With the freedom and the motion,
With the roll and roar of ocean
And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
How they roared through Drontheim's
street,
Boisterous as the gale! [pounded,
How they laughed and stamped and
Till the tavern roof resounded,
And the host looked on astounded
As they drank the ale!

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Never saw the wild North Sea
Such a gallant company
 Sail its billows blue !
Never, while they cruised and quar-
 relled,
Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth
 Harald,
Owned a ship so well-apparelled,
 Boasted such a crew !

XV.—A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR.

A LITTLE bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri the Fair,
 The sister of Svend the Dane ;
And the song of the garrulous bird
In the streets of the town is heard,
 And repeated again and again.
 Hoist up your sails of silk,
 And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said,
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,
 And a sorrowful bride went she ;
And after a week and a day,
She has fled away and away,
 From his town by the stormy sea.
 Hoist up your sails of silk,
 And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and
 through cold,
Through weald, they say, and through
 wold,
By day and by night, they say,
She has fled ; and the gossips report
She has come to King Olaf's court,
 And the town is all in dismay.
 Hoist up your sails of silk,
 And flee away from each other.

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,
Has talked with the beautiful Queen ;
 And they wonder how it will end ;
For surely if here she remain,
It is war with King Svend the Dane,
 And King Burislaf the Vend !
 Hoist up your sails of silk,
 And flee away from each other.

O, greatest wonder of all !
It is published in hamlet and hall,
 It roars like a flame that is fanned !
The King—yes, Olaf the King—
Has wedded her with his ring,
 And Thyri is Queen in the Land !
 Hoist up your sails of silk,
 And flee away from each other.

XVI.—QUEEN THYRI AND THE
ANGELICA STALKS.

NORTHWARD over Drontheim
Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,
Sang the lark and linnet
 From the meadows green ;
Weeping in her chamber,
Lonely and unhappy,
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
 Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,
On the roof above her
 Softly cooed the dove ;
But the sound she heard not,
Nor the sunshine heeded,
For the thoughts of Thyri
 Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,
Beautiful as morning,
Like the sun at Easter
 Shone his happy face ;

In his hand he carried
Angelicas uprooted,
With delicious fragrance
 Filling all the place.

Like a rainy midnight
Sat the Drottning Thyri :
Even the smile of Olaf
 Could not cheer her gloom ;

Nor the stalks he gave her
With a gracious gesture,
And with words as pleasant
 As their own perfume.

In her hands he placed them,
And her jewelled fingers
Through the green leaves glistened
 Like the dews of morn ;

But she cast them from her,
Haughty and indignant,
On the floor she threw them
 With a look of scorn.

“ Richer presents,” said she,
“ Gave King Harald Gormson
To the Queen, my mother,
 Than such worthless weeds ;
“ When he ravaged Norway,
Laying waste the kingdom,
Seizing scatt and treasure
 For her royal needs.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

" But thou darest not venture
Through the Sound to Vendland,
My domains to rescue
From King Burislaf ;

" Lest King Svend of Denmark,
Forked Beard, my brother,
Scatter all thy vessels
As the wind the chaff."

Then up sprang King Olaf,
Like a reindeer bounding,
With an oath he answered
Thus the luckless Queen :

" Never yet did Olaf
Fear King Svend of Denmark ;
This right hand shall hale him
By his forked chin ! "

Then he left the chamber,
Thundering through the doorway,
Loud his steps resounded
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult,
Through the streets of Drontheim
Strode he red and wrathful,
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,
Summoned all his forces,
Making his war levy
In the region round ;

Down the coast of Norway,
Like a flock of sea-gulls,
Sailed the fleet of Olaf
Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless
Steered he the Long Serpent,
Strained the creaking cordage,
Bent each boom and gaff ;

Till in Vendland landing,
The domains of Thyri
He redeemed and rescued
From King Burislaf.

Then said Olaf, laughing,
" Not ten yoke of oxen
Have the power to draw us
Like a woman's hair !

" Now will I confess it,
Better things are jewels
Than angelica-stalks are
For a Queen to wear."

XVII.—KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD.

LOUDLY the sailors cheered
Svend of the Forked Beard,
As with his fleet he steered
Southward to Vendland ;
Where with their courses hauled
All were together called,
Under the Isle of Svald
Near to the mainland.

After Queen Gunhild's death,
So the old Saga saith,
Plighted King Svend his faith
To Sigrid the Haughty ;
And to avenge his bride,
Soothing her wounded pride,
Over the waters wide
King Olaf sought he.

Still on her scornful face,
Blushing with deep disgrace,
Bore she the crimson trace
Of Olaf's gauntlet ;
Like a malignant star,
Blazing in heaven afar,
Red shone the angry scar
Under her frontlet.

Oft to King Svend she spake,
" For thine own honour's sake
Shalt thou swift vengeance take
On the vile coward ! "
Until the King at last,
Gusty and overcast,
Like a tempestuous blast
Threatened and lowered.

Soon as the Spring appeared,
Svend of the Forked Beard
High his red standard reared,
Eager for battle ;
While every warlike Dane,
Seizing his arms again,
Left all unsown the grain,
Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King
Summoned in haste a Thing,
Weapons and men to bring
In aid of Denmark ;
Eric the Norseman, too,
As the war-tidings flew,
Sailed with a chosen crew
From Lapland and Finmark.

So upon Easter day
Sailed the three kings away,
Out of the sheltered bay,
In the bright season :



With them Earl Sigvald came,
Eager for spoil and fame ;
Pity that such a name
Stooped to such treason !

Safe under Svald at last,
Now were their anchors cast,
Safe from the sea and blast,

Plotted the three kings ;
While, with a base intent,
Southward Earl Sigvald went,
On a foul errand bent,
Unto the Sea-kings.
Thence to hold on his course,
Unto King Olaf's force,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Lying within the hoarse
Mouths of Stet-haven ;
Him to ensnare and bring
Unto the Danish king,
Who his dead corse would fling
Forth to the raven !

XVIII.—KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD.

On the gray sea-sands
King Olaf stands,
Northward and seaward
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl
The sea-tides curl,
Washing the sandals
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,
The harbour lies dead,
As a corse on the sea-shore,
Whose spirit has fled !

On that fatal day,
The histories say,
Seventy vessels
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide
O'er the billows they ride,
While Sigvald and Olaf
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl, " Follow me !
I your pilot will be,
For I know all the channels
Where flows the deep sea."

So into the strait
Where his foes lie in wait,
Gallant King Olaf
Sails to his fate !

Then the sea-fog veils
The ships and their sails ;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails !

XIX.—KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS.

" STRIKE the sails," King Olaf said ;
" Never shall men of mine take flight ;
Never away from battle I fled,
Never away from my foes ;
Let God dispose
Of my life in the fight ?"

" Sound the horns," said Olaf the
King ;
And suddenly through the drifting
brume
The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock,
Of Regnarock,
On the day of Doom !

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood ;
All the sails came down with a clang,
And there in the mist overhead
The sun hung red
As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet
Three together the ships were lashed,
So that neither should turn and retreat ;
In the midst, but in front of the rest,
The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck
With bow of ash and arrows of oak,
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold,
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red
Watched the lashing of the ships ;
" If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here,"
Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips.

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
" Have I a coward on board ?" said he.
" Shoot it another way, O King !" " Sullenly answered Ulf,

The old sea-wolf ;
" You have need of me ! "

In front came Svend, the King of the
Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers ;
To the right, the Swedish king with
his thanes ;
And on board of the Iron-Beard
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his oars.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

" These soft Danes and Swedes,"
said the King,
" At home with their wives had better
stay,
Than come within reach of my
Serpent's sting :
But where Eric the Norseman leads
Heroic deeds
Will be done to-day ! "

Then as together the vessels crashed
Eric severed the cables of hide
With which King Olaf's ships were
lashed,
And left them to drive and drift
With the currents swift

Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting !
Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King !

XX.—EINAR TAMBERSKELVER.

It was Einar Tamberskelver
Stood beside the mast ;
From his yew bow, tipped with silver,
Flew the arrows fast ;
Aimed at Eric unavailing,
As he sat concealed,
Half behind the quarter-railing,
Half behind his shield.

First an arrow struck the tiller
Just above his head ;
" Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,"
Then Earl Eric said,
" Sing the song of Hakon dying,
Sing his funeral wail ! "
And another arrow flying
Grazed his coat of mail.

Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
As the arrow past,
Said Earl Eric, " Shoot that Bowman
Standing by the mast."
Sooner than the word was spoken
Flew the yoeman's shaft ;
Einar's bow in twain was broken,
Einar only laughed.
" What was that ? " said Olaf, standing
On the quarter deck.
" Something heard I like the stranding
Of a shattered wreck."
Einar then, the arrow taking
From the loosened string,

Answered, " That was Norway breaking
From thy hand, O King ! "

" Though art but a poor diviner,"
Straightway Olaf said ;
" Take my bow, and swifter, Einar,
Let thy shafts be sped."
Of his bows the fairest choosing,
Reached he from above ;
Einar saw the blood-drops oozing
Through his iron glove.

But the bow was thin and narrow ;
At the first essay,
O'er its head he drew the arrow,
Flung the bow away ;
Said, with hot and angry temper
Flushing in his cheek,
" Olaf, for so great a Kämpe :
Are thy bows too weak ! "

Then, with smile of joy defiant
On his beardless lip,
Scaled he, light and self-reliant,
Eric's dragon ship.
Loose his golden locks were flowing,
Bright his armour gleamed :
Like Saint Michael overthrowing
Lucifer he seemed.

XXI.—KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK.

ALL day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged,
But not yet is assuaged
The vengeance of Eric the Earl.

The decks with blood are red,
The arrows of death are sped,
The ships are filled with the dead,
And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide,
The grappling-irons are plied,
The boarders climb up the side,
The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah ! never shall Norway again [main] ;
See her sailor's come back o'er the
They all lie wounded or slain,
Or asleep in the billows blue !

On the deck stands Olaf the King,
Around him whistle and sing
The spears that the foemen fling,
And the stones they hurl with their
hands.

In the midst of the stones and the
spears,
Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

His shield in the air he uprears,
By the side of King Olaf he stands.

Over the slippery wreck
Of the Long Serpent's deck
Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
His lips with anger are pale ;

He hews with his axe at the mast,
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aft with his men,
As a hunter into the den
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

"Remember Jarl Hakon!" he cries ;
When lo ! on his wondering eyes,
Two kingly figures arise,
Two Olafs in warlike array ?

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear,
With a smile on his tremulous lip ;

Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
And cry, from their hairy throats,
" See ! it is Olaf the King ! "

While far on the opposite side
Floats another shield on the tide,
Like a jewel set in the wide
Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
How the King stripped off his mail,
Like leaves of the brown sea-kale,
As he swam beneath the main ;

But the young grew old and gray,
And never by night or by day,
In his kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again !

XXII.—THE NUN OF NIDAROS.

In the convent of Dronheim,
Alone in her chamber,
Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking.
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind,
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered,
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of St. John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

" It is accepted,
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle ;
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest !

" Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry !
Patience is powerful ;
He that overcometh
Hath power o'er the nations !

" As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains ;

" So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining !

" Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit ;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is ;
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth !

" Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless ;
Day dawns and thou art not !



"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless :
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us ;
Christ is eternal ! "

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INTERLUDE.

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,  
A low, monotonous funeral wail,  
That with its cadence, wild and sweet,  
Made the long Sage more complete.

"Thank God," the Theologian said,  
"The reign of violence is dead,  
Or dying surely from the world ;

While love triumphant reigns instead,  
And in a brighter sky o'erhead  
His blessed banners are unfurled.  
And most of all thank God for this :  
The war and waste of clashing creeds  
Now end in words, and not in deeds,  
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,  
For thoughts that men call heresies.

"I stand without here in the porch,  
I hear the bell's melodious din,  
I hear the organ peal within,  
I hear the prayer with words that scorch  
Like sparks from an inverted torch,  
I hear the sermon upon sin,  
With threatenings of the last account,  
And all translated in the air,

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

.Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,  
And as the Sermon on the Mount.

" Must it be Calvin, and not Christ?  
Must it be Athanasian creeds,  
Or holy water, books, and beads?  
Must struggling souls remain content  
With councils and decrees of Trent?  
And can it be enough for these  
The Christian Church the year embalms  
With evergreens and boughs of palms,  
And fills the air with litanies?

" I know that yonder Pharisee  
Thanks God that he is not like me ;  
In my humiliation dressed,  
I only stand and beat my breast,  
And pray for human charity.

" Not to one church alone, but seven,  
The voice prophetic spake from heaven ;  
And unto each the promise came,  
Diversified, but still the same ;  
For him that overcometh are  
The new name written on the stone,  
The raiment white, the crown, the  
throne,

And I will give him the Morning Star !

" Ah ! to how many Faith has been  
No evidence of things unseen,  
But a dim shadow that recasts  
The creed of the Phantasiasts,  
For whom no Man of Sorrows died,  
For whom the Tragedy Divine  
Was but a symbol and a sign,  
And Christ a phantom crucified !

" For others a diviner creed  
Is living in the life they lead.  
The passing of their beauteous feet  
Blesses the pavement of the street,  
And all their looks and words repeat  
Old Fuller's saying, wise and sweet,  
Not as a vulture, but a dove,  
The Holy Ghost came from above.

" And this brings back to me a tale  
So sad the hearer well may quail,  
And question if such things can be ;  
Yet in the chronicles of Spain  
Down the dark pages runs this stain,  
And nought can wash them white again,  
So fearful is the tragedy."

### THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE. TORQUEMADA.

In the heroic days, when Ferdinand  
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,

And Torquemada, with his subtle brain,  
Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of  
Spain,

In a great castle near Valladolid,  
Moated and high and by fair wood-  
lands hid,

There dwelt, as from the chronicles we  
learn,

An old Hidalgo proud and taciturn,  
Whose name has perished, with his  
towers of stone,

And all his actions save this one alone ;  
This one, so terrible, perhaps 'twere best  
If it, too, were forgotten with the rest ;  
Unless, perchance, our eyes can see  
therein

The martyrdom triumphant o'er the  
sin ;

A double picture, with its gloom and  
glow,  
The splendour overhead, the death  
below.

This sombre man counted each day as  
lost

On which his feet no sacred threshold  
crossed ;

And when he chanced the passing  
Host to meet,  
He knelt and prayed devoutly in the  
street ;

Oft he confessed ; and with each  
mutinous thought,  
As with wild beasts at Ephesus, he  
fought.

In deep contrition scourged himself in  
Lent,

Walked in processions, with his head  
down bent,  
At plays of Corpus Christi oft was  
seen,  
And on Palm Sunday bore his bough  
of green.

His sole diversion was to hunt the  
boar

Through tangled thickets of the forest  
hoar,  
Or with his jingling mules to hurry  
down

To some grand bull-fight in the neigh-  
bouring town,

Or in the crowd with lighted taper  
stand,

When Jews were burned, or banished  
from the land.

Then stirred within him a tumultuous  
joy ;

The demon whose delight is to destroy

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone,  
" Kill, kill ! and let the Lord find out his own ! "

And now, in that old castle in the wood,  
His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood,  
Returning from their convent school, had made  
Resplendent with their bloom the forest shade,  
Reminding him of their dead mother's face,  
When first she came into that gloomy place,—  
A memory in his heart as dim and sweet  
As moonlight in a solitary street,  
Where the same rays that lift the sea, are thrown  
Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone.  
These two fair daughters of a mother dead  
Were all the dream had left him as it fled.  
A joy at first, and then a growing care,  
As if a voice within him cried, " Beware ! "  
A vague presentiment of impending doom,  
Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room,  
Haunted him day and night ; a formless fear,  
That death to some one of his house was near,  
With dark surmises of a hidden crime,  
Made life itself a death before its time.  
Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame,  
A spy upon his daughters he became :  
With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors,  
He glided softly through half-opened doors ;  
Now in the room, and now upon the stair,  
He stood beside them ere they were aware ;  
He listened in the passage when they talked,  
He watched them from the casement when they walked, [side,  
He saw the gipsy haunt the river's

He saw the monk among the cork-trees glide ;  
And, tortured by the mystery and the doubt  
Of some dark secret, past his finding out,  
Baffled he paused ; then reassured again  
Pursued the flying phantom of his brain.  
He watched them even when they knelt in church ;  
And then, descending lower in his search,  
Questioned the servants, and with eager eyes  
Listened incredulous to their replies ;  
The gipsy ? none had seen her in the wood !  
The monk ? a mendicant in search of food !  
At length the awful revelation came, Crushing at once his pride of birth and name,  
The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast,  
And the ancestral glories of the past ; All fell together, crumbling in disgrace,  
A turret rent from battlement to base.  
His daughters talking in the dead of night  
In their own chamber, and without a light,  
Listening, as he was wont, he overheard,  
And learned the dreadful secret, word by word ;  
And hurrying from his castle, with a cry  
He raised his hands to the unpitying sky,  
Repeating one dread word, till bush and tree  
Caught it, and shuddering answered, " Heresy ! "  
Wrapt in his cloak, his hat drawn o'er his face,  
Now hurrying forward, now with lingering pace,  
He walked all night the alleys of his park,  
With one unseen companion in the dark,  
The Demon who within him lay in wait,  
And by his presence turned his love to hate,

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

For ever muttering in an undertone,  
" Kill ! kill ! and let the Lord find out  
his own ! "

Upon the morrow, after early Mass,  
While yet the dew was glistening on  
the grass,  
And all the woods were musical with  
birds,  
The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful  
words,  
Walked homeward with the Priest,  
and in his room  
Summoned his trembling daughters to  
their doom.  
When questioned, with brief answers  
they replied,  
Nor when accused evaded or denied ;  
Expostulations, passionate appeals,  
All that the human heart most fears or  
feels,  
In vain the Priest with earnest voice  
essayed,  
In vain the father threatened, wept,  
and prayed ;  
Until at last he said, with haughty  
mien,  
" The Holy Office, then, must inter-  
vene ! "

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain,  
With all the fifty horsemen of his train,  
His awful name resounding, like the  
blast  
Of funeral trumpets, as he onward  
passed,  
Came to Valladolid, and there began  
To harry the rich Jews with fire and  
ban.

To him the Hidalgo went, and at the  
gate,  
Demanded audience on affairs of state,  
And in a secret chamber stood before  
A venerable graybeard of fourscore,  
Dressed in the hood and habit of a  
friar ;  
Out of his eyes flashed a consuming  
fire,  
And in his hand the mystic horn he  
held,  
Which poison and all noxious charms  
dispelled.  
He heard in silence the Hidalgo's tale,  
Then answered in a voice that made  
him quail :  
" Son of the Church ! when Abraham  
of old  
To sacrifice his only son was told,  
He did not pause to parley nor protest,

But hastened to obey the Lord's behest.  
In him it was accounted righteousness ;  
The Holy Church expects of thee no  
less ! "

A sacred frenzy seized the father's  
brain,  
And Mercy from that hour implored  
in vain.  
Ah ! who will e'er believe the words I  
say ?  
His daughters he accused, and the  
same day  
They both were cast into the dungeon's  
gloom,  
That dismal antechamber of the tomb,  
Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced  
to the flame,  
The secret torture and the public  
shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once  
more  
The Hidalgo went, more eager than  
before,  
And said : " When Abraham offered  
up his son,  
He clave the wood wherewith it might  
be done.  
By his example taught, let me too bring  
Wood from the forest for my offering ! "

And the deep voice, without a pause  
replied :  
" Son of the Church ! by faith now  
justified,  
Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou  
wilt ;  
The Church absolves thy conscience  
from all guilt ! "

Then this most wretched father went  
his way  
Into the woods that round his castle  
lay,  
Where once his daughters in their  
childhood played  
With their young mother in the sun  
and shade.  
Now all the leaves had fallen ; the  
branches bare  
Made a perpetual moaning in the air,  
And screaming from their eyries over-  
head  
The ravens sailed athwart the sky of  
lead.  
With his own hands he lopped the  
boughs and bound  
Fagots, that crackled with foreboding  
sound,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And on his mules, caparisoned and gay  
With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent,  
Again to the Inquisitor he went,  
And said : " Behold, the fagots I have brought,  
And now lest my atonement be as nought,  
Grant me one more request, one last desire,—  
With my own hand to light the funeral fire ! "  
And Torquemada answered from his seat,  
" Son of the Church ! Thine offering is complete ;  
Her servants through all ages shall not cease  
To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace ! "

Upon the market-place, builded of stone  
The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own.  
At the four corners, in stern attitude, Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood,  
Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes  
Upon this place of human sacrifice, Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,  
With clamour of voices dissonant and loud,  
And every roof and window was alive With restless gazers, swarming like a hive.

The church bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near,  
Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear.  
A line of torches smoked along the street,  
There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet, And, with its banners floating in the air,  
Slowly the long procession crossed the square,  
And, to the statues of the Prophets bound, The victims stood, with fagots piled around.  
Then all the air a blast of trumpets

And louder sang the monks with bell and book,  
And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud,  
Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,  
Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,  
Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead !

O pitiless skies ? why did your clouds retain  
For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain ?  
O pitiless earth ? why open no abyss To bury in its chasm a crime like this ?  
That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke  
From the dark thickets of the forest broke,  
And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away,  
Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day.

Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed,  
And as the villagers in terror gazed, They saw the figure of that cruel knight  
Lean from a window in the turret's height,  
His ghastly face illumined with the glare,  
His hands upraised above his head in prayer,  
Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell  
Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones  
Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones ;  
His name has perished with him, and no trace  
Remains on earth of his afflicted race ;  
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'ercast,  
Looms in the distant landscape of the Past,  
Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,  
Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath !

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

### INTERLUDE.

THUS closed the tale of guilt and gloom,  
That cast upon each listener's face  
Its shadow, and for some brief space  
Unbroken silence filled the room.  
The Jew was thoughtful and distressed;  
Upon his memory thronged and pressed

The persecution of his race,  
Their wrongs, and sufferings, and disgrace;  
His head was sunk upon his breast,  
And from his eyes alternate came  
Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.

The Student first the silence broke,  
As one who long has lain in wait,  
With purpose to retaliate,  
And thus he dealt the avenging stroke.  
"In such a company as this,  
A tale so tragic seems amiss,  
That by its terrible control  
O'ermasters and drags down the soul  
Into a fathomless abyss.

The Italian Tales that you disdain,  
Some merry Night of Straparole,  
Or Machiavelli's Belphegor,  
Would cheer us and delight us more,  
Give greater pleasure and less pain  
Than your grim tragedies of Spain ! "

And here the Poet raised his hand,  
With such entreaty and command,  
It stopped discussion at its birth,  
And said : " The story I shall tell  
Has meaning in it, if not mirth ;  
Listen and hear what once befel  
The merry birds of Killingworth ! "

### THE POET'S TALE.

#### THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

IT was the season, when through all  
the land

The merle and mavis build, and  
building sing  
Those lovely lyrics, written by His  
hand,

Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the  
Blitheheart King ;  
When on the boughs the purple buds  
expand, Spring,

The banners of the vanguard of the  
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,  
And wave their fluttering signals from  
the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping  
loud,  
Filled all the blossoming orchards  
with their glee ;  
The sparrows chirped as if they still  
were proud  
Their race in Holy writ should men-  
tioned be ;  
And hungry crows assembled in a  
crowd,  
Clamoured their piteous prayer incess-  
antly,  
Knowing who hears the ravens cry,  
and said,  
" Give us, O Lord, this day our daily  
bread ! "

Across the Sound the birds of passage  
sailed,  
Speaking some unknown language  
strange and sweet  
Of tropic isle remote, and passing  
hailed  
The village with the cheers of all  
their fleet ;  
Or quarrelling together, laughed and  
railed  
Like foreign sailors, landed in the  
street  
Of seaport town, and with outlandish  
noise  
Of oaths and gibberish frightening  
girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring of Kil-  
lingworth,  
In fabulous days, some hundred  
years ago ;  
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the  
earth,  
Heard with alarm the cawing of the  
crow,  
That mingled with the universal mirth,  
Cassandra-like, prognosticating  
woe ;  
They shook their heads, and doomed  
with dreadful words  
To swift destruction the whole race of  
birds.  
And a town-meeting was convened  
straightway  
To set a price upon the guilty heads  
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of  
pay,  
Levied black-mail upon the garden  
beds  
And corn-fields, and beheld without  
dismay

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds ;  
The skeleton that waited at their feast,  
Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased.  
  
Then from his house, a temple painted white,  
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,  
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight !  
Slowly descending with majestic tread,  
Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right,  
Down the long street he walked, as one who said,  
"A town that boasts inhabitants like me,  
Can have no lack of good society !"  
  
The Parson too, appeared, a man austere,  
The instinct of whose nature was to kill ;  
The wrath of God he preached from year to year,  
And read, with fervour, Edwards on the Will ;  
His favourite pastime was to slay the deer  
In Summer on some Adirondack hill ;  
E'en now, while walking down the rural lane,  
He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.  
  
From the Academy, whose belfry crowned  
The hill of Science with its vase of brass,  
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,  
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass,  
And all absorbed in reveries profound  
Of fair Almira in the upper class,  
Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,  
As pure as water, and as good as bread.  
  
And next the Deacon issued from his door,  
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow ;  
A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;  
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow :

There never was a wiser man before ;  
He seemed the incarnate " Well, I told you so !"  
And to perpetuate his great renown  
There was a street named after him in town.  
  
These came together in the new town-hall,  
With sundry farmers from the region round.  
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,  
His air impressive and his reasoning sound ;  
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;  
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,  
But enemies enough, who every one Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.  
  
When they had ended, from his place apart  
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,  
And, trembling like a steed before the start,  
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng ;  
Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart  
To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,  
Alike regardless of their smile or frown,  
And quite determined not to be laughed down.  
" Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,  
From his Republic banished without pity  
The Poets ; in this little town of yours,  
You put to death, by means of a Committee,  
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,  
The street-musicians of the heavenly city,  
The birds, who make sweet music for us all  
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.  
" The thrush that carols at the dawn of day  
From the green steeples of the piny wood ;  
The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Jargoning like a foreigner at his food;  
The bluebird balanced on some top-most spray  
Flooding with melody the neighbourhood;  
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng  
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song.  
“ You slay them all ! and wherefore ?  
for the gain  
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,  
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,  
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,  
Searching for worm or weevil after rain !  
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet  
As are the songs these uninvited guests  
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.  
“ Do you ne'er think what wondrous beings these ?  
Do you ne'er think who made them, and who taught  
The dialect they speak, where melodies  
Alone are the interpreters of thought ?  
Whose household words are songs in many keys,  
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught !  
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even  
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven !  
“ Think, every morning when the sun peeps through  
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,  
How jubilant the happy birds renew  
Their old, melodious madrigals of love !  
And when you think of this, remember too  
‘Tis always morning somewhere, and above  
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,  
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“ Think of your woods and orchards without birds !  
Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams  
As in an idiot's brain remembered words  
Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams !  
Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds  
Make up for the lost music, when your teams  
Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more  
The feather'd gleaners follow to your door ?  
“ What ! would you rather see the incessant stir  
Of insects in the windrows of the hay,  
And hear the locust and the grass-hopper  
Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ?  
Is this more pleasant to you than the whirl  
Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay  
Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take  
Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?  
“ You call them thieves and pillagers ; but know,  
They are the winged wardens of your farms,  
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,  
And from your harvests keep a hundreded harms ;  
Even the blackest of them all, the crow, renders good service as your man-at-arms,  
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,  
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.  
“ How can I teach your children gentleness,  
And mercy to the weak, and reverence  
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess,  
Is still a gleam of God's omnipotence,  
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less  
The self-same light, although averted hence,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

When by your laws, your actions, and  
your speech,  
You contradict the very things I  
teach?"

With this he closed ; and through the  
audience went  
A murmur like the rustle of dead  
leaves ;  
The farmers laughed and nodded, and  
some bent  
Their yellow heads together like  
their sheaves ; [ment  
Men have no faith in fine-spun senti-  
Who put their trust in bullocks and  
in beevies.  
The birds were doomed ; and, as the  
record shows,  
A bounty offered for the heads of  
crows.

There was another audience out of  
reach,  
Who had no voice nor vote in  
making laws,  
But in the papers read his little speech,  
And crowned his modest temples  
with applause ;  
They made him conscious, each one  
more than each,  
He still was victor, vanquished in  
their cause.  
Sweetest of all, the applause he won  
from thee,  
O fair Almira, at the Academy !

And so the dreadful massacre began ;  
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er  
woodland crests,  
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.  
Dead fell the birds, with blood-  
stains on their breasts,  
Or wounded crept away from sight of  
man,  
While the young died of famine in  
their nests ;  
A slaughter to be told in groans, not  
words,  
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !  
The Summer came, and all the birds  
were dead ;  
The days were like hot coals ; the  
very ground  
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards  
fed  
Myriads of caterpillars, and around  
The cultivated fields and garden beds  
Hosts of devouring insects crawled,  
and found

No foe to check their march, till they  
had made  
The land a desert without leaf or shade.  
Devoured by worms, like Herod, was  
the town,  
Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly  
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the  
trees spun down  
The canker-worms upon the passers-  
by,  
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl,  
and gown;  
Who shook them off with just a little  
cry ;  
They were the terror of each favourite  
walk,  
The endless theme of all the village  
talk.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few  
Confessed their error, and would not  
complain,  
For after all, the best thing one can do  
When it is raining, is to let it rain.  
Then they repealed the law, although  
they knew  
It would not call the dead to life  
again ;  
As schoolboys, finding their mistake  
too late,  
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing  
slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn  
came  
Without the light of his majestic  
look,  
The wonder of the falling tongues of  
flame,  
The illumined pages of his Doom's-  
Day book.  
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with  
their shame,  
And drewne themselves despairing  
in the brook,  
While the wild wind went moaning  
everywhere,  
Lamenting the dead children of the  
air !

But the next Spring a stranger sight  
was seen,  
A sight that never yet by bard was  
sung,  
As great a wonder as it would have  
been  
If some dumb animal had found a  
tongue !  
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
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| Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,<br>All full of singing birds, came down the street,<br>Filling the air with music wild and sweet.<br><br>From all the country round these birds were brought,<br>By order of the town, with anxious quest,<br>And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought<br>In woods and fields the places they loved best,<br>Singing loud canticles, which many thought<br>Were satires to the authorities addressed,<br>While others, listening in green lanes, averred<br>Such lovely music never had been heard !<br><br>But blither still and louder caroled they<br>Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know<br>It was the fair Almira's wedding-day,<br>And everywhere, around, above, below,<br>When the Preceptor bore his bride away,<br>Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow, | And a new heaven bent over a new earth<br>Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.<br><br>~~~~~<br><h3>F I N A L E.</h3> <p>THE hour was late ; the fire burned low,<br/>The Landlord's eyes were closed in sleep,<br/>And near the story's end a deep Sonorous sound at times was heard, As when the distant bagpipes blow.<br/>At this all laughed ; the Landlord stirred,<br/>As one awaking from a swound,<br/>And, gazing anxiously around, Protested that he had not slept, But only shut his eyes, and kept His ears attentive to each word.<br/>Then all arose, and said " Good Night."<br/>Alone remained the drowsy Squire To rake the embers of the fire, And quench the wanling parlour light, While from the windows, here and there, [gleamed, The scattered lamps a moment And the illumined hostel seemed The constellation of the Bear, Downward, athwart the misty air, Sinking and setting toward the sun. Far off the village clock struck one.</p> |
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## PART SECOND.

### PRELUDE.

A COLD, uninterrupted rain, That washed each southern window-pane, And made a river of the road ; A sea of mist that overflowed The house, the barns, the gilded vane, And drowned the upland and the plain, Through which the oak-trees, broad and high, Like phantom ships went drifting by ; And, hidden behind a watery screen, The sun unseen, or only seen As a faint pallor in the sky ;— Thus cold and colourless and gray, The morn of that autumnal day, As if reluctant to begin,

Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn, And all the guests that in it lay. Full late they slept. They did not hear The challenge of Sir Chanticleer, Who on the empty threshing-floor, Disdainful of the rain outside, Was strutting with a martial stride, As if upon his thigh he wore The famous broadsword of the Squire And said, " Behold me, and admire ! Only the Poet seemed to hear, In drowse or dream, more near and near Across the border-land of sleep The blowing of a blithesome horn,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

That laughed the dismal day to scorn ;  
A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels  
Through sand and mire like stran-  
ding keels,

As from the road with sudden sweep  
The Mail drove up the little steep,  
And stopped beside the tavern door ;  
A moment stopped, and then again  
With crack of whip and bark of dog  
Plunged forward through the sea of  
fog,

And all was silent as before,—  
All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came  
down,

And greeted with a smile the Squire,  
Who sat before the parlour fire,  
Reading the paper fresh from town.  
First, the Sicilian, like a bird,  
Before his form appeared, was heard  
Whistling and singing down the stair ;  
Then came the Student with a look  
As placid as a meadow brook ;  
The Theologian, still perplexed  
With thoughts of this world and the  
next ;

The Poet then, as one who seems  
Walking in visions and in dreams ;  
Then the Musician like a fair  
Hyperion from whose golden hair  
The radiance of the morning streams ;  
And last the aromatic Jew  
Of Alicant, who, as he threw  
The door wide open on the air  
Breathed round about him a perfume  
Of damask roses in full bloom,  
Making a garden of the room.

The breakfast ended, each pursued  
The promptings of his various mood ;  
Beside the fire in silence smoked  
The taciturn, impassive Jew,  
Lost in a pleasant reverie ;  
While, by his gravity provoked,  
His portrait the Sicilian drew,  
And wrote beneath it " Edrehi,  
At the Red Horse in Sudbury."

By far the busiest of them all,  
The Theologian in the hall  
Was feeding robins in a cage,—  
Two corpulent and lazy birds,  
Vagrants and pilferers at best,  
If one might trust the hostler's words,  
Chief instrument of their arrest ;  
Two poets of the Golden Age,  
Heirs of a boundless heritage  
Of fields and orchards, east and west,

And sunshine of long summer days,  
Though outlawed now and dispo-  
sessed !—

Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held discourse  
With the Musician on the source  
Of all the legendary lore  
Among the nations, scattered wide  
Like silt and seaweed by the force  
And fluctuation of the tide ;  
The tale repeated o'er and o'er,  
With change of place and change of  
name,  
Disguised, transformed, and yet the  
same

We've heard a hundred times before.

The Poet at the window mused,  
And saw, as in a dream confused,  
The countenance of the Sun, dis-  
crowned,

And haggard with a pale despair,  
And saw the cloud-rack trail and drift  
Before it, and the trees uplift  
Their leafless branches, and the air  
Filled with the arrows of the rain,  
And heard amid the mist below,  
Like voices of distress and pain,  
That haunt the thoughts of men in-  
sane,

The fateful cawings of the crow.  
Then down the road with mud be-  
sprent,

And drenched with rain from head to  
hoof,  
The rain-drops dripping from his  
mane

And tale as from a pent-house roof,  
A jaded horse, his head down bent,  
Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian—who had grown  
Impatient longer to abide  
A prisoner, greatly mortified  
To see completely overthrown  
His plans for angling in the brook,  
And, leaning o'er the bridge of stone,  
To watch the speckled trout glide by,  
And float through the inverted sky,  
Still round and sound the baited  
hook—

Now paced the room with rapid stride,  
And, pausing at the Poet's side,  
Looked forth and saw the wretched  
steed,

And said : " Alas for human greed,  
That with cold hand and stony eye  
Thus turns an old friend out to die,

• TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Or beg his food from gate to gate !  
This brings a tale into my mind,  
Which, if you are not disinclined  
To listen, I will now relate."

All gave assent ; all wished to hear,  
Not without many a jest and jeer,  
The story of a spavined steed ;  
And even the student with the rest  
Put in his pleasant little jest  
Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus  
Is but a horse that with all speed  
Bears poets to the hospital ;  
While the Sicilian, self-possessed,  
After a moment's interval  
Began his simple story thus.

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THE SICILIANS TALE.

THE BELL OF ATRI.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant
renown,
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath a blazing
sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come
what may,"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to
fame,
So many monarchs since have borne
the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-
place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small
space,
By way of shelter from the sun and
rain.
Then rode he through the streets with
all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud
and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever
wrong
Was done to any man he should but
ring
The great bell in the square, and he,
the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide
thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King
John.
How swift the happy days in Atri
sped,
What wrongs were righted need not
here be said.

343

Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn
away,
Unravelled at the end, and strand by
strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's
hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the
vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.
By chance it happened that in Atri
dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel, and
sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in
the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crim-
son hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses and
all sports
And prodigalities of camps and
courts ;—
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last,
grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.
He sold his horses, sold his hawks and
hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-
grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favourite steed
of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his
chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and
spare.
At length he said : " What is the use
or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
Where rents are low and provender is
dear ?
Let him go feed upon the public ways ;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the
heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless
street ;
And wandered in suburban lanes for-
lorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier
and thorn.
One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell !
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song :
" Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong ! "

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
" Domenedio ! " cried the Syndic straight,
" This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state !
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King ; then said :
" Pride goeth forth on horseback, grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way ;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry, and not of weeds !
These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honour, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they whc clamour loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside."

The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud : " Right well it pleaseth me
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door ;
But go not into mass ; my bell doth more :
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws ;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

~~~~~

INTERLUDE.

" Yes, well your story pleads the cause  
Of those dumb mouths that have no speech,  
Only a cry from each to each  
In its own kind, with its own laws ;

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Something that is beyond the reach  
Of human power to learn or teach,—  
An inarticulate moan of pain,  
Like the immeasurable main  
Breaking upon an unknown beach."

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh ;  
Then added, with impassioned cry,  
As one who feels the words he speaks,  
The colour flushing in his cheeks,  
The fervour burning in his eye ;  
" Among the noblest in the land,  
Though he may count himself the  
least,  
That man I honour and revere  
Who without favour, without fear,  
In the great city dares to stand  
The friend of every friendless beast,  
And tames with his unflinching hand  
The brutes that wear our form and  
face,  
The were-wolves of the human race ! "

Then paused, and waited with a frown,  
Like some old champion of romance,  
Who, having thrown his gauntlet  
down,

Expectant leans upon his lance ;  
But neither Knight nor Squire is found  
To raise the gauntlet from the ground,  
And try with him the battle's chance.  
" Wake from your dreams, O Edrehi !  
Or dreaming speak to us, and make  
A feint of being half awake,  
And tell us what your dreams may be.  
Out of the hazy atmosphere  
Of cloud-land deign to reappear  
Among us in this Wayside Inn ;  
Tell us what visions and what scenes  
Illuminate the dark ravines  
In which you grope your way. Begin ! "

Thus the Sicilian spake. The Jew  
Made no reply, but only smiled,  
As men unto a wayward child,  
Not knowing what to answer, do.  
As from a cavern's mouth, o'ergrown  
With moss and intertwined vines,  
A streamlet leaps into the light  
And murmurs over root and stone  
In a melodious undertone ;  
Or as amid the noonday night  
Of sombre and wind-haunted pines,  
There runs a sound as of the sea ;  
So from his bearded lips there came  
A melody without a name,  
A song, a tale, a history,  
Or whatsoever it may be,  
Writ and recorded in these lines.

## THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

### KAMBALU.

INTO the city of Kambalu,  
By the road that leadeth to Isapan,  
At the head of his dusty caravan,  
Laden with treasure from realms afar,  
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar,  
Rode the great captain Alau.

The Khan from his palace-window  
gazed,  
And saw in the thronging street be-  
neath,  
In the light of the setting sun, that  
blazed  
Through the clouds of dust by the  
caravan raised,  
The flash of harness and jewelled  
sheath,  
And the shining scymitars of the guard,  
And the weary camels that bared  
their teeth,  
As they passed and passed through  
the gates unbarred  
Into the shade of the palace-yard.

Thus into the city of Kambalu  
Rode the great captain Alau ;  
And he stood before the Khan, and  
said :

" The enemies of my lord are dead ;  
All the Kalifs of all the West  
Bow and obey thy least behest ;  
The plains are dark with the mulberry-  
trees,  
The weavers are busy in Samarcand,  
The miners are sifting the golden sand,  
The divers plunging for pearls in the  
seas,  
And peace and plenty are in the land.

" Baldacca's Kalif, and he alone,  
Rose in revolt against thy throne ;  
His treasures are at thy palace-door,  
With the swords and the shawls and  
the jewels he wore ;  
His body is dust o'er the desert blown.

" A mile outside of Baldacca's gate  
I left my forces to lie in wait,  
Concealed by forests and hillocks of  
sand,  
And forward dashed with a handful of  
men,  
To lure the old tiger from his den  
Into the ambush I had planned.  
Ere we reached the town the alarm  
was spread,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

For we heard the sounds of gongs from  
within ;  
And with clash of cymbals and war-  
like din  
The gates swung wide ; and we turned  
and fled ;  
And the garrison sallied forth and pur-  
sued,  
With the gray old Kalif at their head,  
And above them the banner of Mo-  
hammed :  
So we snared them all, and the town  
was subdued.

" As in at the gate we rode, behold,  
A tower that is called the Tower of  
Gold !

For there the Kalif had hidden his  
wealth,  
Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,  
Like sacks of wheat in a granary ;  
And thither the miser crept by stealth  
To feel of the gold that gave him health,  
And to gaze and gloat with his hungry  
eye  
On jewels that gleamed like a glow-  
worm's spark,  
Or the eyes of a panther in the dark.

" I said to the Kalif : ' Thou art old,  
Thou hast no need of so much gold.  
Thou shouldst not have heaped and  
hidden it here,  
Till the breath of battle was hot and  
near,  
But have sown through the land these  
useless hoards  
To spring into shining blades of swords,  
And keep thine honour sweet and clear.  
These grains of gold are not grains of  
wheat ;

These bars of silver thou canst not eat ;  
These jewels and pearls and precious  
stones  
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,  
Nor keep the feet of Death one hour  
From climbing the stairways of thy  
tower !

" Then into his dungeon I locked the  
drone,  
And left him to feed there all alone  
In the honey-cells of his golden hive :  
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan  
Was heard from those massive walls  
of stone,

Nor again was the Kalif seen alive !

" When at last we unlocked the door,  
We found him dead upon the floor ;

The rings had dropped from his  
withered hands,  
His teeth were like bones in the desert  
sands :  
Still clutching his treasure he had died ;  
And as he lay there, he appeared  
A statue of gold with a silver beard,  
His arms outstretched as if crucified."  
This is the story, strange and true,  
That the great captain Alau  
Told to his brother the Tartar Khan,  
When he rode that day into Kambalu  
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

~~~~~  
INTERLUDE.

" I THOUGHT before your tale began,"
The Student murmured, " we should
have

Some legend written by Judah Rav
In his Gemara of Babylon ;
Or something from the Gulistan.—
The tale of the Cazy of Hamadan,
Or of that King of Khorasan
Who saw in dreams the eyes of one
That had a hundred years been dead
Still moving restless in his head,
Undimmed, and gleaming with the lust
Of power, though all the rest was dust,

" But lo ! your glittering caravan
On the road that leadeth to Ispahan
Hath led us farther to the East
Into the regions of Cathay.
Spite of your Kalif and his gold,
Pleasant has been the tale you told,
And full of colour; that at least
No one will question or gainsay.
And yet on such a dismal day
We need a merrier tale to clear
The dark and heavy atmosphere.
So listen, Lordlings, while I tell,
Without a preface, what befell
A simple cobbler, in the year—
No matter ; it was long ago ;
And that is all we need to know."

~~~~~  
THE STUDENT'S TALE.

THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU.

I TRUST that somewhere and somehow  
You all have heard of Hagenau,  
A quiet, quaint, and ancient town  
Among the green Alsatian hills,  
A place of valleys, streams, and mills,  
Where Barbarossa's castle, brown

## *TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.*

With rust of centuries still looks down  
On the broad, drowsy land below,—  
On shadowy forests filled with game,  
And the blue river winding slow  
Through meadows, where the hedges  
grow

That give this little town its name

It happened in the good old times,  
While yet the Master-singers filled  
The noisy workshop and the guild  
With various melodies and rhymes,  
That here in Hagenau there dwelt  
A cobbler,—one who loved debate,  
And, arguing from a postulate,  
Would say what others only felt;  
A man of forecast and of thirst,  
And of a shrewd and careful mind  
In this world's business, but inclined  
Somewhat to let the next world drift.

Hans Sacks with vast delight he read,  
And Regenbogen's rhymes of love,  
For their poetic fame had spread  
Even to the town of Hagenau;  
And some Quick Melody of the Plough,  
Or Double Harmony of the Dove,  
Was always running in his head.  
He kept, moreover, at his side,  
Among his leathers and his tools,  
Reynard the Fox, the Ship of Fools,  
Or Eulenspiegel, open wide;  
With these he was much edified:  
He thought them wiser than the  
Schools.

His good wife full of godly fear,  
Liked not these worldly themes to hear ;  
The Psalter was her book of songs ;  
The only music to her ear  
Was that which to the church belongs,  
When the loud choir on Sunday  
        chanted.

And the two angels carved in wood,  
That by the windy organ stood,  
Blew on their trumpets loud and clear,  
And all the echoes, far and near,  
Gibbered as if the church were haunted.  
Outside his door, one afternoon,  
This humble votary of the muse  
Sat in the narrow strip of shade  
By a projecting cornice made,  
Mending the Burgomaster's shoes,  
And singing a familiar tune :

" Our ingress into the world  
Was naked and bare;  
Our progress through the world  
Is trouble and care;  
Our egress from the world

Will be nobody knows where.  
But if we do well here  
We shall do well there;  
And I could tell you no more,  
Should I preach a whole year!"

Thus sang the cobbler at his work ;  
And with his gestures marked the time,  
Closing together with a jerk  
Of his waxed thread the stitch and  
rhyme.

Meanwhile his quiet little dame  
Was leaning o'er the window-sill,  
Eager, excited, but mouse-still,  
Gazing impatiently to see  
What the great throng of folk might be  
That onward in procession came,  
Along the unfrequented street,  
With horns that blew, and drums that  
beat,

And banners flying and the flame  
Of tapers, and, at times the sweet  
Voices of nuns ; and as they sang  
Suddenly all the church-bells rang.

In a gay coach, above the crowd,  
There sat a monk in ample hood,  
Who with his right hand held aloft  
A red and ponderous cross of wood,  
To which at times he meekly bowed.  
In front three horsemen rode, and oft,  
With voice and air importunate,  
A boisterous herald cried aloud :  
“ The grace of God is at your gate ! ”  
So onward to the church they passed.

The cobbler slowly turned his last,  
And, wagging his sagacious head,  
Unto his kneeling housewife said :  
“ Tie the monk Tetzl. I have heard  
The cawings of that reverend bird.  
Don’t let him cheat you of your gold ;  
Indulgence is not bought and sold.”

The church of Hagenau, that night,  
Was full of people, full of light ;  
An odour of incense filled the air,  
The priest intoned, the organ groaned  
Its inarticulate despair ;  
The candles on the altar blazed,  
And full in front of it upraised  
The red cross stood against the glare.  
Below, upon the altar-rail,  
Indulgences were set to sale,  
Like ballads at a country fair.  
A heavy strong-box, iron-bound,  
And carved with many a quaint e'veise,  
Received, with a melodious sound,  
The coin that purchased Paradise.



Then from the pulpit overhead,  
Tetzel the monk, with fiery glow,  
Thundered upon the crowd below.  
"Good people all, draw near!" he  
said;  
"Purchase these letters, signed and  
sealed,  
By which all sins, though unrevealed  
And unrepented are forgiven!  
Count but the gain, count not the loss!  
Your gold and silver are but dross,  
And yet they pave the way to heaven.  
I hear your mothers and your sir's  
Cry from their purgatorial fires,  
And will ye not their ransom pay?  
O senseless people! when the gate  
Of heaven is open, will you wait?  
Will ye not enter in to-day?  
To-morrow it will be too late;  
I shall be gone upon my way.  
Make haste! bring money while ye  
may!"  
The women shuddered, and turned  
pale;

Allured by hope or driven by fear,  
With many a sob and many a tear,  
All crowded to the altar-rail.  
Pieces of silver and of gold  
Into the tinkling strong-box fell  
Like pebbles dropped into a well;  
And soon the ballads were all sold.  
The cobbler's wife among the rest  
Slipped into the capacious chest  
A golden florin; then withdrew,  
Hiding the paper in her breast;  
And homeward through the darkness  
went

Comforted, quieted, content;  
She did not walk, she rather flew,  
A dove that settles to her nest,  
When some appalling bird of prey  
That scared her has been driven away.

The days went by, the monk was gone,  
The summer passed, the winter came;  
Though seasons changed, yet still the  
same

The daily round of life went on;  
The daily round of household care

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

The narrow life of toil and prayer.  
But in her heart the cobbler's dame  
Had now a treasure beyond price,  
A secret joy without a name,  
The certainty of Paradise.  
Alas, alas ! Dust unto dust !  
Before the winter wore away,  
Her body in the churchyard lay,  
Her patient soul was with the Just !  
After her death, among the things  
That even the poor preserve with  
care,—

Some little trinkets and cheap rings,  
A locket with her mother's hair,  
Her wedding-gown, the faded flowers  
She wore upon her wedding day,—  
Among these memories of past hours,  
That so much of the heart reveal,  
Carefully kept and put away,  
The Letter of Indulgence lay  
Folded, with signature and seal.

Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved and  
pained,  
Waited and wondered that no word  
Of mass or requiem he heard,  
As by the Holy Church ordained :  
Then to the Magistrate complained,  
That as this woman had been dead  
A week or more, and no mass said,  
It was rank heresy, or at least  
Contempt of Church ; thus said the  
Priest ;  
And straight the cobbler was ar-  
raigned.

He came, confiding in his cause,  
But rather doubtful of the laws.  
The Justice from his elbow-chair  
Gave him a look that seemed to say :  
" Thou standest before a Magistrate,  
Therefore do not prevaricate ! "  
Then asked him in a business way,  
Kindly but cold : " Is thy wife dead ? "  
The cobbler meekly bowed his head ;  
" She is," came struggling from his  
throat

Scarce audibly. The Justice wrote  
The words down in a book, and then  
Continued, as he raised his pen :  
" She is ; and hath a mass been said  
For the salvation of her soul ?  
Come, speak the truth ! confess the  
whole ! "

The cobbler without pause replied :  
" Of mass or prayer there was no need ;  
For at the moment when she died  
Her soul was with the glorified ! "  
And from his pocket with all speed

349

He drew the priestly title-deed,  
And prayed the Justice he would read.

The Justice read, amused, amazed ;  
And as he read his mirth increased ;  
At times his shaggy brows he raised,  
Now wondering at the cobbler gazed,  
Now archfully at the angry Priest.

" From all excesses, sins, and crimes  
Thou hast committed in past times  
Thee I absolve ! And furthermore,  
Purified from all earthly taints,  
To the communion of the Saints

And to the Sacraments restore !  
All stains of weakness, and all trace  
Of shame and censure I efface ;  
Remit the pains thou shouldst endure,  
And make thee innocent and pure,

So that in dying, unto thee

The gates of heaven shall open be !

Though long thou livest, yet this grace  
Until the moment of thy death  
Unchangeable continueth ! "

Then said he to the Priest : " I find  
This document is duly signed  
Brother John Tetzet, his own hand.  
At all tribunals in the land  
In evidence it may be used ;  
Therefore acquitted is the accused."  
Then to the cobbler turned : " My  
friend,  
Pray tell me, didst thou ever read  
Reynard the Fox ? "—" O yes, in-  
deed !"—  
" I thought so. Don't forget the end."

### INTERLUDE.

" WHAT was the end ? I am ashamed  
Not to remember Reynard's fate ;  
I have not read the book of late ;  
Was he not hanged ? " the Poet said.  
The Student gravely shook his head,  
And answered : " You exaggerate.  
There was a tournament proclaimed,  
And Reynard fought with Isegrim  
The Wolf, and having vanquished him,  
Ross to high honour in the State,  
And Keeper of the Seals was named ! "  
At this the gay Sicilian laughed :

" Fight fire with fire, and craft with

craft

Successful cunning seems to be

The moral of your tale," said he.

" Mine had a better, and the Jew's  
Had none at all, that I could see ;  
His aim was only to amuse."

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Meanwhile from out its ebon case  
His violin the Minstrel drew,  
And having tuned its strings anew,  
Now held it close in his embrace,  
And poising in his outstretched hand  
The bow, like a magician's wand,  
He paused, and said, with beaming  
face :

" Last night my story was too long ;  
To-day I give you but a song,  
An old tradition of the North ;  
But first, to put you in the mood,  
I will a little while prelude,  
And from this instrument draw forth  
Something by way of overture."

He played ; at first the tones were pure  
And tender as a summer night,  
The full moon climbing to her height,  
The sob and ripple of the seas,  
The flapping of an idle sail ;  
And then by sudden and sharp degrees  
The multiplied, wild harmonies  
Freshened and burst into a gale ;  
A tempest howling through the dark,  
A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,  
A loud and melancholy wail.

Such was the prelude to the tale  
Told by the Minstrel ; and at times  
He paused amid its varying rhymes,  
And at each pause again broke in  
The music of his violin,  
With tones of sweetness or of fear,  
Movements of trouble or of calm,  
Creating their own atmosphere ;  
As sitting in a church we hear  
Between the verses of the psalm  
The organ playing soft and clear,  
Or thundering on the startled ear.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.  
THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN.

I.

AT Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,  
Within the sandy bar,  
At sunset of a summer's day,  
Ready for sea, at anchor lay  
The good ship Valdemar.

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,  
And played along her side ;  
And through the cabin windows  
streamed  
In ripples of golden light, that seemed  
The ripple of the tide.

There sat the captain with his friends,  
Old skippers brown and hale,  
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their  
grog,  
And talked of iceberg and of fog,  
Of calm and storm and gale.

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn  
About Klaboterman,  
The Kobold of the sea ; a spright  
Invisible to mortal sight,  
Who o'er the rigging ran.

Sometimes he hammered in the hold,  
Sometimes upon the mast,  
Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft,  
Or at the bows he sang and laughed,  
And made all tight and fast.

He helped the sailors at their work,  
And toiled with jovial din ;  
He helped them hoist and reef the  
sails,  
He helped them stow the casks and  
And heave the anchor in.

But woe unto the lazy louts,  
The idlers of the crew ;  
Them to torment was his delight,  
And worry them by day and night,  
And pinch them black and blue.

And woe to him whose mortal eyes  
Klaboterman behold,  
It is a certain sign of death !—  
The cabin-boy here held his breath,  
He felt his blood run cold.

II.

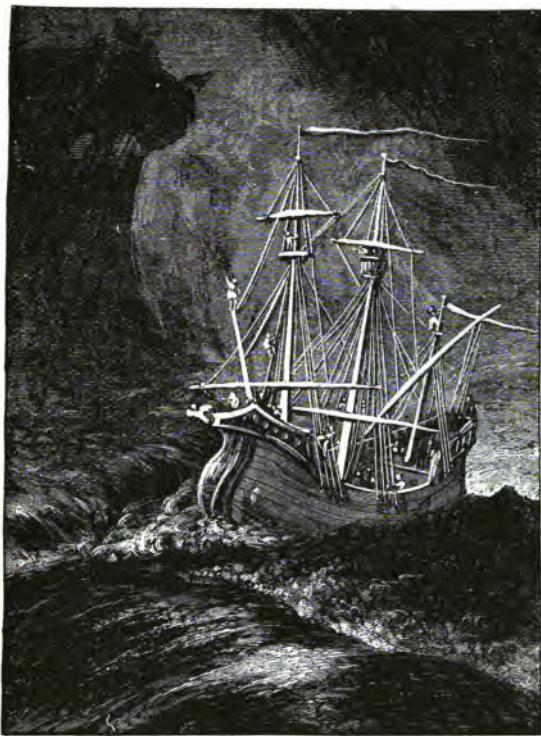
THE jolly skipper paused a while,  
And then began again :  
" There is a Spectre Ship," quoth he,  
" A ship of the Dead that sails the sea,  
And is called the Carmilhan.

" A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,  
In tempest she appears ;  
And before the gale, or against the  
gale,  
She sails without a rag of sail,  
Without a helmsman steers.

" She haunts the Atlantic north and  
south,  
But mostly the mid-sea,  
Where three great rocks rise bleak  
and bare  
Like furnace-chimneys in the air,  
And are called the Chimneys Three.

" All ill betide the luckless ship  
That meets the Carmilhan ;

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.



Over her decks the seas will leap,  
She must go down into the deep,  
And perish mouse and man."

The captain of the Valdemar  
Laughed loud with merry heart.  
" I should like to see this ship," said  
he ; [Three,  
" I should like to find these Chimneys  
That are marked down in the chart.  
" I have sailed right over the spot,"  
he said,  
" With a good stiff breeze behind,  
When the sea was blue, and the sky  
was clear,—  
You can follow my course by these  
pin-holes here,—  
And never a rock could find."

351

And then he swore a dreadful oath.  
He swore by the Kingdoms Thrice,  
That, should he meet the Carmilhan,  
He would run her down, although he  
ran

Right into Eternity !

All this, while passing to and fro,  
The cabin-boy had heard ;  
He lingered at the door to hear,  
And drank in all with greedy ear,  
And pondered every word.

He was a simple country lad,  
But of a roving mind.  
" O, it must be like heaven," thought  
he,  
" Those far-off foreign lands to see,  
And fortune seek and find ! "

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

But in the fo'castle, when he heard  
The mariners blaspheme,  
He thought of home, he thought of  
God, [sod,  
And his mother under the churchyard  
And wished it were a dream.  
One friend on board that ship had he ;  
"Twas the Klaboterman,  
Who saw the Bible in his chest,  
And made a sign upon his breast,  
All evil things to ban.

III.

THE cabin windows have grown blank  
As eyeballs of the dead ;  
No more the glancing sunbeams burn  
On the gilt letters of the stern,  
But on the figure-head ;  
On Valdemar Victorious,  
Who looketh with disdain  
To see his image in the tide  
Dismembered float from side to side,  
And reunite again.  
"It is the wind," those skippers said,  
"That swings the vessel so ;  
It is the wind ; it freshens fast,  
'Tis time to say farewell at last,  
"Tis time for us to go."  
They shook the captain by the hand,  
"Good luck ! good luck !" they  
cried ;  
Each face was like the setting sun,  
As, broad and red, they one by one  
Went o'er the vessel's side.  
The sun went down, the full moon  
rose,  
Serene o'er field and flood ;  
And all the winding creeks and bays  
And broad sea-meadows seemed  
ablaze,  
The sky was red as blood.  
The south-west wind blew fresh and  
fair,  
As fair as wind could be ;  
Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,  
With all sail set, the Valdemar  
Went proudly out to sea.  
The lovely moon climbs up the sky  
As one who walks in dreams ;  
A tower of marble in her light,  
A wall of black, a wall of white,  
The stately vessel seems.  
Low down upon the sandy coast  
The lights begin to burn ;

And now, uplifted high in air,  
They kindle with a fiercer glare,  
And now drop far astern.  
The dawn appears, the land is gone,  
The sea is all around ;  
Then on each hand low hills of sand  
Emerge and form another land ;  
She steereth through the Sound.  
Through Kattegat and Skager-rack  
She fitteth like a ghost ;  
By day and night, by night and day,  
She bounds, she flies upon her way  
Along the English coast.  
Cape Finisterre is drawing near,  
Cape Finisterre is past ;  
Into the open ocean stream  
She floats, the vision of a dream  
Too beautiful to last.  
Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet  
There is no land in sight ;  
The liquid planets overhead  
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,  
And longer stays the night.

IV.

AND now along the horizon's edge  
Mountains of cloud uprose.  
Black as with forests underneath,  
Above their sharp and jagged teeth  
Were white as drifted snows.  
Unseen behind them sank the sun,  
But flashed each snowy peak  
A little while with rosy light  
That faded slowly from the sight  
As blushes from the cheek.  
Black grew the sky,—all black, all  
black ;  
The clouds were everywhere ;  
There was a feeling of suspense  
In nature a mysterious sense  
Of terror in the air.  
And all on board the Valdemar  
Was still as still could be :  
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,  
As ever and anon she rolled,  
And lurched into the sea.  
The captein up and down the deck  
Went striding to and fro ; [wheel,  
Now watched the compass at the  
Now lifted up his hand to feel  
Which way the wind might blow.  
And now he looked up to the sails  
And now upon the deep ;

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

In every fibre of his frame  
He felt the storm before it came,  
He had no thought of sleep.

Eight bells ! and suddenly abaft,  
With a great rush of rain,  
Making the ocean white with spume,  
In darkness like the day of doom,  
On came the hurricane.

The lightning flashed from cloud to  
cloud.  
And rent the sky in two ;  
A jagged flame, a single jet  
Of white fire, like a bayonet,  
That pierced the eyeballs through.

Then all around was dark again,  
And blacker than before ;  
But in that single flash of light  
He had beheld a fearful sight,  
And thought of the oath he swore.

For right ahead lay the Ship of the  
Dead,  
The ghostly Carmilhan !  
Her masts were stripped, her yards  
were bare,  
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,  
Sat the Klaboterman.  
Her crew of ghosts was all on deck  
Or clambering up the shrouds ;  
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's  
hail,  
Were like the piping of the gale,  
And thunder in the clouds.

And close behind the Carmilhan  
There rose up from the sea,  
As from a foundered ship of stone,  
Three bare and splintered masts alone :  
They were the Chimneys Three.

And onward dashed the Valdemar  
And leaped into the dark ;  
A denser mist, a colder blast,  
A little shudder, and she had passed  
Right through the Phantom Bark.

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,  
But cleft it unaware ;  
As when careering to her nest,  
The sea-gull severs with her breast  
The unresisting air.

Again the lightning flashed ; again  
They saw the Carmilhan,  
Whole as before in hull and spar ;  
But now on board of the Valdemar  
Stood the Klaboterman.

And they all knew their doom was  
sealed ;

They knew that death was near ;  
Some prayed who never prayed before,  
And some they wept, and some they  
swore,

And some were mute with fear.

Then suddenly there came a shock,  
And louder than wind or sea  
A cry burst from the crew on deck,  
As she dashed and crashed, a hope-  
less wreck,

Upon the Chimneys Three.

The storm and night were passed, the  
light

To streak the East began ;  
The cabin-boy picked up at sea,  
Survived the wreck, and only he,  
To tell of the Carmilhan.

### INTERLUDE.

WHEN the long murmur of applause  
That greeted the Musician's lay  
Had slowly buzzed itself away,  
And the long talk of Spectre Ships  
That followed died upon their lips  
And came unto a natural pause,  
" These tales you tell are one and all  
Of the Old World," the Poet said,  
" Flowers gathered from a crumbling  
wall,

Dead leaves that rustle as they fall ;  
Let me present you in their stead  
Something of our New England earth,  
A tale which, though of no great  
worth,  
Has still this merit, that it yields  
A certain freshness of the fields,  
A sweetness as of home-made bread."

The Student answered : " Be discreet ;  
For if the flour be fresh and sound,  
And if the bread be light and sweet,  
Who careth in what mill 'twas  
ground,

Or of what oven felt the heat ?  
Unless, as Old Cervantes said,  
You are looking after better bread  
Than any that is made of wheat.  
You know that people nowadays  
To what is old give little praise ;  
All must be new in prose and verse :  
They want hot bread, or something  
worse,

Fresh every morning, and half baked ;

A A

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The wholesome bread of yesterday,  
Too stale for them, is thrown away,  
Nor is their thirst with water slaked."

As oft we see the sky in May  
Threaten to rain, and yet not rain,  
The Poet's face, before so gay,  
Was clouded with a look of pain,  
But suddenly brightened up again ;  
And without further let or stay  
He told his tale of yesterday.

THE POET'S TALE.

LADY WENTWORTH.

ONE hundred years ago, and some thing more,  
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern door,  
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,  
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,  
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine.  
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,  
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,  
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,  
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,  
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms,  
And half resolved, though he was past his prime,  
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,  
To fall down at her feet, and to declare  
The passion that had driven him to despair.  
For from his lofty station he had seen  
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,  
Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four-in-hand.  
Down the long lane, and out into the land,  
And knew that he was far upon the way  
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay !  
Just then the meditations of the Earl  
Were interrupted by a little girl,  
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,  
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare,

A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon,  
Sure to be rounded into beauty soon ;  
A creature men would worship and adore,  
Though now in mean habiliments ;  
she bore  
A pail of water dripping, through the street,  
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet.

It was a pretty picture, full of grace,—  
The slender form, the delicate thin face ;  
The swaying motion, as she hurried by ;  
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,  
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced,  
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced :  
And with uncommon feelings of delight  
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.  
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say  
These words, or thought he did, as plain as day :  
" O Martha Hilton ! Fie ! how dare you go  
About the town half dressed, and looking so !"  
At which the gipsy laughed, and straight replied :  
" No matter how I look ; I yet shall ride  
In my own chariot, ma'am." And on the child  
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,  
As with her heavy burden she passed on,  
Looked back, then turned the corner, and was gone.  
What next, upon that memorable day,  
Arrested his attention was a gay And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,  
The silver harness glittering in the sun,  
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,  
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,  
While all alone within the chariot sat A portly person with three-cornered hat,  
A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,  
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,  
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease.  
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed,  
Fair Mistress Stavers curtseyed low and fast ;  
For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down  
To Little Harbour, just beyond the town,  
Where his Great House stood looking out to sea,  
A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode  
Near and yet hidden from the great highroad,  
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,  
Baronial and colonial in its style ;  
Gables and dormer windows everywhere,  
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air.  
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew  
Made mournful music the whole winter through.  
Within, unwonted splendours met the eye,  
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry ;  
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs  
Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs ;  
Doors opening into darkness unaware,  
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs ;  
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,  
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt,  
A widower and childless ; and he felt  
The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom,  
That like a presence haunted every room ;  
For though not given to weakness, he could feel  
The pain of wounds, that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went—  
seven in all,  
And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall ;  
The dawns their splendour through its chambers shed,  
The sunsets flushed its western windows red ;  
The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain ;  
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again ;  
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died ;  
In the broad river ebbed and flowed the tide,  
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,  
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.  
And all these years had Martha Hilton served  
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved :  
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,  
Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining through ;  
A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,  
A servant who made service seem divine !  
Through her each room was fair to look upon ;  
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,  
The very knocker on the outer door,  
If she but passed, was brighter than before.  
And now the ceaseless turning of the mill  
Of Time, that never for an hour stands still,  
Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birthday,  
And powdered his brown hair with silver gray.  
The robin, the forerunner of the spring,  
The bluebird with his jocund carolling,  
The restless swallows building in the eaves,  
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,  
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,  
All welcomed this majestic holiday !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

He gave a splendid banquet, served  
on plate,  
Such as became the Governor of the  
State,  
Who represented England and the  
King,  
And was magnificent in everything.  
He had invited all his friends and  
peers,  
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and  
the Lears,  
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and  
the rest ;  
For why repeat the name of every  
guest ?  
But I must mention one, in bands and  
gown,  
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur  
Brown,  
Of the Established Church, with smiling  
face  
He sat beside the Governor and said  
grace ;  
And then the feast went on, as others  
do,  
But ended as none other I e'er knew.  
  
When they had drunk the King, with  
many a cheer,  
The Governor whispered in a ser-  
vant's ear,  
Who disappeared, and presently there  
stood  
Within the room, in perfect woman-  
hood,  
A maiden, modest and yet self-pos-  
sessed,  
Youthful and beautiful, and simply  
dressed.  
Can this be Martha Hilton ? It must  
be !  
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other  
she !  
Dowered with the beauty of her  
twenty years,  
How ladylike, how queenlike she ap-  
pears ;  
The pale, thin crescent of the days  
gone by  
Is Dian now in all her majesty ?  
Yet scarce a guest perceived that she  
was there,  
Until the Governor, rising from his  
chair,  
Played slightly with his ruffles, then  
looked down,  
And said unto the Reverend Arthur  
Brown :

"This is my birthday : it shall like-  
wise be,  
My wedding-day; and you shall marry  
me !"  
The listening guests were greatly mys-  
tified,  
None more so than the rector, who  
replied :  
" Marry you ? Yes, that were a plea-  
sant task,  
Your Excellency ; but to whom, I  
ask ?"  
The Governor answered : " To this  
lady here ; "  
And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw  
near.  
She came and stood, all blushes, at  
his side.  
The rector paused. The impatient  
Governor cried :  
" This is the lady ; do you hesitate ?  
Then I command you, as chief ma-  
gistrate."  
The rector read the service loud and  
clear :  
" Dearly beloved, we are gathered  
here,"  
And so on to the end. At his command  
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand  
The Governor placed the ring : and  
that was all :  
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the  
Hall !

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INTERLUDE.

WELL pleased the audience heard the
tale.

The Theologian said : " Indeed,
To praise you there is little need ;
One almost hears the farmer's flail
Thresh out your wheat, nor does there
fail

A certain freshness, as you said,
And sweetness as of home-made bread.
But not less sweet and not less fresh
Are many legends that I know,
Writ by the monks of long ago,
Who loved to mortify the flesh,
So that the soul might purer grow,
And rise to a diviner state ;
And one of these—perhaps of all
Most beautiful—I now recall,
And with permission will narrate ;
Hoping thereby to make amends
For that grim tragedy of mine,
As strong and black as Spanish wine,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

I told last night, and wish almost
It had remained untold, my friends ;
For Torquemada's awful ghost
Came to me in the dreams I dreamed.
And in the darkness glared and
gleamed
Like a great lighthouse on the coast."
The Student laughing said : " Far
more
Like to some dismal fire of bale
Flaring portentous on a hill ;
Or torches lighted on a shore
By wreckers in a midnight gale.
No matter ; be it as you will,
Only go forward with your tale."

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

" HADST thou stayed, I must have
fled ! "

That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial ;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone ;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see ;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost,
Lord, he thought, in heaven that
reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest,
To reveal thyself to me ?

357

Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be ?
Then amid his exaltation
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.
Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go, or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear :
" Do thy duty ; that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! "
Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.
At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die !
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ;
What we see not, what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying :
“ Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me ! ”

Unto me ! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry, calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
“ Hadst thou stayed, I must have
fled ! ”

INTERLUDE.

ALL praised the Legend more or less ;
Some liked the moral, some the verse ;
Some thought it better, and some worse
Than other legends of the past ;
Until, with ill-concealed distress
At all their cavilling, at last
The Theologian gravely said :
“ The Spanish proverb, then, is right ;
Consult your friends on what you do,
And one will say that it is white,
And others say that it is red.”
And “ Amen ! ” quoth the Spanish Jew.
“ Six stories told ! We must have seven,
A cluster like the Pleiades.

And lo ! it happens, as with these,
That one is missing from our heaven.
Where is the landlord ? Bring him here ;
Let the Lost Pleiad reappear.”

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went
Forthwith to seek his missing star,
But did not find him in the bar,
A place that landlords most frequent,
Nor yet beside the kitchen fire,
Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall ;
It was in vain to ask or call,
There were no tidings of the Squire.
So he came back with downcast head,
Exclaiming : “ Well, our bashful host
Hath surely given up the ghost.
Another proverb says the dead
Can tell no tales ; and that is true,
It follows, then, that one of you
Must tell a story in his stead.
You must,” he to the Student said,
“ Who know so many of the best,
And tell them better than the rest.”

Straight, by these flattering words be-
guiled,

The Student, happy as a child
When he is called a little man,
Assumed the double task imposed,
And without more ado unclosed
His smiling lips, and thus began.

THE STUDENT'S SECOND
TALE.

THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE.

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine
Has left his château in the Pyrenees,
And sailed across the western seas.
When he went away from his fair de-
mesne

The birds were building, the woods
were green ;

And now the winds of winter blow
Round the turrets of the old château,
The birds are silent and unseen,
The leaves lie dead in the ravine,
And the Pyrenees are white with snow.

His father, lonely, old, and gray,
Sits by the fireside day by day,
Thinking ever one thought of care ;
Through the southern windows, nar-
row and tall,

The sun shines into the ancient hall,
And makes a glory round his hair.
The house-dog, stretched beneath his
chair,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Groans in his sleep as if in pain,
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps
again,

So silent is it everywhere,—
So silent you can hear the mouse
Run and rummage along the beams
Behind the wainscot of the wall;
And the old man rouses from his
dreams, [house,
And wanders restless through the
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor
Of a distant passage, and pause a while;
He is standing by an open door
Looking long, with a sad, sweet smile,
Into the room of his absent son.
There is the bed on which he lay,
There are the pictures bright and gay,
Horses and hounds and sunlit seas;
There are his powder-flask and gun,
And his hunting-knives in shape of a
fan;

The chair by the window where he sat,
With the clouded tiger-skin for a mat,
Looking out on the Pyrenees,
Looking out on Mount Marboré
And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan.
Ah me! he turns away and sighs:
There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,
Wind or rain or starry heaven,
Just as the clock is striking seven,
Those who look from the windows see
The village Curate, with lantern and
maid, [park,
Come through the gateway from the
And cross the courtyard damp and
dark,—

A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he
stands,

His voice is cheery, his heart expands,
He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze
Of the fire of fagots, about old days,
And Cardinal Mazarin and the Fronde,
And the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond,
And what they did, and what they said,
When they heard his Eminence was
dead.

And after a pause the old man says,
His mind still coming back again
To the one sad thought that haunts
his brain,

"Are there any tidings from over sea?
Ah, why has that wild boy gone from
me?"

359

And the Curate answers, looking down,
Harmless and docile as a lamb,
"Young blood! young blood! It must
so be!"

And draws from the pocket of his gown
A handkerchief like an oriflambe,
And wipes his spectacles, and they play
Their little game of lansquenet
In silence for an hour or so,
Till the clock at nine strikes loud and
clear

From the village lying asleep below,
And across the courtyard, into the dark
Of the winding pathway in the park,
Curate and lantern disappear,
And darkness reigns in the old château.

The ship has come back from over sea,
She has been signalled from below,
And into the harbour of Bordeaux
She sails with her gallant company.
But among them is nowhere seen
The brave young Baron of St. Castine;
He hath tarried behind, I ween,
In the beautiful land of Acadie!

And the father paces to and fro
Through the chambers of the old
château,

Waiting, waiting to hear the hum
Of wheels on the road that runs below,
Of servants hurrying here and there,
The voice in the courtyard, the step on
the stair,

Waiting for some one who doth not
come!

But letters there are, which the old
man reads

To the Curate, when he comes at night,
Word by word, as an acolyte
Repeats his prayers, and tells his
beads;

Letters full of the rolling sea,
Full of a young man's joy to be
Abroad in the world, alone and free;
Full of adventures and wonderful scenes
Of hunting the deer through forests
vast

In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast;
Of nights in the tents of the Tarra-
tines;

Of Madocawando the Indian chief,
And his daughters as glorious as queens,
And beautiful beyond belief;
And so soft the tones of their native
tongue,
The words are not spoken, they are
sung!

LONGFELLOW'S "POETICAL WORKS."

And the Curate listens, and smiling says:

"Ah yes, dear friend ! in our young days We should have liked to hunt the deer All day amid those forest scenes, And to sleep in the tents of the Tar- ratines ;

But now it is better sitting here Within four walls, and without the fear Of losing our hearts to Indian queens ; For man is fire and woman is tow, And the Somebody comes and begins to blow."

Then a gleam of distrust and vague surmise

Shines in the father's gentle eyes, As fire-light on a window-pane Glimmers and vanishes again ; But nought he answers ; he only sighs, And for a moment bows his head ; Then, as their custom is, they play Their little game of lansquenet, And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day And many a week and month depart, When a fatal letter wings its way Across the sea, like a bird of prey, And strikes and tears the old man's heart,

Lo ! the young baron of St. Castine, Swift as the wind is, and as wild, Has married a dusky Tarratine, Has married Madocawando's child !

The letter drops from the father's hand ;

Though the sinews of his heart are wrung,

He utters no cry, he breathes no prayer,

No malediction falls from his tongue ; But his stately figure, erect and grand, Bends and sinks like a column of sand In the whirlwind of his great despair. Dying, yes, dying ! His latest breath Of parley at the door of death Is a blessing on his wayward son. Lower and lower on his breast Sinks his gray head ; he is at rest ; No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old château Lies tenantless and desolate ; Rank grasses in the courtyard grow, About its gables caws the crow ; Only the porter at the gate Is left to guard it, and to wait The coming of the rightful heir ;

No other life or sound is there ; No more the Curate comes at night, No more is seen the unsteady light, Threading the alleys of the park ! The windows of the hall are dark, The chambers are dreary, cold, and bare !

At length, at last, when the winter is past, And birds are building, and woods are green,

With flying skirts is the curate seen Speeding along the woodland way, Humming gaily, "No day is so long But it comes at last to vesper-song." He stops at the porter's lodge to say That at last the Baron of St. Castine Is coming home with his Indian queen, Is coming without a week's delay ; And all the house must be swept and clean,

And all things set in good array ! And the solemn porter shakes his head :

And the answer he makes is : " Lack-a-day !

We will see, as the blind man said ! " Alert since first the day began, The cock upon the village church Looks northward from his airy perch, As if beyond the ken of man, To see the ships come sailing on, And pass the Isle of Oléron, And pass the Tower of Cordouan,

In the church below is cold in clay The heart that would have leaped for joy—

O tender heart of truth and trust ! — To see the coming of that day ; In the church below the lips are dust ; Dust are the hands, and dust the feet ; That would have been so swift to meet The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old château Is a blaze of light above and below ; There's a sound of wheels and hoofs in the street, Cracking of whips, and scamper of feet, Bells are ringing, and horns are blown, And the Baron hath come again to his own.

The Curate is waiting in the hall Most eager and alive of all To welcome the Baron and Baroness, But his mind is full of vague distress,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

For he hath read in Jesuit books
Of those children of the wilderness,
And now, good, simple man he looks
To see a painted savage stride
Into the room with shoulders bare,
And eagle feathers in her hair,
And around her a robe of panther's
hide.

Instead he beholds with secret shame
A form of beauty undefined,
A loveliness without a name,
Not of degree, but more of kind :
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,
But a new mingling of them all.
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,
Transfigured and transfused, he sees
The lady of the Pyrenees,
The daughter of the Indian chief,
Beneath the shadow of her hair
The gold-bronze colour of the skin
Seems lighted by a fire within,
As when a burst of sunlight shines
Beneath a sombre grove of pines.—
A dusky splendour in the air.
The two small hands, that now are
pressed

In his, seemed made to be caressed,
They lie so warm, and soft, and still,
Like birds half hidden in a nest,
Trustful, and innocent of ill.
And ah ! he cannot believe his ears
When her melodious voice he hears
Speaking his native Gascon tongue ;
The words she utter seem to be
Part of some poem of Goudouli,
They are not spoken, they are sung !
And the Baron smiles, and says,
" You see,
I told you but the simple truth ;
Ah, you may trust the eyes of youth ! "

Down in the village day by day
The people gossip in their way,
And stare to see the Baroness pass
On Sunday morning to early Mass ;
And when she kneeleth down to pray,
They wonder, and whisper together
and say,

" Surely this is no heathen lass ! "
And in course of time they learn to
bless

The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate
learns

A secret so dreadful, that by turns
He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns.
The Baron at confession hath said,

361

That though this woman be his wife,
He hath wed her as the Indians wed,
He hath bought her for a gun and a
knife !

And the Curate replies : " O profi-
gate,

O Prodigal Son ! return once more
To the open arms and the open door
Of the Church, or ever it be too late.
Thank God, thy father did not live
To see what he could not forgive ;
On thee, so reckless and perverse,
He left his blessing, not his curse.
But the nearer the dawn the darker the

night,

And by going wrong all things come
right ;

Things have been mended that were
worse,

And the worse, the nearer they are to
mend.

[dead,
For the sake of the living and the
Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed,
And all things come to a happy end."

O sun, that followest the night,
In yon blue sky, serene and pure,
And pourest thine impartial light
Alike on mountain and on moor,
Pause for a moment in thy course,
And bless the bridegroom and the
bride !

O Gave, that from thy hidden source
In yon mysterious mountain-side
Pursuest thy wandering way alone,
And leaping down its steps of stone,
Along the meadow-lands demure
Stealest away to the Adour,
Pause for a moment in thy course
To bless the bridegroom and the
bride !

The choir is singing the matin song,
The doors of the church are opened
wide,
The people crowd, and press, and
throng

To see the bridegroom and the bride.
They enter and pass along the nave ;
They stand upon the father's grave ;
The bells are ringing soft and slow ;
The living above and the dead below
Give their blessing on one and twain ;
The warm winds blow from the hills of

Spain,

The birds are building, the leaves are
green,

And Baron Castine of St. Castine
Hath come at last to his own again.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

FINALE.

"NUNC plaudite!" the Student cried,
When he had finished; "now applaud,
As Roman actors used to say,
At the conclusion of a play;" [abroad,
And rose, and spread his hands
And smiling bowed from side to side,
As one who bears the palm away.
And generous was the applause and
loud,
But less for him than for the sun,
That even as the tale was done
Burst from its canopy of cloud,
And lit the landscape with the blaze
Of afternoon on autumn days,
And filled the room with light, and
made
The fire of logs a painted shade.
A sudden wind from out the west
Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill;
The windows rattled with the blast,
The oak-trees shouted as it passed,

And straight, as if by fear possessed,
The cloud encampment on the hill
Broke up, and fluttering flag and tent
Vanished into the firmament,
And down the valley fled amain
The rear of the retreating rain.
Only far up in the blue sky
A mass of clouds, like drifted snow
Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,
Was heaped together, vast and high,
On which a shattered rainbow hung,
Not rising like the ruined arch
Of some aerial aqueduct,
But like a roseate garland plucked
From an Olympian god, and flung
Aside in his triumphal march.
Like prisoners from their dungeon
gloom,
Like birds escaping from a snare,
Like school-boys at the hour of play,
All left at once the pent-up room,
And rushed into the open air;
And no more tales were told that day.

PART THIR D.

1873.

PRELUDE.

THE evening came; the golden vane
A moment in the sunset glanced,
Then darkened, and then gleamed again
As from the east the moon advanced
And touched it with a softer light;
While underneath, with flowing mane,
Upon the sign the Red Horse pranced,
And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon
That followed the dark day of rain,
And brighter than the golden vane
That glistened in the rising moon,
Within the ruddy fire-light gleamed;
And every separate window-pane,
Racked by the outer darkness, showed
A mirror, where the flamelets gleamed
And flickered to and fro, and seemed
A bonfire lighted in the road.

Amid the hospitable glow,
Like an old actor on the stage,
With the uncertain voice of age,
The singing chimney chanted low
The homely songs of long ago.
The voice that Ossian heard of yore,

When midnight winds were in his hall;
A ghostly and appealing call,
A sound of days that are no more!
And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,
And listened to the sound, and knew
The passing of the airy hosts,
The gray and misty cloud of ghosts
In their interminable flight;
And listening, muttered in his beard,
With accent indistinct and weird,
"Who are ye, children of the Night?"

Beholding his mysterious face,
"Tell me," the gay Sicilian said,
"Why was it that in breaking bread
At supper, you bent down your head,
And, musing, paused a little space,
As one who says a silent grace?"

The Jew replied, with solemn air,
"I said the Manichaean's prayer.
It was his faith, — perhaps is mine,—
That life in all its forms is one,
And that its secret conduits run
Unseen, but in unbroken line,
From the great fountain-head divine

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Through man and beast, through grain
and grass.

Howe'er we struggle, strive, and cry,
From death there can be no escape,
And no escape from life, alas!
Because we cannot die, but pass
From one into another shape:
It is but into life we die.

"Therefore the Manichean said
This simple prayer on breaking bread,
Lest he with hasty hand or knife
Might wound the incarcerated life,
The soul in things that we call dead :
' I did not reap thee, did not bind thee,
I did not thrash thee, did not grind thee,
Nor did I in the oven bake thee !
It was not I, it was another
Did these things unto thee, O brother !
I only have thee, hold thee, break
thee ! "

"That birds have souls I can concede,"
The Poet cried, with glowing cheeks ;
"The flocks that form their beds of reed
Uprising north or southward fly,
And flying write upon the sky
The biforked letter of the Greeks,
As hath been said by Rucellai ;
All birds that sing or chirp or cry,
Even those migratory bands,
The minor poets of the air,
The plover, peep, and sanderling,
That hardly can be said to sing,
But pipe along the barren sands, —
All these have souls akin to ours ;
So hath the lovely race of flowers :
Thus much I grant, but nothing more.
The rusty hinges of a door
Are not alive because they creak ;
This chimney, with its dreary roar,
These rattling windows, do not speak ! "

"To me they speak," the Jew replied ;
"And in the sounds that sink and soar,
I hear the voices of a tide
That breaks upon an unknown shore ! "

Here the Sicilian interferred : [dozed
"That was your dream, then, as you
A moment since, with eyes half-closed,
And murmured something in your
beard."

The Hebrew smiled, and answered,
"Nay ;
Not that, but something very near ;
Like, and yet not the same, may seem
The vision of my waking dream ;
Before it wholly dies away,
Listen to me, and you shall hear."

363

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE.

AZRAEL.

KING SOLOMON, before his palace gate,
At evening, on the pavement tessellate
Was walking with a stranger from the
East,

Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast,
The mighty Runjeet-Sing, a learned
man,
And Rajah of the realms of Hindostan.
And as they walked the guest became
aware

Of a white figure in the twilight air,
Gazing intent, as one who with surprise
His form and features seemed to
recognise ;
And in a whisper to the King he said :

"What is yon shape, that, pallid as
the dead,
Is watching me, as if he sought to trace
In the dim light the features of my
face ? "

The King looked, and replied : " I
know him well ;
It is the Angel men call Azrael,
'Tis the Death Angel ; what hast thou
to fear ? "

And the guest answered : " Lest he
should come near,
And speak to me, and take away my
breath ! " [death !
Save me from Azrael, save me from
O King, that hast dominion o'er the
wind,
Bid it arise and bear me hence to Ind."

The King gazed upward at the cloud-
less sky, [on high,
Whispered a word, and raised his hand
And lo ! the signet ring of chrysoprase
On his uplifted finger seemed to blaze
With hidden fire, and rushing from
the west

There came a mighty wind, and seized
the guest
And lifted him from earth, and on they
passed, [blast,
His shining garments streaming in the
A silken banner o'er the walls upreared,
A purple cloud, that gleamed and
disappeared.

Then said the Angel, smiling : " If
this man
Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan,
Thou hast done well in listening to
his prayer ;
I was upon my way to seek him there."

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

INTERLUDE.

"O EDREHI, forbear to-night,
Your ghostly legends of affright,
And let the Talmud rest in peace;
Spare us your dismal tales of death
That almost take away one's breath;
So doing, may your tribe increase." Thus the Sicilian said; then went And on the spinet's rattling keys Played Marianina, like a breeze From Naples and the Southern seas, That brings us the delicious scent Of citron and of orange trees, And memories of soft days of ease At Capri and Amalfi spent.

"Not so," the eager Poet said;
"At least, not so before I tell
The story of my Azrael,
An angel mortal as ourselves,
Which in an ancient tome I found
Upon a convent's dusty shelves,
Chained with an iron chain, and bound
In parchment, and with clasps of brass,
Lest from its prison, some dark day,
It might be stolen or steal away,
While the good friars were singing mass.

"It is a tale of Charlemagne,
When like a thunder-cloud, that lowers
And sweeps from mountain-crest to coast,
With lightning flaming through its showers,
He swept across the Lombard plain,
Beleaguering with his warlike train
Pavia the country's pride and boast,
The City of the Hundred Towers."

Thus heralded the tale began,
And thus in sober measure ran.

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THE POET'S TALE.

CHARLEMAGNE.

OLGER the Dane and Desiderio,  
King of the Lombards, on a lofty tower  
Stood gazing northward o'er the rolling plains,  
League after league of harvests, to the foot  
Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw approach  
A mighty army, thronging all the roads  
That led into the city. And the King  
Said unto Olger, who had passed his youth

As hostage at the court of France, and knew

The Emperor's form and face : "Is Charlemagne Among that host?" And Olgar answered "No."

And still the innumerable multitude Flowed onward and increased, until the King [magne Cried in amazement : "Surely Charle- Is coming in the midst of all these knights!"

And Olger answered slowly : "No, not yet;  
He will not come so soon." Then much disturbed King Desiderio asked : "What shall we do,  
If he approach with a still greater army?"

And Olger answered : "When he shall appear, [he is ; You will behold what manner of man But what will then befall us I know not."

Then came the guard that never knew repose,  
The Paladins of France ; and at the sight  
The Lombard King o'ercome with terror cried : "This must be Charlemagne!" and as before.  
Did Olger answer : "No, not yet, not yet."

And then appeared in panoply complete The Bishops and the Abbots and the Priests

Of the imperial chapel, and the Counts ; And Desiderio could no more endure The light of day, nor yet encounter death,

But sobbed aloud and said : "Let us go down

And hide us in the bosom of the earth, Far from the sight and anger of a foe So terrible as this!" And Olger said : "When you behold the harvests in the fields

Shaking with fear, the Po and the Ticino

Lashing the city walls with iron waves, Then may you know that Charlemagne is come."

And even as he spake, in the northwest, Lo ! there uprose a black and threatening cloud,

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Out of whose bosom flashed the light  
of arms

Upon the people pent up in the city ;  
A light more terrible than any darkness ;  
And Charlemagne appeared ;—a Man  
of Iron !

His helmet was of iron, and his gloves  
Of iron, and his breastplate and his  
greaves

And tassetts were of iron, and his shield.  
In his left hand he held an iron spear,  
In his right hand his sword invincible.  
The horse he rode on had the strength  
of iron,

And colour of iron. All who went  
before him,

Beside him and behind him, his whole  
host,

Were armed with iron, and their hearts  
within them

Were stronger than the armour that  
they wore.

The fields and all the roads were filled  
with iron,

And points of iron glistened in the sun  
And shed a terror through the city  
streets.

This at a single glance Olger the Dane  
Saw from the tower, and turning to the  
King,

Exclaimed in haste : " Behold ! this is  
the man

You looked for with such eagerness ! "

and then  
Fell as one dead at Desiderio's feet.



### INTERLUDE.

WELL pleased all listened to the tale,  
That drew, the Student said, its pith  
And marrow from the ancient myth  
Of some one with an iron flail ;  
Or that portentous Man of Brass  
Hephaestus made in days of yore,  
Who stalked about the Cretan shore,  
And saw the ships appear and pass,  
And threw stones at the Argonauts,  
Being filled with indiscriminate ire  
That tangled and perplexed his  
thoughts ;

But, like a hospitable host,  
When strangers landed on the coast,  
Heated himself red-hot with fire,  
And hugged them in his arms, and  
pressed  
Their bodies to his burning breast.

The Poet answered : " No, not thus  
The legend rose ; it sprang at first  
Out of the hunger and the thirst  
In all men for the marvellous.  
And thus it filled and satisfied  
The imagination of mankind,  
And this ideal to the mind  
Was truer than historic fact.  
Fancy enlarged and multiplied  
The terrors of the awful name  
Of Charlemagne, till he became  
Armiptotent in every act,  
And, clothed in mystery, appeared  
Not what men saw, but what they  
feared.

" Besides, unless my memory fail,  
Your some one with an iron flail  
Is not an ancient myth at all,  
But comes much later on the scene,  
As Talus in the Faerie Queene,  
The iron groom of Artegall,  
Who threshed out falsehood and de-  
ceit,  
And truth upheld, and righted wrong,  
And was, as is the swallow, fleet,  
And as the lion is, was strong."

The Theologian said : " Perchance  
Your chronicler in writing this  
Had in his mind the Anabasis,  
Where Xenophon describes the ad-  
vance

Of Artaxerxes to the fight ;  
At first the low gray cloud of dust,  
And then a blackness o'er the fields  
As of a passing thunder-gust,  
Then flash of brazen armour bright,  
And ranks of men, with spears up-  
thrust,  
Bowmen and troops with wicker  
shields,  
And cavalry equipped in white,  
And chariots ranged in front of these  
With scythes upon their axle-trees."

To this the Student answered : " Well,  
I also have a tale to tell  
Of Charlemagne ; a tale that throws  
A softer light, more tinged with rose,  
Than your grim apparition cast  
Upon the darkness of the past.  
Listen, and hear in English rhyme  
What the good Monk of Lauresheim  
Gives as the gossip of his time,  
In mediæval Latin prose."



LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

THE STUDENT'S TALE.

EMMA AND EGINHARD.

WHEN Alcuin taught the sons of Charlemagne,  
In the free schools of Aix, how kings  
should reign,  
And with them taught the children of the poor  
How subjects should be patient and endure,  
He touched the lips of some, as best  
befit,  
With honey from the hives of Holy  
Writ ;  
Others intoxicated with the wine  
Of ancient history, sweet, but less divine ;  
Some with the wholesome fruits of grammar fed ;  
Others with mysteries of the stars o'er-  
head,  
That hang suspended in the vaulted sky  
Like lamps in some fair palace vast  
and high.  
In sooth it was a pleasant sight to see  
That Saxon monk, with hood and rosary,  
With inkhorn at his belt, and pen and book,  
And mingled love and reverence in his look,  
Or hear the cloister and the court repeat  
The measured footfalls of his sandalled feet,  
Or watch him with the pupils of his school,  
Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule.  
Among them, always earliest in his place,  
Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish race,  
Whose face was bright with flashes that forerun  
The splendours of a yet unrisen sun.  
To him all things were possible, and seemed  
Not what he had accomplished, but had dreamed,  
And what were tasks to others were his play,  
The pastime of an idle-holiday.  
Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's, said,  
With many a shrug and shaking of

Surely some demon must possess the lad,  
Who showed more wit than ever school-boy had,  
And learned his Trivium thus without the rod ; [God.  
But Alcuin said it was the grace of  
Thus he grew up, in Logic point-de-  
vice,  
Perfect in Grammar, and in Rhetoric  
nice ;  
Science of Numbers, Geometric art,  
And lore of Stars, and Music knew by  
heart ;  
A Minnesinger, long before the times  
Of those who sang their love in Suabian rhymes.  
The Emperor, when he heard this good report  
Of Eginhard much buzzed about the court,  
Said to himself, " This stripling seems  
to be  
Purposely sent into the world for me ;  
He shall become my scribe, and shall  
be schooled  
In all the arts whereby the world is  
ruled."  
Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain  
To honour in the court of Charle-  
magne ;  
Became the sovereign's favourite, his right hand,  
So that his fame was great in all the land,  
And all men loved him for his modest  
grace  
And comeliness of figure and of face.  
An inmate of the palace, yet recluse,  
A man of books, yet sacred from abuse  
Among the armed knights with spur  
on heel,  
The tramp of horses and the clang of  
steel ;  
And as the Emperor promised he was  
schooled  
In all the arts by which the world is  
ruled.  
But the one art supreme, whose law  
is fate,  
The Emperor never dreamed of till  
too late.  
Home from her convent to the palace  
came  
The lovely Princess Emma, whose  
sweet name,

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Whispered by seneschal or sung by bard,  
Had often touched the soul of Eginhard.  
He saw her from his window, as in state  
She came, by knights attended through the gate ;  
He saw her at the banquet of that day,  
Fresh as the morn, and beautiful as May ;  
He saw her in the garden, as she strayed  
Among the flowers of summer with her maid,  
And said to him, "O Eginhard, disclose  
The meaning and the mystery of the rose ;"  
And trembling he made answer : " In good sooth,  
Its mystery is love, its meaning youth ! "  
How can I tell the signals and the signs  
By which one heart another heart divines ?  
How can I tell the many thousand ways  
By which it keeps the secret it betrays ?  
O mystery of love ! O strange romance !  
Among the Peers and Paladins of France,  
Shining in steel, and prancing on gay steeds,  
Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds,  
The Princess Emma had no words nor looks  
But for this clerk, this man of thought and books.  
The summer passed, the autumn came ; the stalks  
Of lilies blackened in the garden walks ;  
The leaves fell, russet-golden and blood-red,  
Love-letters, thought the poet, fancy-led,  
Or Jove descending in a shower of gold  
Into the lap of Danae of old ;  
For poets cherish many a strange conceit,  
And love transmutes all nature by its heat.

No more the garden lessons, nor the dark  
And hurried meetings in the twilight park ;  
But now the studious lamp, and the delights  
Of firesides in the silent winter nights,  
And watching from his window hour by hour  
The light that burned in Princess Emma's tower.  
At length one night, while musing by the fire,  
O'ercome at last by his insane desire,—  
For what will reckless love not do and dare ?—  
He crossed the court, and climbed the winding stair,  
With some feigned message in the Emperor's name ;  
But when he to the lady's presence came  
He knelt down at her feet until she laid her hand upon him, like a naked blade,  
And whispered in his ear : " Arise, Sir Knight,  
To my heart's level, O my heart's delight."  
And there he lingered till the crowing cock,  
The Alectryon of the farmyard and the flock,  
Sang his aubade with lusty voice and clear,  
To tell the sleeping world that dawn was near.  
And then they parted ; but at parting, lo !  
They saw the palace courtyard white with snow,  
And placid as a nun, the moon on high Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the sky.  
" Alas ! " he said, " how hide the fatal line  
Of footprints leading from thy door to mine,  
And none returning ? " Ah, he little knew  
What woman's wit, when put to proof, can do !  
That night the Emperor, sleepless with the cares  
And troubles that attend on state affairs,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Had risen before the dawn, and  
musing gazed  
Into the silent night, as one amazed  
To see the calm that reigned o'er all  
supreme,

When his own reign was but a trou-  
bled dream.

The moon lit up the gables capped  
with snow,  
And the white roofs, and half the  
court below,  
And he beheld a form, that seemed  
to cower  
Beneath a burden, come from Emma's  
tower,—

A woman, who upon her shoulders  
bore  
Clerk Eginhard to his own private  
door,  
And then returned in haste, but still  
essayed  
To tread the footprints she herself had  
made ;  
And as she passed across the lighted  
space,  
The Emperor saw his daughter  
Emma's face !

He started not ; he did not speak or  
moan,  
But seemed as one who had been  
turned to stone ;  
And stood there like a statue, nor  
awoke  
Out of his trance of pain, till morning  
broke,  
Till the stars faded, and the moon  
went down,  
And o'er the towers and steeples of  
the town  
Came the gray daylight ; then the sun,  
who took  
The empire of the world with sovereign  
look,  
Suffusing with a soft and golden glow  
All the dead landscape in its shroud  
of snow,  
Touching with flame the tapering  
chapel spires,  
Windows and roofs, and smoke of  
household fires,  
And kindling park and palace as he  
came ;  
The stork's nest on the chimney  
seemed in flame,  
And thus he stood till Eginhard ap-  
peared, [beard  
Demure and modest with his comely

And flowing flaxen tresses come to ask,  
As was his wont, the day's appointed  
task.

The Emperor looked upon him with a  
smile, [a while ;  
And gently said : " My son, wait yet  
This hour my council meets upon  
some great  
And very urgent business of the state.  
Come back within the hour. On thy  
return  
The work appointed for thee shalt  
thou learn."

Having dismissed this gallant Trou-  
badour,  
He summoned straight his council,  
and secure  
And steadfast in his purpose, from the  
throne  
All the adventure of the night made  
known ;  
Then asked for sentence ; and with  
eager breath  
Some answered banishment, and others  
death,

Then spake the king : " Your sentence  
is not mine ;  
Life is the gift of God, and is divine ;  
Nor from these palace walls shall  
one depart  
Who carries such a secret in his heart ;  
My better judgment points another  
way.  
Good Alcuin, I remember how one day  
When my Pepino asked you, ' What  
are men ? ' [pen,  
You wrote upon his tablets with your  
' Guests of the grave and travellers  
that pass ! '

This being true of all men, we, alas !  
Being all fashioned of the self-same  
dust,  
Let us be merciful as well as just ;  
This passing traveller, who hath stolen  
away  
The brightest jewel of my crown to-  
day, [restore ;  
Shall of himself the precious gem  
By giving it, I make it mine once  
more.

Over these fatal footprints I will throw  
My ermine mantle like another snow."

Then Eginhard was summoned to the  
hall, [all,  
And entered, and in presence of them

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

The Emperor said : " My son, for  
thou to me  
Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be,  
Long hast thou served thy sovereign,  
and thy zeal  
Pleads to me with importunate appeal,  
While I have been forgetful to requite  
Thy service and affection as was right.  
But now the hour is come, when I, thy  
lord,  
Will crown thy love with such supreme  
reward,  
A gift so precious kings have striven  
in vain  
To win it from the hands of Charle-  
magne."

Then sprang the portals of the chamber  
wide,  
And Princess Emma entered in the  
bride  
Of birth and beauty, that in part o'er-  
came  
The conscious terror and the blush of  
shame.  
And the good Emperor rose up from  
his throne,  
And taking her white hand within his  
own  
Placed it in Eginhard's, and said :  
" My son,  
This is the gift thy constant zeal hath  
won ;  
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,  
And cover up the footprints in the  
snow."

### INTERLUDE.

THUS ran the Student's pleasant  
rhyme  
Of Eginhard and love and youth ;  
Some doubted its historic truth,  
But while they doubted, ne'ertheless  
Saw in it gleams of truthfulness,  
And thanked the Monk of Laures-  
heim.

This they discussed in various mood ;  
Then in the silence that ensued  
Was heard a sharp and sudden sound  
As of a bowstring snapped in air ;  
And the Musician with a bound  
Sprang up in terror from his chair,  
And for a moment listening stood,  
Then strode across the room, and  
found  
His dear, his darling violin

Still lying safe asleep within  
Its little cradle, like a child  
That gives a sudden cry of pain,  
And wakes to fall asleep again ;  
And as he looked at it and smiled,  
By the uncertain light beguiled,  
Despair ! two strings were broken in  
twain.

While all lamented and made moan,  
With many a sympathetic word  
As if the loss had been their own,  
Deeming the tones they might have  
heard

Sweeter than they had heard before,  
They saw the Landlord at the door,  
The missing man, the portly Squire !  
He had not entered, but he stood  
With both arms full of seasoned wood,  
To feed the much-devouring fire,  
That like a lion in a cage  
Lashed its long tail and roared with  
rage.

The missing man ! Ah, yes, they said,  
Missing, but whither had he fled ?  
Where had he hidden himself away ?  
No farther than the barn or shed ;  
He had not hidden himself nor fled ;  
How should he pass the rainy day  
But in his barn with hens and hay  
Or mending harness, cart, or sled ?  
Now, having come, he needs must stay  
And tell his tale as well as they.

The Landlord answered only : " These  
Are logs from the dead apple-trees  
Of the old orchard planted here  
By the first Howe of Sudbury.  
Nor oak nor maple has so clear  
A flame, or burns so quietly,  
Or leaves an ash so clean and white ;"  
Thinking by this to put aside  
The impending tale that terrified ;  
When suddenly, to his delight,  
The Theologian interposed,  
Saying that when that door was closed,  
And they had stopped that draught of  
cold,

Unpleasant night air, he proposed  
To tell a tale world-wide apart  
From that the Student had just told ;  
World-wide apart, and yet akin,  
As showing that the human heart  
Beats on for ever as of old,  
As well beneath the snow-white fold  
Of Quaker-kerchief, as within  
Sendal or silk or cloth of gold,  
And without preface would begin.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And then the clamorous clock struck  
eight  
Deliberate, with sonorous chime  
Slow measuring out the march of time,  
Like some grave Consul of old Rome  
In Jupiter's temple driving home  
The nails that mark the year and  
date.

Thus interrupted in his rhyme,  
The Theologian needs must wait ;  
But quoted Horace, where he sings

The dire Necessity of things,  
That drives into the roofs sublime  
Of new-built houses of the great  
The adamantine nails of Fate.

When ceased the little carillon  
To herald from its wooden tower  
The important transit of the hour,  
The Theologian hastened on,  
Content to be allowed at last  
To sing his Idyl of the Past.

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE.

ELIZABETH.

I.

" AH, how short are the days ! How soon the night overtakes us !  
In the old country the twilight is longer ; but here in the forest  
Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its coming,  
Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and the lamplight ;  
Yet how grand is the winter ! How spotless the snow is, and perfect ! "

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at nightfall to Hannah the housemaid,  
As in the farm-house kitchen, that served for kitchen and parlour,  
By the window she sat with her work, and looked on a landscape  
White as the great white sheet that Peter saw in his vision,  
By the four corners let down and descending out of the heavens.  
Covered with snow were the forests of pine, and the fields and the meadows.  
Nothing was dark but the sky, and the distant Delaware flowing  
Down from its native hills, a peaceful and bountiful river.

Then with a smile on her lips made answer Hannah the housemaid :  
" Beautiful Winter ! yea, the winter is beautiful, surely,  
If one could only walk like a fly with one's feet on the ceiling.  
But the great Delaware River is not like the Thames, as we saw it  
Out of our upper windows in Rotherhithe Street in the Borough,  
Crowded with masts and sails of vessels coming and going ;  
Here there is nothing but pines, with patches of snow on their branches.  
There is snow in the air, and see ! it is falling already ;  
All the roads will be blocked, and I pity Joseph to-morrow,  
Breaking his way through the drifts, with his sled and oxen ; and then, too  
How in all the world shall we get to Meeting on First-Day ? "

But Elizabeth checked her, and answered, mildly reproofing :  
" Surely the Lord will provide ; for unto the snow he sayeth,  
Be thou on the earth, the good Lord sayeth ; he is it  
Giveth snow like wool, as ashes scatters the hoar-frost."  
So she folded her work and laid it away in her basket.

Meanwhile Hannah the housemaid had closed and fastened the shutters,  
Spread the cloth ; and lighted the lamp on the table, and placed there  
Plates and cups from the dresser, the brown rye loaf, and the butter  
Fresh from the dairy, and then, protecting her hand with a holder,  
Took from the crane in the chimney the steaming and simmering kettle,  
Poised it aloft in the air, and filled up the earthen teapot,  
Made in Delft, and adorned with quaint and wonderful figures.

Then Elizabeth said, " Lo ! Joseph is long on his errand.  
I have sent him away with a hamper of food and of clothing

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

For the poor in the village. A good lad and cheerful is Joseph ;  
In the right place is his heart, and his hand is ready and willing."

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid  
Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed her tongue, and was  
silent,  
While her mistress went on : " The house is far from the village ;  
We should be lonely here, were it not for Friends that in passing  
Sometimes tarry o'ernight, and make us glad by their coming."

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the thrifty, the frugal :  
" Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were a tavern ;  
Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like the pigeons  
In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the hayloft,  
Cooing and smoothing their feathers and basking themselves in the sunshine."

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth answered :  
" All I have is the Lord's, not mine to give or withhold it ;  
I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of his people  
Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his service.  
His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I make them  
Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.  
Therefore my excellent father first built this house in the clearing ;  
Though he came not himself, I came ; for the Lord was my guidance,  
Leading me here for this service. We must not grudge, then, to others  
Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from our table."

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent housemaid ;  
And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer :  
" Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-Meeting in London,  
When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent assembly,  
Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive submission ?  
No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger, John Estaugh,  
Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the Apostle,  
Speaking such words of power that they bowed our hearts, as a strong wind  
Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for the sickle.  
Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward upon me,  
Wherefore I do not know ; but strong is the feeling within me  
That once more I shall see a face I have never forgotten."

### II.

E'EN as she spake they heard the musical jangle of sleigh-bells,  
First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the distance,  
Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the farmyard,  
Till it stopped at the door, with sudden creaking of runners.  
Then there were voices heard as of two men talking together,  
And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said Hannah the housemaid,  
" It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger is with him."

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great tin lantern  
Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top of a lighthouse,  
And went forth to receive the coming guest at the doorway,  
Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and shadow  
Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the horses,  
And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigantic.  
Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house with the stranger.  
Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with the night air ;  
And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and going to meet him,  
As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence,  
And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected,  
Quietly gave him her hand, and said, " Thou art welcome, John Estaugh."

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behaviour,  
" Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so many  
Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that I find thee.  
Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy threshold,  
For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in silence  
On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the snow-mist,  
Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the wayside  
Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered Queen Candace's eunuch,  
How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto Gaza,  
Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake unto Philip,  
Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with him.  
So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge beside me,  
And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and thy homestead,  
How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never deceiveth,  
Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come to this country.  
And I remembered thy name, and thy father and mother in England,  
And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Elizabeth Haddon,  
Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labours of love thou art doing."

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and serenely  
Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she answered,  
" Surely the hand of the Lord is in it ; his Spirit hath led thee  
Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace of my fireside."

Then, with stamping of feet, the door was opened, and Joseph  
Entered, bearing the lantern, and, carefully blowing the light out,  
Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their supper ;  
For underneath that roof was no distinction of persons,  
But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one household.

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs to the fireplace,  
Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of firewood,  
Lord of forests unselved, and not a gleaner of fagots,  
Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible bounty  
All who fled from the cold, exultant, laughing at winter !  
Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the table,  
Coming and going, and bustling about in closet and chamber.

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John Estaugh,  
Going far back to the past, to the early days of her childhood ;  
How she had waited and watched, in all her doubts and besetments  
Comforted with the extendings and holy sweet inflowings  
Of the Spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded,  
And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with her people  
Here in the desert land, and God would provide for the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and demurely  
Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence that followed  
Nothing was heard for a while but the step of Hannah the housemaid  
Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers in order.  
And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion, " The maiden  
Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are heavy and awkward."  
Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his tongue and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's counterfeit, nightly rehearsal  
Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of Shadows, where no man  
Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are unbroken !  
Silently over that house the blessing of slumber descended.  
But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in his splendour,  
Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his path in the heavens,  
Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a pathway

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Through the drifts of snow ; the horses already were harnessed,  
And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at the threshold,  
Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May ; while above them  
Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of the attic,  
Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the casement,  
As the bird in the cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window,  
Then disappears again, and closes the shutter behind it.

### III.

Now was the winter gone, and the snow ; and Robin the Redbreast,  
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other  
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood, and blithely  
All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting,  
Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle, and only  
Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the nests they were building.  
With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth Haddon  
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and songless.  
Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms and music,  
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that slowly  
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims,  
Men and women wending their way to the Quarterly Meeting  
In the neighbouring town ; and with them came riding John Estaugh.  
At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting  
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and the honey  
Brought from the hives, that stood by the sunny wall of the garden ;  
Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued their journey,  
And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah the housemaid.  
But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and leaning  
Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John Estaugh :  
" Tarry a while behind, for I have something to tell thee,  
Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others ;  
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it concerneth."  
And they rode slowly along through the woods, conversing together.  
It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the forest ;  
It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning !

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain reluctance,  
As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have guarded :  
" I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell thee ;  
I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee, John Estaugh."

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised by the words she had spoken,  
" Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy meekness of spirit ;  
Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's immaculate whiteness,  
Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorning.  
But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct me.  
When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the labour completed  
He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the stillness  
Of my own heart a while, and listen and wait for his guidance."

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in spirit,  
" So it is best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of it further.  
It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-morrow  
Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not  
When I shall see thee more : but if the Lord hath decreed it,  
Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find me."  
And they rode onward in silence, and entered the town with the others.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

IV.

SHIPS that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,  
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness ;  
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,  
Only a look, and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the homestead.  
Patient and unrepining Elizabeth laboured, in all things  
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of others,  
Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled ; and Hannah the housemaid  
Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and scouring,  
Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,  
And was at times reproved for her light and frothy behaviour,  
For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil surmisings,  
Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves overladen,  
As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea, and departing  
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,  
Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to him in its sweetness  
Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house with its odour.  
O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and waiting !  
O lost hours and days in which we might have been happy !  
But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering footsteps,  
And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless, certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the gift that was offered,  
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's affection.  
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the Silent Assembly,  
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a little,  
Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.  
Such were the marriage-rites of John and Elizabeth Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent servant,  
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the housemaid ;  
For when he asked her the question, she answered, " Nay ; " and then added :  
" But thee may make believe, and see what will come of it, Joseph."

INTERLUDE.

" ... PLEASANT and a winsome tale,"  
The Student said, " though somewhat  
pale  
And quiet in its colouring,  
As if it caught its tone and air  
From the gray suits that Quakers wear ;  
Yet worthy of some German bard,  
Hebel, or Voss, or Eberhard,  
Who love of humble themes to sing,  
In humble verse ; but no more true  
Than was the tale I told to you."

The Theologian made reply,  
And with some warmth, " That I  
deny ;  
Tis no invention of my own,  
But something well and widely known  
To readers of a riper age,  
Writ by the skilful hand that wrote

The Indian tale of Hobomok,  
And Philothea's classic page.  
I found it like a waif afloat,  
Or dulce uprooted from its rock,  
On the swift tides that ebb and flow  
In daily papers, and at flood  
Bear freighted vessels to and fro,  
But later, when the ebb is low,  
Leave a long waste of sand and mud ;"

" It matters little," quoth the Jew ;  
" The cloak of truth is lined with lies ;  
Sayeth some proverb old and wise ;  
And Love is master of all arts,  
And puts it into human hearts  
The strangest things to say and do."

And here the controversy closed  
Abruptly, ere 'twas well begun ;

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

For the Sicilian interposed  
With "Lordlings, listen, every one  
That listen may, unto a tale  
That's merrier than the nightingale ;  
A tale that cannot boast, forsooth,  
A single rag or shred of truth ;  
That does not leave the mind in doubt  
As to the with it or without ;  
A naked falsehood and absurd  
As mortal ever told or heard.  
Therefore I tell it : or, maybe,  
Simply because it pleases me."



THE SICILIAN'S TALE.

THE MONK OF CASAL-MAGGIORE.

ONCE on a time, some centuries ago,  
In the hot sunshine two Franciscan  
friars  
Wended their weary way with foot-  
steps slow  
Back to their convent, whose white  
walls and spires  
Gleamed on the hillside like a patch of  
snow ;  
Covered with dust they were, and  
torn by briars,  
And bore like sumpter-mules upon  
their backs  
The badge of poverty, their beggar's  
sacks.

The first was Brother Anthony, a spare  
And silent man, with pallid cheeks  
and thin,  
Much given to vigils, penance, fast-  
ing, prayer,  
Solemn and gray, and worn with  
discipline,  
As if his body but white ashes were,  
Heaped on the living coals that  
glowed within ;  
A simple monk, like many of his day,  
Whose instinct was to listen and obey.  
A different man was Brother Timothy,  
Of larger mould and of a coarser  
paste ;  
A rubicund and stalwart monk was he,  
Broad in the shoulders, broader in  
the waist,  
Who often filled the dull refectory  
With noise by which the convent  
was disgraced,  
But to the mass-book gave but little  
heed,  
By reason he had never learned to read.

Now, as they passed the outskirts of a  
wood,  
They saw, with mingled pleasure  
and surprise,  
Fast tethered to a tree an ass, that  
stood  
Lazily winking his large, limpid eyes.  
The farmer Gilbert of that neighbour-  
hood  
His owner was, who, looking for  
supplies  
Of fagots, deeper in the wood had  
strayed.  
Leaving his beast to ponder in the  
shade.  
As soon as Brother Timothy espied  
The patient animal, he said :  
"Good-luck !  
Thus for our needs doth Providence  
provide ;  
We'll lay our wallets on the  
creature's back."  
This being done, he leisurely untied  
From head and neck the halter of  
the jack,  
And put it round his own, and to the  
tree  
Stood tethered fast as if the ass were he.  
And, bursting forth into a merry laugh,  
He cried to Brother Anthony :  
"Away !  
And drive the ass before you with  
your staff ;  
And when you reach the convent  
you may say  
You left me at a farm, half tired and  
half  
Ill with a fever, for a night and day,  
And that the farmer lent this ass to  
bear  
Our wallets, that are heavy with good  
fare."  
Now Brother Anthony, who knew the  
pranks  
Of Brother Timothy, would not  
persuade  
Or reason with him on his quirks and  
cranks,  
But, being obedient, silently obeyed ;  
And, smiting with his staff the ass's  
flanks,  
Drove him before him over hill and  
glade,  
Safe with his provend to the convent  
gate, [fate.  
Leaving poor Brother Timothy to his

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Then Gilbert, laden with fagots for his fire,  
Forth issued from the wood, and stood agast  
To see the ponderous body of the friar  
Standing where he had left his donkey last.  
Trembling he stood, and dared not venture nigher,  
But stared, and gaped, and crossed himself full fast ;  
For, being credulous and of little wit,  
He thought it was some demon from the pit.  
  
While speechless and bewildered thus he gazed,  
And dropped his load of fagots on the ground,  
Quoth Brother Timothy : " Be not amazed  
That where you left a donkey should be found  
A poor Franciscan friar, half-starved and crazed,  
Standing demure and with a halter bound ;  
But set me free, and hear the piteous story  
Of Brother Timothy of Casal-Magiore.  
  
" I am a sinful man, although you see  
I wear the consecrated cowl and cape ;  
You never owned an ass, but you owned me,  
Changed and transformed from my own natural shape  
All for the deadly sin of gluttony,  
From which I could not otherwise escape,  
Than by this penance, dieting on grass,  
And being worked and beaten as an ass.  
  
" Think of the ignominy I endured ;  
Think of the miserable life I led,  
The toil and blows to which I was inured,  
My wretched lodging in a windy shed,  
My scanty fare so grudgingly procured,  
The damp and musty straw that formed my bed !  
But, having done this penance for my sins,  
[begins.] My life as man and monk again

The simple Gilbert, hearing words like these,  
Was conscience-stricken, and fell down apace  
Before the friar upon his bended knees,  
And with a suppliant voice implored his grace ;  
And the good monk, now very much at ease,  
Granted him pardon with a smiling face,  
Nor could refuse to be that night his guest,  
It being late, and he in need of rest.  
Upon a hillside where the olive thrives,  
With figures painted on its white-washed walls,  
The cottage stood ; and near the humming hives  
Made murmurs as of far-off waterfalls ;  
A place where those who love secluded lives  
Might live content, and, free from noise and brawls,  
Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona here  
Measure by fruits the slow-revolving year.  
And, coming to this cottage of content,  
They found his children, and the buxom wench  
His wife, Dame Cicely, and his father, bent  
With years and labour, seated on a bench,  
Repeating over some obscure event  
In the old wars of Milanese and French ;  
All welcomed the Franciscan, with a sense  
Of sacred awe and humble reverence.  
When Gilbert told them what had come to pass,  
How beyond question, cavil, or surmise,  
Good Brother Timothy had been their ass,  
You should have seen the wonder in their eyes ;  
You should have heard them cry,  
" Alas ! alas !"  
Have heard their lamentations and their sighs !  
For all believed the story, and began  
To see a saint in this afflicted man.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

Forthwith there was prepared a grand repast,  
To satisfy the craving of the friar  
After so rigid and prolonged a fast ;  
The bustling housewife stirred the kitchen fire ;  
Then her two favourite pullets and her last  
Were put to death, at her express desire,  
And served up with a salad in a bowl,  
And flasks of country wine to crown the whole.  
It would not be believed should I repeat  
How hungry brother Timothy appeared ;  
It was a pleasure but to see him eat,  
His white teeth flashing through his russet beard,  
His face aglow and flushed with wine and meat,  
His roguish eyes that rolled and laughed and leered !  
Lord ! how he drank the blood-red country wine,  
As if the village vintage were divine !  
And all the while he talked without surcease,  
And told his merry tales with jovial glee,  
That never flagged, but rather did increase,  
And laughed aloud as if insane were he,  
And wagged his red beard, matted like a fleece,  
And cast such glances at Dame Cicely  
That Gilbert now grew angry with his guest,  
And thus in words his rising wrath expressed :  
"Good father," said he, "easily we see  
How needful in some persons, and how right  
Mortification of the flesh may be.  
The indulgence you have given it to-night,  
After long penance, clearly proves to me  
Your strength against temptation is but slight,  
And shows the dreadful peril you are in  
Of a relapse into your deadly sin."

"To-morrow morning, with the rising sun,  
Go back unto your convent, nor refrain  
From fasting and from scourging, for you run  
Great danger to become an assagain,  
Since monkish flesh and asinine are one ;  
Therefore be wise, nor longer here remain,  
Unless you wish the scourge should be applied  
By other hands that will not spare your hide."  
When this the monk had heard, his colour fled,  
And then returned like lightning in the air,  
Till he was all one blush from foot to head,  
And even the bald spot in his russet hair  
Turned from its usual pallor to bright red !  
The old man was asleep upon his chair,  
Then all retired, and sank into the deep  
And helpless imbecility of sleep.  
They slept until the dawn of day drew near,  
Till the cock should have crowed, but did not crow,  
For they had slain the shining chanticleer  
And eaten him for supper, as you know.  
The monk was up betimes and of good cheer,  
And, having breakfasted, made haste to go,  
As if he heard the distant matin bell,  
And had but little time to say farewell.  
Fresh was the morning as the breath of kine ;  
Odours of herbs commingled with the sweet  
Balsamic exhalations of the pine ;  
A haze was in the air presaging heat ;  
Uprose the sun above the Apennine,  
And all the misty valleys at its feet  
Were full of the delirious song of birds,  
Voices of men, and bells, and low of

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

All this to Brother Timothy was  
nought ;  
He did not care for scenery, nor here  
His busy fancy found the thing it  
sought ;  
But when he saw the convent walls  
appear,  
And smoke from kitchen chimneys  
upward caught,  
And whirled aloft into the atmos-  
phere,  
He quickened his slow footsteps, like  
a beast [least.  
That scents the stable a league off at  
And as he entered through the con-  
vent gate  
He saw there in the court the ass,  
who stood  
Twirling his ears about, and seemed  
to wait, [wood ;  
Just as he found him waiting in the  
And told the Prior that, to alleviate  
The daily labours of the brother-  
hood,  
The owner, being a man of means and  
thrift,  
Bestowed him on the convent as a gift.  
And thereupon the Prior for many  
days  
Revolved this serious matter in his  
mind,  
And turned it over many different  
ways,  
Hoping that some safe issue he  
might find ;  
But stood in fear of what the world  
would say,  
If he accepted presents of this kind,  
Employing beasts of burden for the  
packs  
That lazy monks should carry on their  
backs.  
Then, to avoid all scandal of the sort,  
And stop the mouth of cavil, he de-  
creed  
That he would cut the tedious matter  
short,  
And sell the ass with all convenient  
speed,  
Thus saving the expense of his support,  
And hoarding something for a time  
of need.  
So he despatched him to the neigh-  
bouring Fair,  
And freed himself from cumber and  
from care.

It happened now by chance, as some  
might say,  
Others perhaps would call it destiny,  
Gilbert was at the Fair ; and heard a  
bray,  
And nearer came, and saw that it  
was he,  
And whispered in his ear, " Ah, lack-  
aday !  
Good father, the rebellious flesh, I  
see,  
Has changed you back into an ass  
again,  
And all my admonitions were in vain."  
The ass, who felt this breathing in his  
ear,  
Did not turn round to look, but  
shook his head  
As if he were not pleased these words  
to hear,  
And contradicted all that had been  
said,  
And this made Gilbert cry in voice  
more clear,  
" I know you well ; your hair is  
russet-red ;  
Do not deny it ; for you are the same  
Franciscan friar, and Timothy by  
name."  
The ass, though now the secret had  
come out,  
Was obstinate and shook his head  
again ;  
Until a crowd was gathered round  
about  
To hear this dialogue between the  
twain ;  
And raised their voices in a noisy shout  
When Gilbert tried to make the  
matter plain,  
And flouted him and mocked him all  
day long,  
With laughter and with gibes and  
scraps of song.  
" If this be brother Timothy," they  
cried,  
" Buy him, and feed him on the  
tenderest grass ;  
Thou canst not do too much for one  
so tried  
As to be twice transformed into an  
ass."  
So simple Gilbert bought him, and  
untied  
His halter, and o'er mountain and  
morass,

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

He led him homeward, talking as he went  
Of good behaviour and a mind content.

The children saw them coming, and advanced,  
Shouting with joy, and hung about his neck,—  
Not Gilbert's, but the ass's,—round him danced,

And wove green garlands where-withal to deck  
His sacred person ; for again it chanced  
Their childish feelings, without rein or check,

Could not discriminate in any way  
A donkey from a friar of Orders Gray.

"O Brother Timothy," the children said,  
" You have come back to us just as before ;

We were afraid, and thought that you were dead,

And we should never see you any more."

And then they kissed the white star on his head

That like a birth-mark or a badge he wore,

And patted him upon the neck and face,

And said a thousand things with childish grace.

Thenceforward and for ever he was known

As Brother Timothy, and led alway  
A life of luxury, till he had grown  
Ungrateful, being stuffed with corn and hay,

And very vicious. Then in angry tone,  
Rousing himself, poor Gilbert said one day,

" When simple kindness is misunderstood

A little flagellation may do good."

His many vices need not here be told ;  
Among them was a habit that he had

Of flinging up his heels at young and old,

Breaking his halter, running off like mad

O'er pasture-lands and meadow, wood and wold,

And other misdemeanours quite as bad ;

379

But worst of all was breaking from his shed  
At night, and ravaging the cabbage bed.

So Brother Timothy went back once more

To his old life of labour and distress :

Was beaten worse than he had been before.

And now, instead of comfort and caress,

Came labours manifold and trials sore :

And as his toils increased his food grew less,  
Until at last the great consoler, Death, Ended his many sufferings with his breath.

Great was the lamentation when he died ;

And mainly that he died impenitent ; Dame Cicely bewailed, the children cried,

The old man still remembered the event

In the French war, and Gilbert magnified

His many virtues as he came and went,

And said, " Heaven pardon Brother Timothy,  
And keep us from the sin of gluttony."

### INTERLUDE.

" SIGNOR LUIGI," said the Jew, When the Sicilian's tale was told,  
" The were-wolf is a legend old,  
But the were-ass is something new,  
And yet for one I think it true.  
The days of wonder have not ceased ;  
If there are beasts in forms of men,  
As sure it happens now and then,  
Why may not man become a beast, . In way of punishment at least ?

" But this I will not now discuss ;  
I leave the theme, that we may thus  
Remain within the realm of song.  
The story that I told before,  
Though not acceptable to all,  
At least you, did not find too long.  
I beg you, let me try again,  
With something in a different vein,  
Before you bid the curtain fall.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Meanwhile keep watch upon the door,  
Nor let the Landlord leave his chair,  
Lest he should vanish into air,  
And thus elude our search once  
more."

Thus saying, from his lips he blew  
A little cloud of perfumed breath,  
And then, as if it were a clew  
To lead his footsteps safely through,  
Began his tale as followeth.

THE SPANISH JEW'S SECOND  
TALE.

SCANDERBEG.

THE battle is fought and won  
By King Ladislaus the Hun,  
In fire of hell and death's frost,  
On the day of Pentecost.  
And in rout before his path  
From the field of battle red  
Flee all that are not dead  
Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night  
Iskander, the pride and boast  
Of that mighty Othman host,  
With his routed Turks, takes flight  
From the battle fought and lost  
On the day of Pentecost ;  
Leaving behind him dead  
The army of Amurath,  
The vanguard as it led,  
The rearguard as it fled,  
Mown down in the bloody swath  
Of the battle's aftermath.

But he cared not for Hospodars,  
Nor for Baron or Viovode,  
As on through the night he rode  
And gazed at the fateful stars,  
That were shining overhead ;  
But smote his steed with his staff,  
And smiled to himself and said :  
" This is the time to laugh."

In the middle of the night,  
In a halt of the hurrying flight,  
There came a Scribe of the King  
Wearing his signet ring,  
And said in a voice severe :  
" This is the first dark blot,  
On thy name, George Castriot !  
Alas ! why art thou here,  
And the army of Amurath slain,  
And left on the battle plain ? "

And Iskander answered and said :  
" They lie on the bloody sod  
By the hoofs of horses trod ;  
But this was the decree  
Of the watchers overhead ;  
For the war belongeth to God,  
And in battle who are we,  
Who are we, that shall withstand  
The wind of his lifted hand ? "

Then he bade them bind with chains  
This man of books and brains ;  
And the Scribe said : " What misdeed  
Have I done, that, without need,  
Thou doest to me this thing ? "  
And Iskander answering  
Said unto him : " Not one  
Misdeed to me hast thou done ;  
But for fear that thou shouldst run  
And hide thyself from me,  
Have I done this unto thee.

" Now write me a writing, O Scribe,  
And a blessing be on thy tribe !  
A writing sealed with thy ring,  
To King Amurath's Pasha  
In the city of Croia,  
The city moated and walled,  
That he surrender the same  
In the name of my master, the King ;  
For what is writ in his name  
Can never be recalled."

And the Scribe bowed low in dread,  
And unto Iskander said :  
" Allah is great and just,  
But we are as ashes and dust ;  
How shall I do this thing,  
When I know that my guilty head  
Will be forfeit to the King ? "

Then swift as a shooting-star  
The curved and shining blade  
Of Iskander's scimetar  
From its sheath, with jewels bright,  
Shot, as he thundered : " Write ! "  
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,  
And wrote in the fitful glare  
Of the bivouac fire apart,  
With the chill of the midnight air  
On his forehead white and bare,  
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried :  
" Now follow whither I ride,  
For here thou must not stay.  
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend,  
And honours without end  
Shall surround thee on every side,  
And attend thee night and day."

## TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

But the sullen Scribe replied :  
" Our pathways here divide ;  
Mine leadeth not thy way."

And even as he spoke  
Fell a sudden scimetar-stroke,  
When no one else was near ;  
And the Scribe sank to the ground,  
As a stone, pushed from the brink  
Of a black pool, might sink  
With a sob, and disappear ;  
And no one saw the deed ;  
And in the stillness around  
No sound was heard but the sound  
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,  
As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,  
With scarce three hundred men,  
Through river and forest and fen,  
O'er the mountains of Argentar ;  
And his heart was merry within,  
When he crossed the river Drin,  
And saw in the gleam of the morn  
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,  
The city Croia called,  
The city moated and walled,  
The city where he was born,—  
And above it the morning star.

Then his trumpeters in the van  
On their silver bugles blew,  
And in crowds about him ran  
Albanian and Turkoman,  
That the sound together drew.  
And he feasted with his friends,  
And when they were warm with wine,  
He said : " O' friends of mine,  
Behold what fortune sends,  
And what the fates design !  
King Amurath commands  
That my father's wide domain,  
This city and all its lands,  
Shall be given to me again."

Then to the Castle White  
He rode in regal state,  
And entered in at the gate  
In all his arms bedight,  
And gave to the Pasha  
Who ruled in Croia  
The writing of the King,  
Sealed with his signet-ring.  
And the Pasha bowed his head,  
And after a silence said :  
" Allah is just and great !  
I yield to the will divine,  
The city and lands are thine ;  
Who shall contend with fate ? "

Anon from the castle walls  
The Crescent banner falls,  
And the crowd beholds instead,  
Like a portent in the sky,  
Iskander's banner fly,  
The Black Eagle with double head ;  
And a shout ascends on high,  
For men's souls are tired of the Turks,  
And their wicked ways and works,  
That have made of Ak-Hissar  
A city of the plague ;  
And a loud, exultant cry  
That echoes wide and far  
Is : " Long live Scanderbeg ! "

It was thus Iskander came  
Once more unto his own ;  
And the tidings, like the flame  
Of a conflagration blown  
By the winds of summer, ran,  
Till the land was in a blaze.  
And the cities far and near,  
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,  
In his Book of the Words of the Days,  
" Were taken as a man  
Would take the tip of his ear."

### INTERLUDE.

" Now that is after my own heart,"  
The Poet cried ; " one understands  
Your swarthy hero Scanderbeg,  
Gauntlet on hand and boot on leg,  
And skilled in every warlike art,  
Riding through his Albanian lands,  
And following the auspicious star  
That shone for him o'er Ak-Hissar."

The Theologian added here  
His word of praise not less sincere,  
Although he ended with a jibe ;  
" The hero of romance and song  
Was born," he said, " to right the  
wrong ;

And I approve ; but all the same  
That bit of treason with the Scribe  
Adds nothing to your hero's fame."

The Student praised the good old times,  
And liked the canter of the rhymes,  
That had a hoof-beat in their sound ;  
But longed some further word to hear  
Of the old chronicler Ben Meir,  
And where his volume might be found.

The tall Musician walked the room  
With folded arms and gleaming eyes,  
As if he saw the Vikings rise,  
Gigantic shadows in the gloom ;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And much he talked of their emprise,  
And meteors seen in Northern skies,  
And Heimdal's horn, and day of doom.  
But the Sicilian laughed again ;  
" This is the time to laugh," he said,  
For the whole story he well knew  
Was an invention of the Jew,  
Spun from the cobwebs in his brain,  
And of the same bright scarlet thread  
As was the Tale of Kambalu.

Only the Landlord spake no word ;  
'Twas doubtful whether he had heard  
The tale at all, so full of care  
Was he of his impending fate,  
That, like the sword of Damocles,  
Above his head hung blank and bare,  
Suspended by a single hair  
So that he could not sit at ease,  
But sighed and looked disconsolate,  
And shifted restless in his chair,  
Revolving how he might evade  
The blow of the descending blade.

The Student came to his relief  
By saying in his easy way  
To the Musician : " Calm your grief,  
My fair Apollo of the North,  
Balder the Beautiful and so forth ;  
Although your magic lyre or lute  
With broken strings is lying mute,  
Still you can tell some doleful tale  
Of shipwreck in a midnight gale,  
Or something of the kind to suit  
The mood that we are in to-night  
For what is marvellous and strange ;  
So give your nimble fancy range,  
And we will follow in its flight."

But the Musician shook his head ;  
" No tale I tell to-night," he said,  
" While my poor instrument lies there,  
Even as a child with vacant stare  
Lies in its little coffin dead."

Yet, being urged, he said at last :  
" There comes to me out of the Past  
A voice, whose tones are sweet and wild,  
Singing a song almost divine,  
And with a tear in every line ;  
An ancient ballad, that my nurse  
Sang to me when I was a child,  
In accents tender as the verse ;  
And sometimes wept, and sometimes  
While singing it, to see arise [smiled  
The look of wonder in my eyes,  
And feel my heart with terror beat.  
This simple ballad I retain  
Clearly imprinted on my brain,  
And as a tale will now repeat.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE.

THE MOTHER'S GHOST.

SVEND DYRING he rideth adown the  
glade ;  
*I myself was young!*  
There he hath wooed him so winsome  
a maid ;  
*Fair words gladden so many a  
heart.*

Together were they for seven years,  
And together children six were theirs.

Then came Death abroad through the  
land,  
And blighted the beautiful lily-wand.  
Svend Dyring he rideth adown the  
glade, [maid.  
And again hath he wooed him another  
He hath wooed him a maid and  
brought home a bride,  
But she was bitter and full of pride.

When she came driving into the yard,  
There stood the six children weeping  
so hard.

There stood the small children with  
sorrowful heart ; [apart.  
From before her feet she thrust them  
She gave them neither ale nor bread ;  
" Ye shall suffer hunger and hate," she  
said.

She took from them their quilts of blue,  
And said, " Ye shall lie on the straw  
we strew."

She took from them the great waxlight ;  
" Now ye shall lie in the dark at  
night."

In the evening late they cried with cold !  
The mother heard it under the mould.

The woman heard it the earth below :  
" To my little children I must go."

She standeth before the Lord of all ;  
" And may I go to my children small ? "

She prayed him so long, and would  
not cease

Until he bade her depart in peace.  
" At cock-crow thou shalt return  
again ;

Longer thou shalt not there remain ! "

She girded up her sorrowful bones,

And rifted the walls and the marble  
stones.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

As through the village she flitted by,  
The watch-dogs howled aloud to the sky.

When she came to the castle gate;  
There stood her eldest daughter in wait.

" Why standest thou here, dear daughter mine?  
How fares it with brothers and sisters thine? "

" Never art thou mother of mine,  
For my mother was both fair and fine.

" My mother was white with cheeks  
of red,  
But thou art pale, and like to the dead."

" How should I be fair and fine?  
I have been dead; pale cheeks are mine.

" How should I be white and red,  
So long, so long have I been dead?"  
When she came in at the chamber door,  
There stood the small children weeping sore.

One she braided, another she brushed,  
The third she lifted, the fourth she hushed.

The fifth she took on her lap and pressed,  
As if she would suckle it at her breast.  
Then to her eldest daughter said she,  
" Do thou, bid Svend Dyring come hither to me."

Into the chamber when he came  
She spake to him in anger and shame.

" I left behind me both ale and bread;  
My children hunger and are not fed.

" I left behind me quilts of blue;  
My children lie on the straw ye strew.

" I left behind me the great waxlight;  
My children lie in the dark at night.

" If I come again unto your hall,  
As cruel a fate shall you befall!

" Now crows the cock with feathers red;  
Back to the earth must all the dead.

" Now crows the cock with feathers swart;  
The gates of heaven fly wide apart.

383

" Now crows the cock with feathers white;  
I can abide no longer to-night."

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs wail,  
They gave the children bread and ale.  
Whenever they heard the watch-dogs bay,  
They feared lest the dead were on their way.

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs bark;  
*I myself was young!*  
They feared the dead out there in the dark.  
*Fair words gladden so many a heart.*

INTERLUDE.

TOUCHED by the pathos of these rhymes,

The Theologian said: " All praise Be to the ballads of old times And to the bards of simple ways, Who walked with Nature hand in hand,

Whose country was their Holy Land, Whose singing-robés were homespun brown,

From looms of their own native town, Which they were not ashamed to wear, And not of silk or sendal gay, Nor decked with fanciful array Of cockle-shells from Outre-Mer."

To whom the Student answered:

" Yes;  
All praise and honour! I confess That bread and ale, home-baked, home-brewed, Are wholesome and nutritious food, But not enough for all our needs; Poets—the best of them—are birds Of passage; where their instinct leads They range abroad for thoughts and words, And from all climes bring home the seeds That germinate in flowers or weeds.

They are not fowls in barnyards born To cackle o'er a grain of corn; And, if you shut the horizon down To the small limits of their town,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

What do you but degrade your bard  
Till he at last becomes as one  
Who thinks the all-encircling sun  
Rises and sets in his back-yard?"

The Theologian said again :  
" It may be so ; yet I maintain  
That what is native still is best,  
And little care I for the rest.  
'Tis a long story ; time would fail  
To tell it, and the hour is late ;  
We will not waste it in debate,  
But listen to our Landlord's tale."

And thus the sword of Damocles,  
Descending not by slow degrees,  
But suddenly, on the Landlord fell,  
Who blushing, and with much demur  
And many vain apologies,  
Plucking up heart, began to tell  
The Rhyme of one Sir Christopher.



THE LANDLORD'S TALE.

THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER.

IT was Sir Christopher Gardiner,  
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,  
From Merry England over the sea,  
Who stepped upon this continent  
As if his august presence lent  
A glory to the colony.

You should have seen him in the street  
Of the little Boston of Winthrop's time,  
His rapier dangling at his feet,  
Doublet and hose and boots complete,  
Prince Rupert hat with ostrich plume,  
Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume,  
Luxuriant curls and air sublime,  
And superior manners now obsolete !

He had a way of saying things  
That made one think of courts and  
kings,  
And lords and ladies of high degree ;  
So that not having been at court  
Seemed something very little short  
Of treason or lese-majesty,  
Such an accomplished knight was he.

His dwelling was just beyond the town,  
At what he called his country-seat ;  
For, careless of Fortune's smile or  
frown,  
And weary grown of the world and its  
ways,  
He wished to pass the rest of his days  
In a private life and a calm retreat.

But a double life was the life he led,  
And, while professing to be in search  
Of a godly course, and willing, he said,  
Nay, anxious to join the Puritan  
church.

He made of all this but small account,  
And passed his idle hours instead  
With royster ing Morton of Merry  
Mount,

That petitfogger from Furnival's Inn,  
Lord of misrule and riot and sin,  
Who looked on the wine when it was  
red.

This country-seat was little more  
Than a cabin of logs ; but in front of  
the door

A modest flower-bed thickly sown  
With sweet alyssum and columbine,  
Made those who saw it at once divine  
The touch of some other hand than  
his own.

And first it was whispered, and then  
it was known,  
That he in secret was harbouring there  
A little lady with golden hair,  
Whom he called his cousin, but whom

he had wed

In the Italian manner, as men said,  
And great was the scandal everywhere.

But worse than this was the vague sur-  
mise,

Though none could vouch for it or  
That the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre  
Was only a Papist in disguise ;  
And the more to imbitter their bitter  
lives,

And the more to trouble the public  
mind,  
Came letters from England, from two  
other wives,

Whom he had carelessly left behind ;  
Both of them letters of such a kind  
As made the governor hold his breath ;  
The one imploring him straight to send  
The husband home, that he might  
amend ;

The other asking his instant death,  
As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it right,  
When all this wickedness was revealed,  
To send his warrant signed and sealed,  
And take the body of the knight.

Armed with this mighty instrument,  
The marshal, mounting his gallant  
steed,

Rode forth from town at the top of his

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN.

And followed by all his bailiffs bold,  
As if on high achievement bent,  
To storm some castle or stronghold,  
Challenge the warders on the wall,  
And seize in his ancestral hall  
A robber-baron grim and old.  
But when through all the dust and heat  
He came to Sir Christopher's country-seat,

No knight he found, no warder there,  
But the little lady with golden hair,  
Who was gathering in the bright sun-shine,

The sweet alyssum and columbine ;  
While gallant Sir Christopher, all so gay,

Being forewarned, through the postern gate

Of his castle wall had tripped away,  
And was keeping a little holiday  
In the forests that bounded his estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true  
The marshal searched the castle through,

Not crediting what the lady said ;  
Searched from cellar to garret in vain,  
And finding no knight, came out again,  
And arrested the golden damsel instead,

And bore her in triumph into the town,  
While from her eyes the tears rolled down

On the sweet alyssum and columbine,  
That she held in her fingers white and fine.

The governor's heart was moved to see  
So fair a creature caught within  
The snares of Satan and of sin,  
And read her a little homily  
On the folly and wickedness of the lives

Of women, half cousins and half wives ;  
But, seeing that nought his words availed,

He sent her away in a ship that sailed  
For Merry England over the sea,  
To the other two wives in the old countree,  
To search her further, since he had failed

To come at the heart of the mystery.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wandered away  
Through pathless woods for a month  
and a day,

Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at night  
With the noble savage, who took delight

In his feathered hat and his velvet vest,  
His gun and his rapier and the rest.  
But as soon as the noble savage heard  
That a bounty was offered for this gay bird,

He wanted to slay him out of hand,  
And bring in his beautiful scalp for a show,

Like the glossy head of a kite or crow,  
Until he was made to understand  
They wanted the bird alive, not dead ;  
Then he followed him whithersoever he fled,

Through forest and field, and hunted him down,

And brought him prisoner into the town.

Alas ! it was a rueful sight,  
To see this melancholy knight  
In such a dismal and hapless case ;  
His hat deformed by stain and dent,  
His plumage broken, his doublet rent,  
His beard and flowing locks forlorn,  
Matted, dishevelled, and unshorn,  
His boots with dust and mire besprent ;  
But dignified in his disgrace,  
And wearing an unblushing face.

And thus before the magistrate  
He stood to hear the doom of fate.  
In vain he strove with wonted ease  
To modify and extenuate  
His evil deeds in church and state,  
For gone was now his power to please ;  
And his pompous words had no more weight

Than feathers flying in the breeze.  
With swavity equal to his own  
The governor lent a patient ear  
To the speech evasive and highflown,  
In which he endeavoured to make clear  
That colonial laws were too severe  
When applied to a gallant cavalier,  
A gentleman born, and so well known,  
And accustomed to move in a higher sphere.

All this the Puritan governor heard,  
And deigned in answer never a word ;  
But in summary manner shipped away,  
In a vessel that sailed from Salem Bay,  
This splendid and famous cavalier,  
With his Rupert hat and his popery,  
To Merry England over the sea,  
As being unmeet to inhabit here.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Thus endeth the Rhyme of Sir  
Christopher,  
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,  
The first who furnished this barren land  
With apples of Sodom and ropes of  
sand.

~~~~~  
FINALE.

THESE are the tales those merry guests
Told to each other, well or ill ;
Like summer birds that lift their crests
Above the borders of their nests
And twitter, and again are still.

These are the tales, or new or old,
In idle moments idly told ;
Flowers of the field with petals thin,
Lilies that neither toil nor spin,
And tufts of wayside weeds and gorse
Hung in the parlour of the inn
Beneath the sign of the Red Horse.

And still reluctant to retire,
The friends sat talking by the fire
And watched the smouldering embers
burn

To ashes, and flash up again
Into a momentary glow,
Lingering like them when forced to go,
And going when they would remain ;
For on the morrow they must turn
Their faces homeward, and the pain
Of parting touched with its unrest
A tender nerve in every breast.

But sleep at last the victory won ;
They must be stirring with the sun,
And drowsily good night they said,
And went still gossiping to bed,
And left the parlour wrapt in gloom.
The only live thing in the room
Was the old clock, that in its pace
Kept time with the revolving spheres

And constellations in their flight,
And struck with its uplifted mace
The dark unconscious hours of night,
To senseless and unlistening ears.

Uprose the sun ; and every guest,
Uprise, was soon equipped and
dressed
For journeying home and city-ward ;
The old stage-coach was at the door,
With horses harnessed long before
The sunshine reached the withered
sward

Beneath the oaks, whose branches hoar
Murmured : " Farewell for evermore."

" Farewell ! " the portly landlord cried ;
" Farewell ! " the parting guests
replied,
But little thought that nevermore
Their feet would pass that threshold
o'er ;

That nevermore together there
Would they assemble, free from care,
To hear the oak's mysterious roar,
And breathe the wholesome country
air.

Where are they now ? What lands
and skies.
Paint pictures in their friendly eyes ?
What hope deludes, what promise
cheers,
What pleasant voices fill their ears ?
Two are beyond the salt sea waves,
And three already in their graves.

Perchance the living still may look
Into the pages of this book,
And see the days of long ago
Floating and fleeting to and fro,
As in the well-remembered brook
They saw the inverted landscape
gleam,
And their own faces like a dream
Look up upon them from below.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

The Golden Legend.

1851.

PROLOGUE.

THE SPIRE OF STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

Night and Storm. LUCIFER, with the Powers of the Air, trying to tear down the Cross.

Lucifer. HASTEN ! hasten !
O ye spirits !
From its station drag the ponderous
Cross of iron, that to mock us
Is uplifted high in air !
Voces. O, we cannot !
For around it
All the Saints and Guardian Angels
Throng in legions to protect it ;
They defeat us everywhere !

The Bells.
Laudo Dicum verum !
Plebem voco !
Congrego, clerum !

Lucifer. Lower ! lower !
Hover downward !
Seize the loud, vociferous bells, and
Clashing, clanging, to the pavement
Hurl them from their windy tower !
Voces. All thy thunders
Here are harmless !
For these bells have been anointed,
And baptized with holy water !
They defy our utmost power.

The Bells.
Defunctos plo o !
Pestem fugio !
Festa decoro !

Lucifer. Shake the casements !
Break the painted
Panes, that flame with gold and
crimson ;
Scatter them like leaves of Autumn,
Swept away before the blast !
Voces. O, we cannot !
The Archangel
Michael flames from every window,
With the sword of fire that drove us
Headlong, out of heaven, aghast !

The Bells.
Funera plango !
Fulura frangol !
Sabbata pango !

Lucifer. Aim your lightnings
At the oaken,
Massive, iron-studded portals !
Sack the house of God, and scatter
Wide the ashes of the dead !
Voces. O, we cannot !
The Apostles
And the Martyrs, wrapped in mantles,
Stand as warders at the entrance,
Stand as sentinels o'erhead !

The Bells.
Excito lentos !
Dissipo ventos !
P'aco cruentos !

Lucifer. Baffled ! baffled !
Inefficien,
Craven spirits ! leave this labour
Unto Time, the great Destroyer !
Come away, ere night is gone !
Voces. Onward ! onward !
With the night-wind,
Over field and farm and forest,
Lonely homestead, darksome hamlet,
Blighting all we breathe upon !

(They sweep away. Organ and
Gregorian Chant.)

Choir.
Nocte surgentes
Vigilemus omnes.

I.

The castle of Vautsberg on the Rhine.
A chamber in a tower. PRINCE
HENRY, sitting alone, ill and
restless. Midnight.
Prince Henry. I CANNOT sleep !
my fervid brain
Calls up the vanished Past again,
And throws its misty splendours deep
Into the pallid realms of sleep !

C C 2

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

A breath from that far-distant shore
Comes freshening ever more and more,
And wafts o'er intervening seas
Sweet odours from the Hesperides !
A wind, that through the corridor
Just stirs the curtain, and no more,
And, touching the æolian strings,
Faints with the burden that it brings !
Come back ! ye friendships long de-
parted !

[started,
That like o'erflowing streamlets
And now are dwindled, one by one,
To stony channels in the sun !
Come back ! ye friends, whose lives
are ended,
Come back, with all that light attended,
Which seemed to darken and decay
When ye arose and went away !

They come, the shapes of joy and woe,
The airy crowds of long ago,
The dreams and fancies known of yore,
That have been, and shall be no more.
They change the cloisters of the night
Into a garden of delight ;
They make the dark and dreary hours
Open and blossom into flowers !
I would not sleep ! I love to be
Again in their fair company ;
But ere my lips can bid them stay,
They pass and vanish quite away !
Alas ! our memories may retrace
Each circumstance of time and place,
Season and scene come back again,
And outward things unchanged re-
main ;

The rest we cannot reinstate ;
Ourselves we cannot re-create,
Nor set ourselves to the same key
Of the remembered harmony !

Rest ! rest ! O, give me rest and
peace !

[cease
The thought of life that ne'er shall
Has something in it like despair.
A weight I am too weak to bear !
Sweeter to this afflicted breast
The thought of never-ending rest !
Sweeter the undisturbed and deep
Tranquillity of endless sleep !

(*A flash of lightning, out of which
LUCIFER appears in the garb of a
travelling physician.*)

Lucifer. All hail, Prince Henry !
Prince Henry (starting). Who is it
speaks ?

Who and what are you ?

Lucifer. One who seeks
A moment's audience with the Prince.
Prince Henry. When came you in ?
Lucifer. A moment since.
I found your study door unlocked,
And thought you answered when I
knocked.

Prince Henry. I did not hear you.
Lucifer. You heard the
thunder ;

It was loud enough to waken the dead.
And it is not a matter of special won-
der

That when God is walking overhead,
You should not hear my feeble tread.
Prince Henry. What may your wish
or purpose be ?

Lucifer. Nothing or everything, as
it pleases

Your Highness. You behold in me
Only a travelling Physician ;
One of the few who have a mission
To cure incurable diseases,
Or those that are called so.

Prince Henry. Can you bring
The dead to life ?

Lucifer. Yes ; very nearly.
And, what is a wiser and better thing,
Can keep the living from ever needing
Such an unnatural, strange proceeding,
By showing conclusively and clearly
That death is a stupid blunder merely,
And not a necessity of our lives.
My being here is accidental ;
The storm, that against your casement

drives,
In the little village below waylaid me.
And there I heard, with a secret de-
light,
Of your maladies physical and mental,
Which neither astonished nor dis-
mayed me.
And I hastened hither, though late
the night,

To proffer my aid !

Prince Henry (ironically). For this
you came !

Ah, how can I ever hope to requite
This honour from one so erudite ?

Lucifer. The honour is mine, or
will be, when

I have cured your disease.

Prince Henry. But not till then.

Lucifer. What is your illness ?

Prince Henry. It has no name.
A smouldering, dull, perpetual flame,
As in a kiln, burns in my veins,
Sending up vapours to the head ;

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

My heart has become a dull lagoon,
Which a kind of leprosy drinks and
drains ;

I am accounted as one who is dead,
And, indeed, I think that I shall be
soon.

Lucifer. And has Gordonius the
Divine,

In his famous Lily of Medicine,—
I see the book lies open before you,—
No remedy potent enough to restore
you ?

Prince Henry. None whatever !

Lucifer. The dead are dead,
And their oracles dumb, when ques-
tioned

Of the new diseases that human life
Evolves in its progress, rank and rife.
Consult the dead upon things that
were,

But the living only on things that are.
Have you done this by the appliance
And aid of doctors ?

Prince Henry. Ay, whole schools
Of doctors, with their learned rules ;
But the case is quite beyond their
science.

Even the doctors of Salern
Send me back word they can discern
No cure for a malady like this,
Save one which in its nature is

Impossible, and cannot be !

Lucifer. That sounds oracular !

Prince Henry. Unendurable !

Lucifer. What is their remedy ?

Prince Henry. You shall see ;
Writ in this scroll is the mystery.

Lucifer (reading). "Not to be cured,
yet incurable !

The only remedy that remains
Is the blood that flows from a maiden's
veins,

Who of her own free will shall die,
And give her life as the price of
yours !"

That is the strangest of all cures,
And one, I think, you will never try ;
The prescription you may well put by,
As something impossible to find
Before the world itself shall end !

And yet who knows ? One cannot say
That into some maiden's brain that
kind

Of madness will not find its way.

Meanwhile permit me to recommend,
As the matter admits of no delay,
My wonderful Catholicon,
Of very subtle and magical powers !

Prince Henry. Purge with your
nostrums and drugs infernal
The spouts and gargoyles of these
towers,
Not me. My faith is utterly gone
In every power but the Power Su-
pernal !

Pray tell me, of what school are you ?
Lucifer. Both of the Old and of the
New !

The school of Hermes Trismegistus,
Who uttered his oracles sublime
Before the Olympiads, in the dew
Of the early dusk and dawn of Time,
The reign of dateless old Hephaestus !
As northward, from its Nubian springs,
The Nile, for ever new and old,
Among the living and the dead,
Its mighty, mystic stream has rolled ;
So, starting from its fountain-head
Under the lotus-leaves of Isis,
From the dead demigods of ehd,
Through long, unbroken lines of kings
Its course the sacred art has held,
Unchecked, unchanged by man's de-
vices.

This art the Arabian Geber taught,
And in alembics, finely wrought,
Distilling herbs and flowers, dis-
covered

The secret that so long had hovered
Upon the misty verge of Truth,
The Elixir of Perpetual Youth,
Called Alcohol, in the Arab speech !

Like him, this wondrous lore I teach !

Prince Henry. What ! an adept ?

Lucifer. Nor less, nor more !

Prince Henry. I am a reader of
your books,

A lover of that mystic lore !
With such a piercing glance it looks
Into great Nature's open eye,
And sees within it trembling lie
The portrait of the Deity !
And yet, alas ! with all my pains,
The secret and the mystery
Have baffled and eluded me,
Unseen the grand result remains !

Lucifer (showing a flask). Behold
here ! this little flask

Contains the wonderful quintessence,
The perfect flower and efflorescence
Of all the knowledge man can ask !
Hold it up thus against the light !

Prince Henry. How limpid, pure,
and crystalline,
How quick, and tremulous, and
bright



The little wavelets dance and shine,
As were it the Water of Life in sooth !

Lucifer. It is ! it assuages every

pain,

Cures all disease, and gives again
To age the swift delights of youth.
Inhale its fragrance.

Prince Henry. It is sweet,
A thousand different odours meet
And mingle in its rare perfume,
Such as the winds of summer waft
At open windows through a room !

Lucifer. Will you not taste it ?

Prince Henry. Will one draught
suffice ?

Lucifer. If not, you can drink more.

Prince Henry. Into this crystal
goblet pour

So much as safely I may drink.

Lucifer (pouring). Let not the
the quantity alarm you ;
You may drink all ; it will not harm
you.

Prince Henry. I am as one who on
the brink

Of a dark river stands and sees
The waters flow, the landscape dim
Around him waver, wheel, and swim,
And, ere he plunges, stops to think
Into what whirlpools he may sink ;
One moment pauses, and no more,
Then madly plunges from the shore !

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Headlong into the mysteries
Of life and death I boldly leap,
Nor fear the fateful current's sweep,
Nor what in ambush lurks below !
For death is better than disease !

(An ANGEL with an aeolian harp hovers in the air.)

Angel. Woe ! woe ! eternal woe !
Not only the whispered prayer
Of love,
But the imprecations of hate,
Reverberate
For ever and ever through the air
Above !

This fearful curse
Shakes the great universe !

Lucifer (disappearing). Drink !

And thy soul shall sink
Down into the dark abyss,
Into the infinite abyss,
From which no plummet nor rope
Ever drew up the silver sand of hope !

Prince Henry (drinking). It is like
a draught of fire !

Through every vein

I feel again

The fever of youth, the soft desire ;
A rapture that is almost pain

Throbs in my heart and fills my
brain !

O joy ! O joy ! I feel

The band of steel
That so long and heavily has pressed
Upon my breast
Uplifted, and the malediction
Of my affliction
Is taken from me, and my weary
breast

At length finds rest.

The Angel. It is but the rest of the
fire, from which the air has
been taken !

It is but the rest of the sand, when
the hour-glass is not shaken !
It is but the rest of the tide between
the ebb and the flow !

It is but the rest of the wind between
the flaws that blow !

With fiendish laughter,
Hereafter,

This false physician

Will mock thee in thy perdition.

Prince Henry. Speak ! speak !

Who says that I am ill ?

I am not ill ! I am not weak ! [o'er !
The trance, the swoon, the dream, is

I feel the chill of death no more !
At length,
I stand renewed in all my strength !
Beneath me I can feel
The great earth stagger and reel,
As if the feet of a descending God
Upon its surface trod,
And like a pebble it rolled beneath
his heel !

This, O brave physician ! this
Is thy great Palingenesis !

(Drinks again.)

The Angel. Touch the goblet no
more !

It will make thy heart sore

To its very core !

Its perfume is the breath

Of the Angel of Death,

And the light that within it lies

Is the flash of his evil eyes.

Beware ! O, beware !

For sickness, sorrow, and care

All are there !

Prince Henry (sinking back). O
thou voice within my breast !
Why entreat me, why upbraid me,
When the steadfast tongues of truth
And the flattering hopes of youth
Have all deceived me and betrayed
me ?

Give me, give me rest, O rest !
Golden visions wave and hover,
Golden vapours, waters streaming,
Landscapes moving, changing, gleam-
I am like a happy lover [ing !
Who illumines life with dreaming !
Brave physician ! Rare physician !
Well hast thou fulfilled thy mission !

(His head falls on his book.)

The Angel (receding). Alas ! alas !
Like a vapour the golden vision
Shall fade and pass,
And thou wilt find in thy heart again
Only the blight of pain,
And bitter, bitter, bitter contrition !

Court-yard of the Castle. HUBERT
standing by the gateway.

Hubert. How sad the grand old
castle looks !

O'erhead, the unmolested rooks
Upon the turret's windy top
Sit, talking of the farmer's crop ;
Here in the courtyard springs the
grass,
So few are now the feet that pass ;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The stately peacocks, bolder grown,
Come hopping down the steps of
stone,
As if the castle were their own ;
And I, the poor old seneschal,
Haunt, like a ghost, the banquet-hall.
Alas ! the merry guests no more
Crowd through the hospitable door ;
No eyes with youth and passion shine,
No cheeks grow redder than the wine ;
No song, no laugh, no jovial din
Of drinking wassail to the pin ;
But all is silent, sad, and drear,
And now the only sounds I hear
Are the hoarse rooks upon the walls,
And horses stamping in their stalls !

(A horn sounds.)

What ho ! that merry, sudden blast
Reminds me of the days long past !
And, as of old resounding, grate
The heavy hinges of the gate,
And, clattering loud, with iron clank,
Down goes the sounding bridge of
plank,
As if it were in haste to greet
The pressure of a traveller's feet.

(Enter WALTER the Minnesinger.)

Walter. How now, my friend !
This looks quite lonely !

No banner flying from the walls,
No pages and no seneschals;
No warders, and one porter only !
Is it you, Hubert ?

Hubert. Ah ! Master Walter !

Walter. Alas ! how forms and faces
alter !

I did not know you. You look older !
Your hair has grown much grayer and
thinner,

And you stoop a little in the shoulder !

Hubert. Alack ! I am a poor old
sinner,

And, like these towers, begin to
moulder ;

And you have been absent many a
year !

Walter. How is the Prince ?

Hubert. He is not here ;
He has been ill ; and now has fled.

Walter. Speak it out frankly : say
he's dead !

Is it not so ?

Hubert. No ; if you please,
A strange, mysterious disease
Fell on him with a sudden blight.

Whole hours together he would stand
Upon the terrace, in a dream,
Resting his head upon his hand,
Best pleased when he was most alone,
Like Saint John Nepomuck in stone,
Looking down into a stream.
In the Round Tower, night after
night,
He sat, and bleared his eyes with
books ;

Until one morning we found him there
Stretched on the floor, as if in a swoon
He had fallen from his chair.
We hardly recognised his sweet looks !

Walter. Poor Prince !

Hubert. I think he might have
mended ;

And he did mend ; but very soon
The priests came flocking in like rooks,
With all their crosiers and their crooks,
And so at last the matter ended.

Walter. How did it end ?

Hubert. Why, in Saint Rochus
They made him stand, and wait his
doom ;

And, as if he were condemned to the
tomb,
Began to mutter their hocus-pocus.
First, the Mass for the Dead they
chanted,

Then three times laid upon his head
A shovelful of churchyard clay,
Saying to him, as he stood undaunted,
" This is a sign that thou art dead,
So in thy heart be penitent ! "
And forth from the chapel door he went
Into disgrace and banishment,
Clothed in a cloak of hidden gray,
And bearing a wallet, and a bell,
Whose sound should be a perpetual
knell

To keep all travellers away.

Walter. O, horrible fate ! Outcast,
rejected,

As one with pestilence infected !

Hubert. Then was the family tomb
unsealed,

And broken helmet, sword, and shield,
Buried together in common wreck,
As is the custom, when the last
Of any princely house has passed,
And thrice, as with a trumpet-blast,
A herald shouted down the stair
The words of warning and despair,—
" O Hoheneck ! O Hoheneck ! "

Walter. Still in my soul that cry
goes on,—

For ever gone ! for ever gone !

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Ah, what a cruel sense of loss,
Like a black shadow, would fall across
The hearts of all, if he should die !
His gracious presence upon earth
Was as a fire upon a hearth ;
As pleasant songs, at morning sung,
The words that dropped from his
sweet tongue

Strengthened our hearts ; or, heard
at night,

Made all our slumbers soft and light.
Where is he ?

Hubert. In the Odenwald.
Some of his tenants, unappalled
By fear of death, or priestly word,—
A holy family, that make
Each meal a Supper of the Lord,—
Have him beneath their watch and
ward,

For love of him, and Jesus' sake !
Pray you come in. For why should I
With out-door hospitality
My prince's friend thus entertain ?

Walter. I would a moment here
remain.
But you, good Hubert, go before,
Fill me a goblet of May-drink,
As aromatic as the May
From which it steals the breath away,
And which he loved so well of yore ;
It is of him that I would think.
You shall attend me, when I call,
In the ancestral banquet-hall.
Unseen companions, guests of air,
You cannot wait on, will be there ;
They taste not food, they drink not
wine,
But their soft eyes look into mine,
And their lips speak to me, and all
The vast and shadowy banquet-hall
Is full of looks and words divine !

(Leaning over the parapet.)
The day is done ; and slowly from the
scene
The stooping sun upgathers his spent
shafts,
And puts them back into his golden
quiver !
Below me in the valley, deep and green
As goblets are, from which in thirsty
draughts
We drink its wine, the swift and man-
tling river
Flows on triumphant through these
lovely regions,
Etched with the shadows of its sombre
margent,

393

And soft, reflected clouds of gold and
argent !

[still,
Yes, there it flows, for ever, broad and
As when the vanguard of the Roman
legions

[hill !
First saw it from the top of yonder
How beautiful it is ! Fresh fields of
wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with
fluttering flag,

The consecrated chapel on the crag,
And the white hamlet gathered round
its base,
Like Mary sitting at her Saviour's feet,
And looking up at his beloved face !
O friend ! O best of friends ! Thy
absence thore
Than the impending night darkens the
landscape o'er !

II.

*A farm in the Odenwald. A garden ;
morning ; PRINCE HENRY seated,
with a book. ELSIE, at a distance,
gathering flowers.*

Prince Henry (reading). One morn-
ing, all alone,
Out of his convent of gray stone,
Into the forest older, darker, grayer,
His lips moving as if in prayer,
His head sunken upon his breast
As in a dream of rest,
Walked the Monk Felix. All about
The broad, sweet sunshine lay without,
Filling the summer air ;
And within the woodlands as he trod,
The dusk was like the Truce of God
With worldly woe and care ;
Under him lay the golden moss ;
And above him the boughs of hoary
trees

Waved, and made the sign of the cross,
And whispered their Benedicites ;
And from the ground
Rose an odour sweet and fragrant
Of the wild-flowers and the vagrant
Vines that wandered,
Seeking the sunshine, round and round.

These he heeded not, but pondered
On the volume in his hand,
A volume of Saint Augustine,
Wherein he read of the unseen
Splendours of God's great town
In the unknown land,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And, with his eyes cast down
In humility, he said :
" I believe, O God,
What herein I have read,
But, alas ! I do not understand ! "

And lo ! he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A snow-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings
ringing.

And the Monk Felix closed his book
And long, long,
With rapturous look,
He listened to the song,
And hardly breathed or stirred,
Until he saw, as in a vision,
The land Elysian,
And in the heavenly city heard
Angelic feet
Fall on the golden flagging of the
street.
And he would fain
Have caught the wondrous bird,
But strove in vain ;
For it flew away, away,
Far over hill and dell,
And instead of its sweet singing
He heard the convent bell
Suddenly in the silence ringing
For the service of noonday.
And he retraced
His pathway homeward sadly and in
haste.

In the convent there was a change !
He looked for each well-known face,
But the faces were new and strange ;
New figures sat in the oaken stalls,
New voices chanted in the choir ;
Yet the place was the same place,
The same dusky walls
Of cold, gray stone,
The same cloisters and belfry and spire.
A stranger and alone
Among that brotherhood
The Monk Felix stood.
" Forty years," said a Friar,
" Have I been Prior
Of this convent in the wood,
But for that space
Never have I beheld thy face ! "
The heart of the Monk Felix fell :
And he answered, with submissive tone,

" This morning, after the hour of
I left my cell,

[Prime,

And wandered forth alone.

Listening all the time

To the melodious singing

Of a beautiful white bird,

Until I heard

The bells of the convent ringing

Noon from their noisy towers.

It was as if I dreamed ;

For what to me had seemed

Moments only, had been hours ! "

" Years ! " said a voice close by.

It was an aged monk who spoke,

From a bench of oak

Fastened against the wall :—

He was the oldest monk of all.

For a whole century

Had he been there,

Serving God in prayer,

The meekest and humblest of his
creatures.

He remembered well the features

Of Felix, and he said,

Speaking distinct and slow :

" One hundred years ago,

When I was a novice in this place,

There was here a monk, full of God's
grace,

Who bore the name

Of Felix, and this man must be the
same."

And straightway

They brought forth to the light of day,

A volume old and brown,

A huge tome, bound

In brass and wild-boar's hide,

Wherein were written down

The names of all who had died

In the convent, since it was edified.

And there they found,

Just as the old monk said,

That on a certain day and date

One hundred years before,

Had gone forth from the convent gate

The Monk Felix, and never more

Had entered that sacred door.

He had been counted among the dead !

And they knew, at last,

That, such had been the power

Of that celestial and immortal song.

A hundred years had passed,

And had not seemed so long

As a single hour !

(ELSIE comes in with flowers.)

Elsie. Here are flowers for you,

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

But they are not all for you.
Some of them are for the Virgin
And for Saint Cecilia. [there,

Prince Henry. As thou standest
Thou seemest to me like the angel
That brought the immortal roses
To Saint Cecilia's bridal chamber.

Elsie. But these will fade.

Prince Henry. Themselves will fade,
But not their memory,
And memory has the power
To re-create them from the dust.
They remind me, too,
Of martyred Dorothea,
Who from celestial gardens sent
Flowers as her witnesses
To him who scoffed and doubted.

Elsie. Do you know the story
Of Christ and the Sultan's daughter?
That is the prettiest legend of them all.

Prince Henry. Then tell it to me.
But first come hither.

Lay the flowers down beside me,
And put both thy hands in mine.
Now tell me the story.

Elsie. Early in the morning
The Sultan's daughter
Walked in her father's garden,
Gathering the bright flowers,
All full of dew.

Prince Henry. Just as thou hast
been doing

This morning, dearest Elsie.

Elsie. And as she gathered them,
She wondered more and more
Who was the Master of the Flowers,
And made them grow
Out of the cold, dark earth.
"In my heart," she said,
"I love him ; and for him
Would leave my father's palace,
To labour in his garden."

Prince Henry. Dear, innocent child !

How sweetly thou recallest
The long-forgotten legend,
That in my early childhood
My mother told me !
Upon my brain
It reappears once more,
As a birth-mark on the forehead
When a hand suddenly
Is laid upon it, and removed !

Elsie. And at midnight,
As she lay upon her bed,
She heard a voice
Call to her from the garden,
And, looking forth from her window,
She saw a beautiful youth

395

Standing among the flowers.
It was the Lord Jesus ;
And she went down to him,
And opened the door for him ;
And he said to her, "O maiden !
Thou hast thought of me with love,
And for thy sake
Out of my Father's kingdom
Have I come hither ;
I am the Master of the Flowers.
My garden is in Paradise,
And if thou wilt go with me,
Thy bridal garland
Shall be of bright red flowers."
And then he took from his finger
A golden ring,
And asked the Sultan's daughter
If she would be his bride.
And when she answered him with love,
His wounds began to bleed,
And she said to him,
"O Love ! how red thy heart is,
And thy hands are full of roses."
"For thy sake," answered he,
"For thy sake is my heart so red.
For thee I bring these roses ;
I gathered them at the cross
Whereon I died for thee !
Come, for my Father calls.
Thou art my elected bride !"
And the Sultan's daughter
Followed him to his Father's garden.

Prince Henry. Wouldst thou have
done so, Elsie ?

Elsie. Yes, very gladly.

Prince Henry. Then the Celestial
Bridegroom
Will come for thee also.
Upon thy forehead he will place,
Not his crown of thorns,
But a crown of roses.
In thy bridal chamber,
Like Saint Cecilia,
Thou shalt hear sweet music,
And breathe the fragrance
Of flowers immortal !
Go now and place these flowers
Before her picture.

A room in the farm-house. Twilight.
URSULA spinning. GOTTLIEB asleep
in his chair.

Ursula. Darker and darker ! Hardly
a glimmer
Of light comes in at the window-pane ;
Or is it my eyes are growing dimmer ?
I cannot disentangle this skein,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Nor wind it rightly upon the reel.
Elsie !

Gottlieb (starting). The stopping of
thy wheel
Has wakened me out of a pleasant
dream,
I thought I was sitting beside a stream,
And heard the grinding of a mill,
When suddenly the wheels stood still,
And a voice cried "Elsie" in my ear !
It startled me, it seemed so near.

Ursula. I was calling her : I want a
light.

I cannot see to spin my flax.
Bring the lamp, Elsie. Dost thou hear ?

Elsie (within). In a moment !
Gottlieb. Where are

Bertha and Max ?

Ursula. They are sitting with Elsie
at the door.

She is telling them stories of the wood,
And the Wolf, and little Red Riding-

hood.

Gottlieb. And where is the Prince ?

Ursula. In his room overhead ;
I heard him walking across the floor,
As he always does, with a heavy
tread.

(ELSIE comes in with a lamp. MAX
and BERTHA follow her; and they
all sing the Evening Song on the
lighting of the lamps.)

Evening Song.
O gladsome light
Of the Father Immortal,
And of the celestial
Sacred and blessed
Jesus, our Saviour !
Now to the sunset
Again hast thou brought us :
And, seeing the evening
Twilight, we bless thee,
Praise thee, adore thee !
Father omnipotent !
Son, the Life-giver ;
Spirit, the Comforter !
Worthy at all times
Of worship and wonder !

Prince Henry (at the door). Amen !
Ursula. Who was it said Amen ?

Elsie. It was the Prince : he stood
at the door,

And listened a moment, as we chanted
The evening song. He is gone again.
I have often seen him there before.

Ursula. Poor Prince !
Gottlieb. I thought the house
was haunted !

Poor Prince, alas ! and yet as mild
And patient as the gentlest child !

Max. I love him because he is so
good,

And makes me such fine bows and
arrows,

To shoot at the robins and the spar-

rows,

And the red squirrels in the wood !

Bertha. I love him, too !
Gottlieb. Ah, yes ! we all

Love him, from the bottom of our
hearts ;

He gave us the farm, the house, and
the grange,

He gave us the horses and the carts,
And the great oxen in the stall,

The vineyard, and the forest range !

We have nothing to give him but our
love !

Bertha. Did he give us the beautiful
stork above

On the chimney-top, with its large,
round nest ?

Gottlieb. No, not the stork ; by God
in heaven,

As a blessing, the dear white stork was
given,

But the Prince has given us all the rest.
God bless him, and make him well
again.

Elsie. Would I could do something
for his sake,

Something to cure his sorrow and
pain !

Gottlieb. That no one can ; neither
thou nor I,

Nor any one else.

Elsie. And must he die ?

Ursula. Yes ; if the dear God does
not take

Pity upon him, in his distress,
And work a miracle !

Gottlieb. Or unless
Some maiden, of her own accord,

Offers her life for that of her lord,
And is willing to die in his stead.

Elsie. I will !

Ursula. Prithee, thou foolish child,
be still !

Thou shouldst not say what thou dost
not mean !

Elsie. I mean it truly !

Max. O father ! this morning,
Down by the mill, in the ravine,

Hans killed a wolf, the very same
That in the night to the sheepfold
came,

And ate up my lamb, that was
outside.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Gottlieb. I am glad he is dead. It will be a warning
To the wolves in the forest, far and wide.

Max. And I am going to have his hide !

Bertha. I wonder if this is the wolf that ate
Little Red Riding-hood !

Ursula. O no !
That wolf was killed a long while ago.

Come, children, it is growing late.

Max. Ah, how I wish I were a man,
As stout as Hans is, and as strong !
I would do nothing else, the whole day long,

But just kill wolves.

Gottlieb. Then go to bed,
And grow as fast as a little boy can.
Bertha is half asleep already.
See how she nods her heavy head,
And her sleepy feet are so unsteady
She will hardly be able to creep upstairs.

Ursula. Good night, my children.
Here's the light.
And do not forget to say your prayers
Before you sleep.

Gottlieb. Good night !
Max and Bertha. Good night !

(They go out with ELSIE.)

Ursula (spinning). She is a strange and wayward child,
That Elsie of ours. She looks so old,
And thoughts and fancies weird and wild
Seem of late to have taken hold
Of her heart, that was once so docile
and mild !

Gottlieb. She is like all girls.
Ursula. Ah no, forsooth !
Unlike all I have ever seen.
For she has visions and strange dreams,
And in all her words and ways, she seems

Much older than she is in truth.
Who would think her but fifteen ?
And there has been of late such a change !
My heart is heavy with fear and doubt
That she may not live till the year is out.
She is so strange,—so strange,—so strange !

Gottlieb. I am not troubled with
any such fear ; [year.
She will live and thrive for many a

ELsie's chamber. Night. ELSIE praying.

Elsie. My Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech thee, I entreat thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning !

Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon thy hands and side,
For all who have lived and erred
Thou hast suffered, thou hast died,
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,
And in the grave hast thou been buried !

If my feeble prayer can reach thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech thee,
Even as thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where thou leadest,
Let me, bleeding as thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble thee !

The chamber of GOTTLIEB and URSULA. Midnight. ELSIE standing by their bedside, weeping.

Gottlieb. The wind is roaring ; the rushing rain
Is loud upon roof and window-pane,
As if the wild Huntsman of Rodenstein,
Boding evil to me and mine, [train !
Were abroad to-night with his ghostly
In the brief lulls of the tempest wild,
The dogs howl in the yard ; and hark !
Some one is sobbing in the dark,
Here in the chamber !

Elsie. It is I.
Ursula. Elsie ! what ails thee, my poor child ?

Elsie. I am disturbed and much distressed,
In thinking our dear Prince must die ;
I cannot close mine eyes, nor rest.

Gottlieb. What wouldest thou ? In the Power Divine

His healing lies, not in our own ;
It is in the hand of God alone.

Elsie. Nay, he has put it into mine,
And into my heart !



Gottlieb. Thy words are wild !

Ursula. What dost thou mean ? my child ! my child !

Elsie. That for our dear Prince Henry's sake

I will myself the offering make,
And give my life to purchase his.

Ursula. Am I still dreaming, or awake ?

Thou speakest carelessly of death,
And yet thou knowest not what it is.

Elsie. 'Tis the cessation of our
Silent and motionless we lie ; [breath.
And no one knoweth more than this.
I saw our little Gertrude die :
She left off breathing, and no more
I smoothed the pillow beneath her
head.

She was more beautiful than before.
Like violets faded were her eyes ;
By this we knew that she was dead.
Through the open window looked the
skies

Into the chamber where she lay,
And the wind was like the sound of
wings,

As if angels came to bear her away.

Ah ! when I saw and felt these things,
I found it difficult to stay ;

I longed to die, as she had died,
And go forth with her, side by side.
The Saints are dead, the Martyrs dead,
And Mary, and our Lord ; and I
Would follow in humility

The way by them illumined !

Ursula. My child ! my child ! thou
must not die ! [not know

Elsie. Why should I live ? Do I

The life of woman is full of woe ?
Toiling on and on and on,

With breaking heart, and tearful eyes,
And silent lips, and in the soul

The secret longings that arise,
Which this world never satisfies !

Some more, some less, but of the whole
Not one quite happy, no, not one !

Ursula. It is the malediction of Eve !

Elsie. In place of it, let me receive
The benediction of Mary, then.

Gottlieb. Ah, woe is me ! Ah, woe
is me !

Most wretched am I among men !

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Ursula. Alas ! that I should live to see
Thy death, beloved, and to stand
Above thy grave ! Ah, woe the day !
Elsie. Thou wilt not see it. I shall lie
Beneath the flowers of another land,
For at Salerno, far away
Over the mountains, over the sea,
It is appointed me to die !
And it will seem no more to thee
Than if at the village on market-day
I should a little longer stay
Than I am wont.

Ursula. Even as thou sayest !
And how my heart beats when thou sayest !

I cannot rest until my sight
Is satisfied with seeing thee.
What, then, if thou wert dead ?

Gottlieb. Ah me !
Of our old eyes thou art the light !
The joy of our old hearts art thou !
And wilt thou die ?

Ursula. Not now ! not now !
Elsie. Christ died for me, and shall not I

Be willing for my Prince to die ?
You both are silent ; you cannot speak.
This said I at our Saviour's feast
After confession, to the priest,
And even he made no reply.
Does he not warn us all to seek
The happier, better land on high,
Where flowers immortal never wither ;
And could he forbid me to go thither ?

Gottlieb. In God's own time, my heart's delight !

When he shall call thee, not before !
Elsie. I heard him call. When Christ ascended

Triumphantly, from star to star,
He left the gates of heaven ajar.
I had a vision in the night,
And saw him standing at the door
Of his Father's mansion, vast and splendid,

And beckoning to me from afar.
I cannot stay !

Gottlieb. She speaks almost
As if it were the Holy Ghost
Spake through her lips, and in her stead !

What if this were of God ?

Ursula. Ah, then
Gainst it dare we not.

Gottlieb. Amen !
Elsie ! the words that thou hast said

Are strange and new for us to hear,
And fill our hearts with doubt and fear.

Whether it be a dark temptation
Of the Evil One, or God's inspiration
We in our blindness cannot say.
We must think upon it, and pray ;
For evil and good it both resembles.
If it be of God, his will be done !
May he guard us from the Evil One !
How hot thy hand is ! how it trembles !
Go to thy bed, and try to sleep.

Ursula. Kiss me. Good night ; and do not weep.

(ELSIE goes out.)

Ah, what an awful thing is this !
I almost shuddered at her kiss,
As if a ghost had touched my cheek,
I am so childish and so weak !
As soon as I see the earliest gray
Of morning glimmer in the east,
I will go over to the priest,
And hear what the good man has to say !

A village church. A woman kneeling at the confessional.

The Parish Priest (from within).
Go, sin no more ! Thy penance
A new and better life begin ! [o'er,
God maketh thee for ever free
From the dominion of thy sin !
Go, sin no more ! He will restore
The peace that filled thy heart before,
And pardon thine iniquity !

(The woman goes out. The Priest comes forth, and walks slowly up and down the church.)

O blessed Lord ! how much I need
Thy light to guide me on my way !
So many hands, that, without heed,
Still touch thy wounds, and make them bleed !

So many feet, that, day by day,
Still wander from thy fold astray !
Unless thou fill me with thy light,
I cannot lead thy flock aright ;
Nor, without thy support, can bear
The burden of so great a care,
But am myself a castaway !

(A pause.)

The day is drawing to its close ;
And what good deeds, since first it rose,
Have I presented, Lord, to thee,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

As offerings of my ministry?
What wrong repressed, what right
maintained,
What struggle passed, what victory
gained,
What good attempted and attained?
Feeble, at best, is my endeavour!
I see, but cannot reach, the height
That lies for ever in the light,
And yet for ever and for ever,
When seeming just within my grasp,
I feel my feeble hands unclasp,
And sink discouraged into night!
For thine own purpose, thou hast sent
The strife and the discouragement!

(*A pause.*)

Why stayest thou, Prince of Hoheneck?
Why keep me pacing to and fro
Amid these aisles of sacred gloom,
Counting my footsteps as I go,
And marking with each step a tomb?
Why should the world for thee make
room,
And wait thy leisure and thy beck?
Thou comest in the hope to hear
Some word of comfort and of cheer.
What can I say? I cannot give
The counsel to do this and live;
But rather, firmly to deny
The tempter, though his power be
strong,
And, inaccessible to wrong,
Still like a martyr live and die!

(*A pause.*)

The evening air grows dusk and brown;
I must go forth into the town,
To visit beds of pain and death,
Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,
And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes
That see, through tears, the sun go
down,
But nevermore shall see it rise.
The poor in body and estate,
The sick and the disconsolate,
Must not on man's convenience wait.

(*Goes out*)

(Enter LUCIFER, as a Priest.)

Lucifer (with a genuflexion, mocking).
This is the Black Paternoster.
God was my foster,
He fostered me
Under the book of the Palm-tree!
St. Michael was my dame,
He was born at Bethlehem,

He was made of flesh and blood.
God send me my right food,
My right food, and shelter too,
That I may to yon kirk go,
To read upon yon sweet book
Which the mighty God of heaven
shook.

Open, open, hell's gates!
Shut, shut, heaven's gates!
All the devils in the air
The stronger be, that hear the Black
Prayer!

(*Looking round the church.*)

What a darksome and dismal place!
I wonder that any man has the face
To call such a hole the House of the
Lord,

And the Gate of Heaven,—yet such is
the word.

Ceiling, and walls, and windows old,
Covered with cobwebs, blackened
with mould;

Dust on the pulpit, dust on the stairs,
Dust on the benches, and stalls, and
chairs!

The pulpit, from which such ponderous
sermons

Have fallen down on the brains of the
Germans,

With about as much real edification
As if a great Bible, bound in lead,
Had fallen, and struck them on the
head;

And I ought to remember that sensation!

Here stands the holy-water stoup!
Holy-water it may be to many,
But to me, the veriest Liquor
Gehennae!

It smells like a filthy fast-day soup;
Near it stands the box for the poor;
With its iron padlock, safe and sure,
I and the priest of the parish know
Whither all these charities go;
Therefore, to keep up the institution,
I will add my little contribution!

(*He puts in money.*)

Underneath this mouldering tomb,
With statue of stone, and scutcheon
of brass,
Slumbers a great lord of the village,
All his life was riot and pillage,
But at length, to escape the threatened
doom
Of the everlasting, penal fire,
He died in the dress of a mendicant
friar,

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

And bartered his wealth for a daily mass.
But all that afterwards came to pass,
And whether he finds it dull or pleasant,
Is kept a secret for the present,
At his own particular desire.

And here, in a corner of the wall,
Shadowy, silent, apart from all,
With its awful portal open wide,
And its latticed windows on either side,
And its step well worn by the bended knees

Of one or two pious centuries,
Stands the village confessional !
Within it, as an honoured guest,
I will sit me down awhile and rest !

(Seats himself in the confessional.)

Here sits the priest ; and faint and low,
Like the sighing of an evening breeze,
Comes through these painted lattices
The ceaseless sound of human woe ;
Here, while her bosom aches and throbs

With deep and agonizing sobs,
That half are passion, half contrition,
The luckless daughter of perdition
Slowly confesses her secret shame !
The time, the place, the lover's name !
Here the grim murderer with a groan,
From his bruised conscience rolls the stone,

Thinking that thus he can atone
For ravages of sword and flame !
Indeed, I marvel, and marvel greatly,
How a priest can sit here so sedately,
Reading, the whole year out and in,
Nought but the catalogue of sin,
And still keep any faith whatever in human virtue ! Never ! never !

I cannot repeat a thousandth part
Of the horrors and crimes and sins
and woes
That arise, when with palpitating throes

The graveyard in the human heart
Gives up its dead, at the voice of the priest,
As if he were an archangel, at least.
It makes a peculiar atmosphere,
This odour of earthly passions and crimes,
Such as I like to breathe, at times,
And such as often brings me here
In the hottest and most pestilential season.

401

To-day, I come for another reason ;
To foster and ripen an evil thought
In a heart that is almost to madness wrought,
And to make a murderer out of a prince,
A sleight of hand I learned long since !
He comes. In the twilight he will not see
The difference between his priest and me !

In the same net was the mother caught !
Prince Henry (entering and kneeling at the confessional). Remorseful, penitent, and lowly,

I come to crave, O father holy,
Thy benediction on my head.
Lucifer. The benediction shall be said
After confession, not before !
'Tis a God-speed to the parting guest,
Who stands already at the door,
Sandalled with holiness, and dressed
In garments pure from earthly stain.
Meanwhile, hast thou searched well thy breast ?

Does the same madness fill thy brain ?
Or have thy passion and unrest
Vanished for ever from thy mind ?

Prince Henry. By the same madness still made blind,

By the same passion still possessed,
I come again to the house of prayer,
A man afflicted and distressed !
As in a cloudy atmosphere,
Through unseen sluices of the air,
A sudden and impetuous wind
Strikes the great forest white with fear
And every branch, and bough, and spray

Points all its quivering leaves one way,
And meadows of grass, and fields of grain,
And the clouds above, and the slanting rain,
And smoke from chimneys of the town,

Yield themselves to it, and bow down,
So does this dreadful purpose press,
Onward, with irresistible stress,
And all my thoughts and faculties,
Struck level by the strength of this,
From their true inclination turn,
And all stream forward to Salern !

Lucifer. Alas ! we are but eddies of dust,
Uplifted by the blast, and whirled
Along the highway of the world
A moment only, then to fall

D D

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Back to a common level all,
At the subsiding of the gust !

Prince Henry. O holy father !
 pardon in me

The oscillation of a mind
Unsteadfast, and that cannot find
Its centre of rest and harmony !
For evermore before mine eyes
This ghastly phantom flits and flies,
And as a madman through a crowd,
With frantic gestures and wild cries,
It hurries onward, and aloud
Repeats its awful prophecies !

Weakness is wretchedness ! To be
 strong

Is to be happy ! I am weak,
And cannot find the good I seek,
Because I feel and fear the wrong !

Lucifer. Be not alarmed ! The
 Church is kind,
And in her mercy and her meekness
She meets half-way her children's
 weakness,

Writes their transgressions in the dust !
Though in the Decalogue we find
The mandate written, "Thou shalt
not kill!"

Yet there are cases when we must.
In war, for instance, or from scathe
To guard and keep the one true Faith !
We must look at the Decalogue in
 the light

Of an ancient statute, that was meant
For a mild and general application,
To be understood with the reservation,
That, in certain instances, the Right
Must yield to the Expedient ! [die,
Thou art a Prince. If thou shouldst
What hearts and hopes would pros-
trate lie !

What noble deeds, what fair renown,
Into the grave with thee go down !
What acts of valour and courtesy
Remain undone, and die with thee !
Thou art the last of all thy race !
With thee a noble name expires,
And vanishes from the earth's face
The glorious memory of thy sires !
She is a peasant. In her veins
Flows common and plebeian blood ;
It is such as daily and hourly stains
The dust and the turf of battle plains
By vassals shed, in a crimson flood,
Without reserve, and without reward,
At the slightest summons of their lord !
But thine is precious ; the fore-ap-
 pointed

Blood of kings, of God's anointed !

Moreover, what has the world in store
For one like her, but tears and toil ?
Daughter of sorrow, serf of the soil,
A peasant's child and a peasant's wife,
And her soul within her sick and sore
With the roughness and barrenness of
 life !

I marvel not at the heart's recoil
From a fate like this, in one so tender,
Nor at its eagerness to surrender
All the wretchedness, want, and woe
That await it in this world below,
For the unutterable splendour
Of the world of rest beyond the skies.
So the Church sanctions the sacrifice :
Therefore inhale this healing balm,
And breathe this fresh life into thine ;
Accept the comfort and the calm
She offers, as a gift divine ;
Let her fall down and anoint thy feet
With the ointment costly and most
 sweet
Of her young blood, and thou shalt
live.

Prince Henry. And will the righteous
Heaven forgive ?

No action, whether foul or fair,
Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere
A record, written by fingers ghostly,
As a blessing or a curse, and mostly
In the greater weakness or greater
 strength

Of the acts which follow it, till at
length

The wrongs of ages are redressed,
And the justice of God made manifest !

Lucifer. In ancient records it is
stated

That, whenever an evil deed is done
Another devil is created
To scourge and torment the offending
 one !

But evil is only good perverted,
And Lucifer, the Bearer of Light,
But an angel fallen and deserted,
Thrust from his Father's house with a
 curse

Into the black and endless night.

Prince Henry. If justice rules the
universe,

From the good actions of good men
Angels of light should be begotten,
And thus the balance restored again.

Lucifer. Yes ; if the world were not
so rotten,
And so given over to the Devil !

Prince Henry. But this deed, is it
good or evil ?

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Have I thine absolution free
To do it, and without restriction ?
Lucifer. Ay ; and from whatsoever
Lieth around it and within, [sin
From all crimes in which it may in-
volve thee,
I now release thee and absolve thee !
Prince Henry. Give me thy holy
benediction.

Lucifer (*stretching forth his hand and muttering*).
Maledictione perpetua
Maledicat vos
Pater eternus

The Angel (with the Aeolian harp).
Take heed ! Take heed !
Noble art thou in thy birth,
By the good and great of earth
Hast thou been taught !
Be noble in every thought
And in every deed !
Let not the illusion of thy senses
Betray thee to deadly offences.
Be strong ! be good ! be pure !
The right only shall endure,
All things else are but false pretences.
I entreat thee, I implore,
Listen no more
To the suggestions of an evil spirit,
That even now is there,
Making the foul seem fair,
And selfishness itself a virtue and a
merit !

A room in the farm-house.

Gottlieb. It is decided ! For many
days,
. And nights as many, we have had
A nameless terror in our breast,
Making us timid, and afraid
Of God, and his mysterious ways !
We have been sorrowful and sad ;
Much have we suffered, much have
prayed

That he would lead us as is best,
And show us what his will required.
It is decided ; and we give

Our child, O Prince, that you may live !

Ursula. It is of God. He has in-

spired [pain,

This purpose in her ; and through
Out of a world of sin and woe,
He takes her to himself again.
The mother's heart resists no longer ;
With the Angel of the Lord in vain
It wrestled, for he was the stronger.

Gottlieb. As Abraham offered long
ago
His son unto the Lord, and even
The Everlasting Father in heaven
Gave his, as a lamb unto the slaughter,
So do I offer up my daughter !

(URSULA hides her face.)

Elsie. My life is little,
Only a cup of water,
But pure and limpid.
Take it, O my Prince !
Let it refresh you,
Let it restore you.
It is given willingly,
It is given freely,

May God bless the gift !

Prince Henry. And the giver

Gottlieb. Amen !

Prince Henry. I accept it !

Gottlieb. Where are the children ?

Ursula. They are already asleep.

Gottlieb. What if they were dead ?

In the garden.

Elsie. I have one thing to ask of you.
Prince Henry. What is it ?

It is already granted.

Elsie. Promise me,
When we are gone from here, and on
our way [not,
Are journeying to Salerno, you will
By word or deed, endeavour to dis-
suade me

And turn me from my purpose ; but
remember

That as a pilgrim to the Holy City
Walks unmolested, and with thoughts
of pardon
Occupied wholly, so would I approach
The gates of Heaven, in this great
jubilee,

With my petition, putting off from me
All thoughts of earth, as shoss from
off my feet.

Promise me this.

Prince Henry. Thy words fall from
thy lips

Like roses from the lips of Angelo :

And angels

Might stoop to pick them up !

Elsie. Will you not promise ?

Prince Henry. If ever we depart
upon this journey, [mise.

So long to one or both of us, I pro-

Elsie. Shall we not go, then ? Have

you lifted me

D D 2

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Into the air, only to hurl me back
Wounded upon the ground? and
offered me

The waters of eternal life, to bid me
Drink the polluted puddles of this
world?

Prince Henry. O Elsie! what a
lesson thou dost teach me!

The life which is, and that which is to
come,

Suspended hang in such nice equipoise
A breath disturbs the balance; and
that scale

In which we throw our hearts prepon-
derates,

[flies up,
And the other, like an empty one,
And is accounted vanity and air!
To me the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life. To thee it
is not

So much even as the lifting of a latch;
Only a step into the open air
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its
transparent walls!

O pure in heart! from thy sweet dust
shall grow

Lilies, upon whose petals will be
written

"Ave Maria" in characters of gold!

III.

A street in Strasburg. Night. PRINCE HENRY wandering alone, wrapped in a cloak.

Prince Henry. Still is the night.
The sound of feet
Has died away from the empty street,
And like an artisan, bending down
His head on his anvil, the dark town
Sleeps, with a slumber deep and sweet.
Sleepless and restless, I alone,
In the dusk and damp of these walls
of stone,

Wander and weep in my remorse!

Crier of the Dead (ringing a bell).

Wake! Wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Hark! with what
accents loud and hoarse
This warden on the walls of death
Sends forth the challenge of his breath!
I see the dead that sleep in the grave!

They rise up and their garments wave,
Dimly and spectral, as they rise,
With the light of another world in
their eyes!

Crier of the Dead.

Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Why for the dead,
who are at rest?

Pray for the living, in whose breast
The struggle between right and wrong
Is raging terrible and strong.
As when good angels war with devils!
This is the Master of the Revels,
Who, at Life's flowing feast, proposes
The health of absent friends, and
pledges, [roses,
Not in bright goblets crowned with
And tinkling as we touch their edges,
But with his dismal, tinkling bell,
That mocks and mimics their funeral
knell!

Crier of the Dead.

Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Wake not, beloved!
be thy sleep

Silent as night is, and as deep!
There walks a sentinel at thy gate
Whose heart is heavy and desolate,
And the heavings of whose bosom
number

The respirations of thy slumber,
As if some strange, mysterious fate
Had linked two hearts in one, and mine
Went madly wheeling about thine,
Only with wider and wilder sweep!

Crier of the Dead (at a distance).

Wake! wake!
All ye that sleep!
Pray for the Dead!
Pray for the Dead!

Prince Henry. Lo! with what depth
of blackness thrown
Against the clouds, far up the skies
The walls of the cathedral rise,
Like a mysterious grove of stone,
With fitful lights and shadows blend-
ing,

As from behind, the moon, ascending,
Lights its dim aisles and paths un-
known!

The wind is rising; but the boughs
Rise not and fall not with the wind

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

That through their foilage sobs and
soughs ;
Only the cloudy rack behind,
Drifting onward, wild and ragged,
Gives to each spire and buttress
jagged

A seeming motion undefined.
Below on the square, an armed knight,
Still as a statue and as white,
Sits on his steed, and the moonbeams
quiver

Upon the points of his armour bright
As on the ripples of a river.
He lifts the visor from his cheek,
And beckons, and makes as he would
speak.

Walter the Minnesinger. Friend !
can you tell me where alight
Thuringia's horsemen for the night ?
For I have lingered in the rear,
And wander vainly up and down.

Prince Henry. I am a stranger in
the town,

As thou art ; but the voice I hear
Is not a stranger to mine ear.
Thou art Walter of the Vogelweid !

Walter. Thou hast guessed rightly ;

and thy name

Is Henry of Hoheneck !

Prince Henry. Ay, the same.

Walter (embracing him). Come
closer, closer to my side ;

What brings thee hither ? What

potent charm .

Has drawn thee from thy German farm

Into the old Alsatian city ?

Prince Henry. A tale of wonder and

of pity !

A wretched man, almost by stealth
Dragging my body to Salern,

In the vain hope and search for health,

And destined never to return.

Already thou hast heard the rest.

But what brings thee, thus armed and

digit

In the equipments of a knight ?

Walter. Dost thou not see upon my

breast

The cross of the Crusaders shine ?

My pathway leads to Palestine.

Prince Henry. Ah, would that way

were also mine !

O noble poet ! thou whose heart

Is like a nest of singing-birds

Rocked on the topmost bough of life,

Wilt thou, too, from our sky depart,

And in the clangour of the strife

Mingle the music of thy words ?

405

Walter. My hopes are high, my
heart is proud,
And like a trumpet long and loud,
Thither my thoughts all clang and
ring !

My life is in my hands, and lo !
I grasp and bend it as a bow,
And shoot forth from its trembling
string

An arrow, that shall be, perchance,
Like the arrow of the Israelite king
Shot from the window toward the east,
That of the Lord's deliverance !

Prince Henry. My life, alas ! is what
thou seest !

O enviable fate ! to be
Strong, beautiful, and armed like thee
With lyre and sword, with song and
steel ;

A hand to smite, a heart to feel !
Thy heart, thy hand, thy lyre, thy
sword,

Thou givest all unto thy Lord :
While I, so mean and abject grown,
Am thinking of myself alone.

Walter. Be patient : Time will
reinstate

Thy health and fortunes.

Prince Henry. 'Tis too late !
I cannot strive against my fate !

Walter. Come with me ; for my
steed is weary ;

Our journey has been long and dreary,
And, dreaming of his stall, he dints
With his impatient hoofs the flints.

Prince Henry (aside). I am ashamed,
in my disgrace,

To look into that noble face !
To-morrow, Walter, let it be.

Walter. To-morrow, at the dawn of
day,

I shall again be on my way.
Come with me to the hostelry,
For I have many things to say.
Our journey into Italy

Perchance together we may make ;
Wilt thou not do it for my sake ?

Prince Henry. A sick man's pace
would but impede

Thine eager and impatient speed.
Besides, my pathway leads me round
To Hirschau, in the forest's bound,
Where I assemble man and steed,
And all things for my journey's need.

(They go out.)

Lucifer (flying over the city). Sleep,

sleep, O city ! till the light

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Wake you to sin and crime again,
Whilst on your dreams, like dismal
rain,
I scatter downward through the night
My maledictions dark and deep.
I have more martyrs in your walls
Than God has ; and they cannot sleep ;
They are my bondsmen and my thralls ;
Their wretched lives are full of pain,
Wild agonies of nerve and brain ;
And every heart-beat, every breath,
Is a convulsion worse than death !
Sleep, sleep, O city ! though within
The circuit of your walls there be
No habitation free from sin,
And all its nameless misery ;
The aching heart, the aching head,
Grief for the living and the dead,
And foul corruption of the time,
Disease, distress, and want, and woe,
And crimes, and passions that may
Until they ripen into crime ! [grow

Square in front of the Cathedral.
Easter Sunday. FRIAR CUTHBERT
preaching to the crowd from a pulpit
in the open air. PRINCE HENRY and
ELSIE crossing the square.

Prince Henry. This is the day,
when from the dead
Our Lord arose ; and everywhere,
Out of their darkness and despair,
Triumphant over fears and foes,
The hearts of his disciples rose,
When to the women, standing near,
The Angel in shining vesture said,
" The Lord is risen ; he is not here ! "
And, mindful that the day is come,
On all the hearths in Christendom
The fires are quenched, to be again
Rekindled from the sun, that high
Is dancing in the cloudless sky.
The churches are all decked with
The salutations among men [flowers,
Are but the Angel's words divine,
" Christ is risen ! " and the bells
Catch the glad murmur, as it swells,
And chant together in their towers.
All hearts are glad ; and free from care
The faces of the people shine.
See what a crowd is in the square,
Gaily and gallantly arrayed !

Elsie. Let us go back ; I am afraid !
Prince Henry. Nay, let us mount
the church-steps here,
Under the doorway's sacred shadow ;

We can see all things, and be freer
From the crowd that madly heaves
and presses !

Elsie. What a gay pageant ! what
bright dresses !

It looks like a flower-besprinkled
meadow.

What is that yonder on the square ?
Prince Henry. A pulpit in the open
air,

And a Friar, who is preaching to the
crowd

In a voice so deep and clear and loud,
That, if we listen, and give heed,
His lowest words will reach the ear.

Friar Cuthbert (*gesticulating and*
cracking a postilion's whip.)
What ho ! good people ! do
you not hear ?

Dashing along at the top of his speed,
Booted and spurred, on his jaded steed,
A courier comes with words of cheer.
Courier ! what is the news, I pray ?
" Christ is arisen ! " Whence come

you ? " From court,"

Then I do not believe it ; you say it
in sport.

(Cracks his whip again.)

Ah, here comes another, riding this
way ; [say.]
We soon shall know what he has to
Courier ! what are the tidings to-day ?
" Christ is arisen ! " Whence come

you ? " From town."

Then I do not believe it ; away with
you, clown.

(Cracks his whip more violently.)

And here comes a third, who is
spurring amain :
What news do you bring, with your
loose-hanging rein,
Your spurs wet with blood, and your

bridle with foam ?

" Christ is arisen ! " Whence come
you ? " From Rome."

Ah, now I believe. He is risen, indeed.
Ride on with the news, at the top of

your speed.

(Great applause among the crowd.)

To come back to my text ! When
the news was first spread,
That Christ was arisen indeed from
the dead,
Very great was the joy of the angels
in heaven ;

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.



And as great the dispute as to who
should carry
The tidings thereof to the Virgin Mary,
Pierced to the heart with sorrows
seven.

Old Father Adam was first to propose,
As being the author of all our woes ;
But he was refused, for fear, said they,
He would stop to eat apples on the
way !

Abel came next, but petitioned in vain,
Because he might meet with his brother
Cain !

Noah, too, was refused, lest his weak-
ness for wine
Should delay him at every tavern-
sign ;

And John the Baptist could not get a
vote,
On account of his old-fashioned
camel's-hair coat ;
And the Penitent Thief, who died on
the cross,
Was reminded that all his bones were
broken ! [spoken,

Till at last, when each in turn had
The company being still at a loss,

The Angel, who rolled away the stone
Was sent to the sepulchre, all alone,
And filled with glory that gloomy
prison,
And said to the Virgin, " The Lord
is arisen ! "

(*The Cathedral bells ring.*)

But hark ! the bells are beginning to
chime !

And I feel that I am growing hoarse.
I will put an end to my discourse,
And leave the rest for some other
time,
For the bells themselves are the best
of preachers ;
Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
From their pulpits of stone, in the
upper air,

Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer.
The clangorous hammer is the tongue,
This way, that way, beaten and swung,
That from mouth of brass, as from
Mouth of Gold, [and Old.
May be taught the Testaments, New

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And above it the great cross-beam of wood
Representeth the Holy Rood,
Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung.
And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung
Is the mind of man, that round and round
Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound !
And the rope, with its twisted cordage three,
Denoteth the Scriptural Trinity
Of Morals, and Symbols, and History ;
And the upward and downward motions show [low :
That we touch upon matters high and
And the constant change and transmutation
Of action and of contemplation,
Downward, the Scripture brought
from on high,
Upward, exalted again to the sky ;
Downward, the literal interpretation,
Upward, the Vision and Mystery !
And now, my hearers, to make an end,
I have only one word more to say ;
In the church, in honour of Easter day,
Will be represented a Miracle Play ;
And I hope you will all have the grace
to attend.
Christ bring us at last to his felicity !
Pax vobiscum ! et Benedicite !

In the Cathedral.

Chant.

Kyrie Eleison !
Christe Eleison !

Elsie. I am at home here in my Father's house !
These paintings of the Saints upon the walls,
Have all familiar and benignant faces.
Prince Henry. The portraits of the family of God !
Thine own hereafter shall be placed among them.
Elsie. How very grand it is and wonderful !
Never have I beheld a church so splendid !
Such columns, and such arches, and such windows,
So many tombs and statues in the chapels,
And under them so many confessionals.

They must be for the rich. I should not like
To tell my sins in such a church as this.
Who built it ?
Prince Henry. A great master of his craft,
Erwin von Steinbach ; but not he alone,
For many generations laboured with him.
Children that came to see these Saints in stone,
As day by day out of the blocks they rose,
Grew old and died, and still the work went on,
And on, and on, and is not yet completed.
The generation that succeeds our own
Perhaps may finish it. The architect
Built his great heart into these sculptured stones,
And with him toiled his children, and their lives
Were builded, with his own, into the walls,
As offerings unto God. You see that statue
Fixing its joyous, but deep-wrinkled eyes
Upon the Pillar of the Angels yonder.
That is the image of the master, carved
By the fair hand of his own child, Sabina.
Elsie. How beautiful is the column that he looks at !
Prince Henry. That, too, she sculptured. At the base of it stand the Evangelists ; above their heads
Four Angels blowing upon marble trumpets,
And over them the blessed Christ surrounded
By his attendant ministers, upholding
The instruments of his passion.
Elsie. O my Lord ! Would I could leave behind me upon earth
Some monument to thy glory, such as this !
Prince Henry. A greater monument than this thou leavest
In thine own life, all purity and love !
See, too, the Rose, above the western portal [colours,
Resplendent with a thousand gorgeous

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness !
Elsie. And, in the gallery, the long
line of statues,
Christ with his twelve Apostles watch-
ing us !

(A Bishop in armour, booted and
spurred, passes with his train.)

Prince Henry. But come away ; we
have not time to look.
The crowd already fills the church,
and yonder
Upon a stage, a herald with a trumpet,
Clad like the Angel Gabriel, proclaims
The Mystery that will now be repre-
sented.

THE NATIVITY.

A MIRACLE PLAY.

INTROITUS.

Preco. Come, good people, all and
each,
Come and listen to our speech !
In your presence here I stand,
With a trumpet in my hand,
To announce the Easter Play,
Which we represent to-day !
First of all we shall rehearse,
In our action and our verse,
The Nativity of our Lord,
As written in the old record
Of the Protevangelion,
So that he who reads may run !

(Blows his trumpet.)

I. HEAVEN.

Mercy (at the feet of God). Have pity,
Lord ! be not afraid
To save mankind, whom thou hast
made,
Nor let the souls that were betrayed
Perish eternally !

Justice. It cannot be, it must not
be !

When in the garden placed by thee,
The fruit of the forbidden tree
He ate, and he must die !

Mercy. Have pity, Lord ! let peni-
tence

Atone for disobedience,
Nor let the fruit of man's offence
Be endless misery !

Justice. What penitence propor-
tionate

Can e'er be felt for sin so great ?

Of the forbidden fruit he ate,

And damned must he be !

God. He shall be saved, if that within
The bounds of earth one free from sin
Be found, who for his kith and kin

Will suffer martyrdom.

The Four Virtues. Lord ! we have
searched the world around,

From centre to the utmost bound,
But no such mortal can be found ;

Despairing, back we come.

Wisdom. No mortal, but a God
made man,

Can ever carry out this plan,
Achieving what none other can,

Salvation unto all !

God. Go, then, O my beloved Son !
It can by thee alone be done ;
By thee the victory shall be won
O'er Satan and the Fall !

(Here the ANGEL GABRIEL shall leave
Paradise and fly towards the earth :
the jaws of Hell open below, and the
Devils walk about, making a great
noise.)

II. MARY AT THE WELL.

Mary. Along the garden walk, and
thence
Through the wicket in the garden
fence, I steal with quiet pace,
My pitcher at the well to fill,
That lies so deep and cool and still
In this sequestered place.
These sycamores keep guard around
I see no face, I hear no sound ;
Save bubblings of the spring,

And my companions, who within
The threads of gold and scarlet spin,
And at their labour sing.
The Angel Gabriel. Hail, Virgin
Mary, full of grace !

(Here MARY looketh around her,
trembling, and then saith :)

Mary. Who is it speaketh in this
place,

With such a gentle voice ?

Gabriel. The Lord of heaven is
with thee now !

Blessed among all women thou,
Who art his holy choice !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Mary (setting down the pitcher).
What can this mean? No one
is near,

And yet, such sacred words I hear,
I almost fear to stay.

(Here the Angel appearing to her, shall
say.)

Gabriel. Fear not, O Mary! but
believe!

For thou, a Virgin, shalt conceive
A child this very day.

Fear not, O Mary! from the sky
The majesty of the Most High
Shall overshadow thee!

Mary. Behold the handmaid of the
Lord!

According to thy holy word,
So be it unto me!

(Here the Devils shall again make a
great noise, under the stage.)

III. THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN
PLANETS, BEARING THE STAR OF
BETHLEHEM.

The Angels. The Angels of the
Planets Seven,
Across the shining fields of heaven

The natal star we bring!
Dropping our sevenfold virtues down,
As priceless jewels in the crown
Of Christ, our new-born King.

Raphael. I am the Angel of the Sun,
Whose flaming wheels began to run
When God's almighty breath
Said to the darkness and the Night,
Let there be light! and there was
light!

I bring the gift of Faith.

Gabriel. I am the Angel of the
Moon,
Darkened, to be rekindled soon
Beneath the azure cope!
Nearest to earth, it is my ray
That best illumines the midnight way.

I bring the gift of Hope!

Anael. The Angel of the Star of
Love,

The Evening Star, that shines above
The place where lovers be,
Above all happy hearths and homes,
On roofs of thatch, or golden domes,
I give him Charity!

Zobiachel. The planet Jupiter is
mine!

The mightiest star of all that shine,
Except the sun alone!

He is the High Priest of the Dove,
And sends, from his great throne
above,

Justice, that shall atone!

Michael. The Planet Mercury,
whose place

Is nearest to the sun in space,

Is my allotted sphere!
And with celestial ardour swift

I bear upon my hands the gift
Of heavenly Prudence here!

Uriel. I am the Minister of Mars,
The strongest star among the stars!

My songs of power prelude
The march and battle of man's life,
And for the suffering and the strife,
I give him Fortitude!

Orifel. The Angel of the uttermost
Of all the shining, heavenly host,

From the far-off expanse
Of the Saturnian, endless space
I bring the last, the crowning grace,
The gift of Temperance!

(A sudden light shines from the win-
dows of the stable in the village below.)

IV. THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST.

The stable of the Inn. The VIRGIN
and CHILD. Three Gypsy Kings,
GASPAR, MELCHIOR, and BEL-
SHAZZAR, shall come in.

Gaspar. Hail to thee, Jesus of Na-
zareth!
Though in a manger thou draw
breath,

Thou art greater than Life and Death,
Greater than Joy or Woe!

This cross upon the line of life
Portendeth struggle, toil, and strife,
And through a region with peril rise

In darkness shalt thou go!
Melchior. Hail to thee, King of
Jerusalem!

Though humbly born in Betlehem,
A sceptre and a diadem

Await thy brow and hand!
The sceptre is a simple reed,
The crown will make thy temples
bleed,

And in thy hour of greatest need,
Abashed thy subjects stand!

Belsazar. Hail to thee, Christ of
Christendom!

O'er all the earth thy kingdom come!
From distant Trebizond to Rome

Thy name shall men adore!

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Peace and good-will among all men,
The Virgin has returned again,
Returned the old Saturnian reign
And Golden Age once more.
The Child Christ. Jesus, the Son of
God am I,
Born here to suffer and to die
According to the prophecy,
That other men may live !
The Virgin. And now these clothes,
that wrapped him, take,
And keep them precious, for his sake ;
Our benediction thus we make,
Nought else have we to give.
(She gives them swaddling clothes, and
they depart.)

V. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

(Here shall JOSEPH come in leading
an ass, on which are seated MARY
and the CHILD.)

Mary. Here will we rest us, under
these

O'er hanging branches of the trees,
Where robins chant their Litanies
And canticles of joy.
Joseph. My saddle-girths have given
way [day ;
With trudging through the heat to
To you I think it is but play
To ride and hold the boy.
Mary. Hark ! how the robins shout
and sing,
As if to hail their infant King !
I will alight at yonder spring
To wash his little coat.
Joseph. And I will hobble well the
Lest, being loose upon the grass, [ass,
He should escape ; for, by the mass,
He's nimble as a goat.

(Here MARY shall alight and go to
the spring.)

Mary. O Joseph, I am much afraid,
For men are sleeping in the shade ;
I fear that we shall be waylaid,
And robbed and beaten sore !

(Here a band of robbers shall be seen
sleeping, two of whom shall rise and
come forward.)

Dumachus. Cock's soul ! deliver up
your gold ?

Joseph. I pray you, Sirs, let go your
hold !

You see that I am weak and old,
Of wealth I have no store.

Dumachus. Give up your money
Titus. Prithee cease.

Let these good people go in peace.
Dumachus. First let them pay for
their release,

And then go on their way. [fee,
Titus. These forty groats I give in
If thou wilt only silent be.

Mary. May God be merciful to thee,
Upon the Judgment Day !
Jesus. When thirty years shall have
gone by,

I at Jerusalem shall die,
By Jewish hands exalted high
On the accursed tree.

Then on my right and my left side,
These thieves shall both be crucified,
And Titus thenceforth shall abide
In paradise with me.

(Here a great rumour of trumpets and
horses, like the noise of a king with
his army, and the robbers shall take
flight.)

VI. THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

King Herod. Potz-tausend ! Him-
mel-sacrament !

Filled am I with great wonderment
At this unwelcome news !
Am I not Herod ? Who shall dare
My crown to take, my sceptre bear,
As king among the Jews ?

(Here he shall stride up and down and
flourish his sword.)

What ho ! I fain would drink a can
Of the strong wine of Canaan !

The wine of Helbon bring
I purchased at the Fair of Tyre,
As red as blood, as hot as fire,
And fit for any king !

(He quaffs great goblets of wine.)

Now at the window will I stand,
While in the street the armed band
The little children slay :
The babe just born in Bethlehem
Will surely slaughtered be with them,
Nor live another day !

(Here a voice of lamentation shall be
heard in the street.)

Rachael. O wicked king ! O cruel
speed !

To do this most unrighteous deed !
My children all are slain :

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Herod. Ho, seneschal ! another cup !

With wine of Sorek fill it up !

I would a bumper drain !

Rahab. May maledictions fall and blast

Thyself and lineage to the last

Of all thy kith and kin !

Herod. Another goblet ! quick ! and stir

Pomegranate juice and drops of myrrh
And calamus therein !

Soldiers (in the street). Give up thy child into our hands !

It is King Herod who commands

That he should thus be slain !

The Nurse Medusa. O monstrous men ! What have ye done !

It is King Herod's only son

That ye have cleft in twain !

Herod. Ah luckless day ! What words of fear

Are these that smite upon my ear

With such a doleful sound !

What torments rack my heart and head.

Would I were dead ! would I were dead,

And buried in the ground !

(*He falls down and writhes as though eaten by worms. Hell opens, and SATAN and ASTAROTH come forth, and drag him down.*)

VII. JESUS AT PLAY WITH HIS SCHOOLMATES.

Jesus. The shower is over. Let us play,

And make some sparrows out of clay,
Down by the river's side.

Judas. See, how the stream has overflowed

Its banks, and o'er the meadow road
Is spreading far and wide !

(*They draw water out of the river by channels, and form little pools. JESUS makes twelve sparrows of clay, and the other boys do the same.*)

Jesus. Look ! look ! how prettily I make

These little sparrows by the lake
Bend down their necks and drink !

Now will I make them sing and soar
So far, they shall return no more

Unto this river's brink.

Judas. That canst thou not ! They are but clay,

They cannot sing, nor fly away
Above the meadow lands !

Jesus. Fly, fly ! ye sparrows ! you are free !

And while you live, remember me
Who made you with my hands.

(*Here JESUS shall clap his hands, and the sparrows shall fly away, chirruping.*)

Judas. Thou art a sorcerer, I know ;
Oft has my mother told me so,
I will not play with thee !

(*He strikes JESUS on the right side.*)

Jesus. Ah, Judas ! thou hast smote my side,
And when I shall be crucified,
There shall I pierced be !

(*Here JOSEPH shall come in, and say.*)

Joseph. Ye wicked boys ! why do ye play,
And break the holy Sabbath day ?

What, think ye, will your mothers say
To see you in such plight !

In such a sweat and such a heat,
With all that mud upon your feet !

There's not a beggar in the street
Makes such a sorry sight !

VIII. THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

(*The RABBI BEN ISRAEL, with a long beard, sitting on a high stool, with a rod in his hand.*)

Rabbi. I am the Rabbi Ben Israel,
Throughout this village known full well,

And, as my scholars all will tell,
Learned in things divine ;

The Cabala and Talmud hoar
Than all the prophets prize I more,

For water is all Bible lore,
But Mishna is strong wine.

My fame extends from West to East,
And always, at the Purim feast,

I am as drunk as any beast,
That wallows in his sty ;

The wine it so elateth me,

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

That I no difference can see
Between "Accursed Haman be!"
And "Blessed be Mordecai!"

Come hither, Judas Iscariot ;
Say, if thy lesson thou hast got
From the Rabbinical Book or not.
Why howl the dogs at night ?
Judas. In the Rabbinical Book, it saith
The dogs howl, when with icy breath
Great Sammaël, the Angel of Death,
Takes through the town his flight !

Rabbi. Well, boy ! now say, if thou art wise,
When the Angel of Death, who is full of eyes,
Comes where a sick man dying lies,
What doth he to the wight ?
Judas. He stands beside him, dark and tall,
Holding a sword, from which doth fall
Into his mouth a drop of gall,
And so he turneth white.
Rabbi. And now, my Judas, say to me
What the great Voices Four may be,
That quite across the world do flee,
And are not heard by men ?
Judas. The Voice of the Sun in heaven's dome,
The Voice of the Murmuring of Rome,
The Voice of a Soul that goeth home,
And the Angel of the Rain !

Rabbi. Right are thine answers, every one !
Now little Jesus, the carpenter's son,
Let us see how thy task is done,
Canst thou thy letters say ?
Jesus. Aleph.
Rabbi. What next ? Do not stop yet !
Go on with all the alphabet,
Come, Aleph, Beth ; dost thou forget ?
Cock's soul ! thou'dst rather play !
Jesus. What Aleph means I faint would know,
Before I any further go !
Rabbi. O, by Saint Peter ; wouldst thou so ?
Come hither, boy, to me.
As surely as the letter Jod
Once cried aloud, and spake to God,
So surely shalt thou feel this rod,
And punished shalt thou be !

(Here RABBI BEN ISRAEL shall lift up his rod to strike JESUS, and his right arm shall be paralysed.)

IX. CROWNED WITH FLOWERS.

(JESUS sitting among his playmates crowned with flowers as their King.)

Boys. We spread our garments on the ground !
With fragrant flowers thy head is crowned,
While like a guard we stand around,
And hail thee as our King !
Thou art the new King of the Jews !
Nor let the passers-by refuse
To bring that homage which men use
To majesty to bring,

(Here a traveller shall go by, and the boys shall lay hold of his garments and say :)

Boys. Come hither ! and all reverence pay
Unto our monarch, crowned to-day !
Then go rejoicing on your way,
In all prosperity !

Traveller. Hail to the King of Bethlehem,
Who weareth in his diadem
The yellow crocus for the gem
Of his authority !

(He passes by; and others come in, bearing on a litter a sick child.)

Boys. Set down the litter and draw near !
The King of Bethlehem is here !
What ails the child, who seems to fear
That we shall do him harm ?
The Bearers. He climbed up to the robin's nest,
And out there darted, from his rest,
A serpent with a crimson crest,
And stung him in the arm.
Jesus. Bring him to me, and let me feel
The wounded place ; my touch can heal
The sting of serpents, and can steal
The poison from the bite !

(He touches the wound, and the boy begins to cry.)

Cease to lament ! I can foresee
That thou hereafter known shalt be
Among the men who follow me,
As Simon the Canaanite !

LONGFELLOW' POETICAL WORKS.

EPILOGUE.

In the after part of the day
Will be represented another play,
Of the Passion of our Blessed Lord,
Beginning directly after Notes !

At the close of which we shall
accord,
By way of benison and reward,
The sight of a holy Martyr's bones !

IV.

*The road to Hirschau. PRINCE HENRY
and ELSIE, with their attendants,
on horseback.*

Elsie. Onward and onward the highway runs to the distant city, impatiently bearing
Tidings of human joy and disaster, of love and of hate, of doing and daring !

Prince Henry. This life of ours is a wild æolian harp of many a joyous strain,
But under them all there runs a loud perpetual wail, as of souls in pain.

Elsie. Faith alone can interpret life, and the heart that aches and bleeds with the stigma
Of pain, alone bears the likeness of Christ, and can comprehend its dark enigma.

Prince Henry. Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure with little care of what may betide ;
Else why am I travelling here beside thee, a demon that rides by an angel's side ?

Elsie. All the hedges are white with dust, and the great dog under the creaking wain,
Hangs his head in the lazy heat, while onward the horses toil and strain.

Prince Henry. Now they stop at the wayside inn, and the waggoner laughs with the landlord's daughter,
While out of the dripping trough the horses distend their leathern sides with water.

Elsie. All through life there are wayside inns, where man may refresh his soul with love ;
Even the lowest may quench his thirst at rivulets fed by springs from above.

Prince Henry. Yonder, where rises the cross of stone, our journey along the highway ends,
And over the fields, by a bridle path, down into the broad green valley descends.

Elsie. I am not sorry to leave behind the beaten road with its dust and heat ;
The air will be sweeter far, and the turf will be softer under our horses' feet.

(They turn down a green lane.)

Elsie. Sweet is the air with the budding haws, and the valley stretching for miles below
Is white with blossoming cherry-trees, as if just covered with lightest snow.

Prince Henry. Over our heads a white cascade is gleaming against the distant hill ;
We cannot hear it, nor see it move, but it hangs like a banner when winds are still.

Elsie. Damp and cool is this deep ravine, and cool the sound of the brook by our side !

What is this castle that rises above us, and lords it over a land so wide ?

Prince Henry. It is the home of the Counts of Calva ; well have I known these scenes of old,
Well I remember each tower and turret, remember the brooklet, the wood, and the wold.

Elsie. Hark ! from the little village below us the bells of the church are ringing for rain !
Priests and peasants in long procession come forth and kneel on the arid plain.

Prince Henry. They have not long to wait, for I see in the south uprising a little cloud,
That before the sun shall be set will cover the sky above us as with a shroud.

(They pass on.)

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

The Convent of Hirschau in the Black Forest. The Convent cellar. FRIAR CLAUS comes in with a light and a basket of empty flagons.

Friar Claus. I always enter this sacred place
With a thoughtful, solemn, and reverent pace,

Pausing long enough on each stair
To breathe an ejaculatory prayer,
And a benediction on the vines [wines! That produce these various sorts of
For my part, I am well content
That we have got through with the tedious Lent !

Fasting is all very well for those [foes ;
Who have to contend with invisible
But I am quite sure it does not agree
With a quiet, peaceful man like me,
Who am not of that nervous and meagre kind [and mind !
That are always distressed in body
And at times it really does me good
To come down among this brotherhood,

Dwelling for ever under ground,
Silent, contemplative, round and sound ;
Each one old, and brown with mould,
But filled to the lips with the ardour
of youth, [truth,
With the latent power and love of
And with virtues fervent and manifold.

I have heard it said, that at Easter-tide,
When buds are swelling on every side,
And the sap begins to move in the vine,
Then in all cellars, far and wide,
The oldest, as well as the newest, wine
Begins to stir itself, and ferment,
With a kind of revolt and discontent
At being so long in darkness pent,
And fain would burst from its sombre tun

To bask on the hillside in the sun ;
As in the bosom of us poor friars,
The tumult of half-subdued desires
For the world that we have left behind
Disturbs at times all peace of mind !
And now that we have lived through
My duty it is, as often before, [Lent,
To open awhile the prison-door,
And give these restless spirits vent.

Now here is a cask that stands alone,
And has stood a hundred years or more,

Its beard of cobwebs, long and hoar,
Trailing and sweeping along the floor,
Like Barbarossa, who sits in his cave,
Taciturn, sombre, sedate, and grave,
Till his beard has grown through the table of stone !

It is of the quick and not of the dead !
In its veins the blood is hot and red,
And a heart still beats in those ribs of oak

That time may have tamed, but has not broke.
It comes from Bacharach on the Rhine,
Is one of the three best kinds of wine,
And cost some hundred florins the ohm ;

But that I do not consider dear,
When I remember that every year
Four butts are sent to the Pope of Rome,
And whenever a goblet thereof I drain,
The old rhyme keeps running in my brain !

At Bacharach on the Rhine,
At Hochheim on the Main,
And at Würzburg on the Stein,
Grow the three best kinds of wine !

They are all good wines, and better far
Than those of the Neckar, or those of the Ahr.
In particular Würzburg well may boast
Of its blessed wine of the Holy Ghost,
Which of all wines I like the most.
This I shall draw for the Abbot's drinking,
Who seems to be much of my way of thinking.

(Fills a flagon.)

Ah ! how the streamlet laughs and sings !
What a delicious fragrance springs
From the deep flagon while it fills,
As of hyacinths and daffodils !
Between this cask and the Abbot's lips
Many have been the sips and slips ;
Many have been the draughts of wine,
On their way to his, that have stopped at mine ;
And many a time my soul has hankered
For a deep draught out of his silver tankard,
When it should have been busy with other affairs,
Less with its longings and more with its prayers.
But now there is no such awkward condition, [tion ;
No danger of death and eternal perdi-

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

So here's to the Abbot and Brothers all,
Who dwell in this convent of Peter
and Paul !

(*He drinks.*)

O cordial delicious ! O soother of pain !
It flashes like sunshine into my brain !
A benison rest on the Bishop who
sends
Such a fudder of wine as this to his
friends !

And now a flagon for such as may ask
A draught from the noble Bacharach
cask,
And I will be gone, though I know
full well
The cellar's a cheerfuller place than
the cell.
Behold where he stands, all sound and
good.
Brown and old in his oaken hood ;
Silent he seems externally
As any Carthusian monk may be ;
But within, what a spirit of deep
unrest !

What a seething and simmering in
his breast !
As if the heaving of his great heart
Would burst his belt of oak apart !
Let me unloose this button of wood,
And quiet a little his turbulent mood.

(*Sets it running.*)

See ! how its currents gleam and shine,
As if they had caught the purple hues
Of autumn sunsets on the Rhine,
Descending and mingling with the
dews ;
Or as if the grapes were stained with
the blood
Of the innocent boy, who, some years
back,
Was taken and crucified by the Jews,
In that ancient town of Bacharach ;
Perdition upon those infidel Jews,
In that ancient town of Bacharach !
The beautiful town that gives us wine
With the fragrant odour of Muscadine !
I should deem it wrong to let this pass
Without first touching my lips to the
glass,
For here in the midst of the current I
stand,
Like the stone Pfalz in the midst of
the river,
Taking toll upon either hand,
And much more grateful to the giver.

(*He drinks.*)

Here, now, is a very inferior kind,
Such as in any town you may find,
Such as one might imagine would suit
The rascal who drank wine out of a
boot.

And, after all, it was not a crime,
For he won thereby Dorf Huffelsheim.
A jolly old toper ! who at a pull
Could drink a postilion's jack-boot full,
And ask with a laugh, when that was
done,

If the fellow had left the other one !
This wine is as good as we can afford
To the friars, who sit at the lower
board,
And cannot distinguish bad from
good,
And are far better off than if they
could,

Being rather the rude disciples of beer
Than of anything more refined and
dear !

(*Fills the other flagon and departs.*)

The Scriptorium. FRIAR PACIFICUS
transcribing and illuminating.

Friar Pacificus. It is growing dark !
Yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.
I come again to the name of the Lord !
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause awhile and wash my
pen ;

Pure from blemish and blot must it be
When it writes that word of mystery !

Thus have I laboured on and on,
Nearly through the Gospel of John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ himself perhaps has
kissed,

Came the dread Apocalypse !
It has a very awful look, [book,
As it stands there at the end of the
Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah me ! when I think of that vision
divine,

Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the closing
verse !

God forgive me ! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that Pro-
phecy,

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.



Lest my part too should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

This is well written, though I say it !
I should not be afraid to display it,
In open day, on the selfsame shelf
With the writings of St. Thecla herself,
Or of Theodosius, who of old
Wrote the Gospels in letters of gold !
That goodly folio standing yonder,
Without a single blot or blunder,
Would not bear away the palm from
mine,

If we should compare them line for line.

There, now, is an initial letter !
Saint Ulric himself never made a
better !

Finished down to the leaf and the snail,
Down to the eyes on the peacock's
tail !

And now, as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and
cover,

What treasures of art these pages hold,
All a-blaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me ! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart, and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of thy Word,
Written out with much toil and pain ;
Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for thee !

(*He looks from the window.*)

How sweet the air is ! How fair the
scene !
I wish I had as lovely a green

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

To paint my landscapes and my leaves ! [eaves !
How the swallows twitter under the There, now, there is one in her nest ; I can just catch a glimpse of her head and breast,
And will sketch her thus, in her quiet nook,
For the margin of my Gospel book.
(He makes a sketch.)

I can see no more. Through the valley yonder [thunder
A shower is passing ; I hear the Mutter its curses in the air,
The Devil's own and only prayer !
The dusty road is brown with rain,
And, speeding on with might and main,
Hitherward rides a gallant train.
They do not parley, they cannot wait,
But hurry in at the convent gate.
What a fair lady ! and beside her
What a handsome, graceful, noble rider !
Now she gives him her hand to alight ;
They will beg a shelter for the night.
I will go down to the corridor,
And try to see that face once more ;
It will do for the face of some beautiful Saint,
Or for one of the Maries I shall paint.
(Goes out.)

The Cloisters. The ABBOT ERNESTUS pacing to and fro.

Abbot. Slowly, slowly up the wall Steals the sunshine, steals the shade ; Evening damps begin to fall, Evening shadows are displayed. Round me, o'er me, everywhere, All the sky is grand with clouds, And athwart the evening air Wheel the swallows home in crowds. Shafts of sunshine from the west Paint the dusky windows red ; Darker shadows, deeper rest, Underneath and overhead. Darker, darker, and more wan, In my breast the shadows fall ; Upward steals the life of man, As the sunshine from the wall, From the wall into the sky, From the roof along the spire ; Ah, the souls of those that die Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

(Enter PRINCE HENRY.)

Prince Henry. Christ is arisen !
Abbot. Amen ! he is arisen ! His peace be with you !

Prince Henry. Here it reigns for ever !

The peace of God, that passeth understanding,
Reigns in these cloisters and these corridors.

Are you Ernestus, Abbot of the convent ?

Abbot. I am.

Prince Henry. And I Prince Henry of Hohenec, Who crave your hospitality to-night.

Abbot. You are thrice welcome to our humble walls.

You do us honour ; and we shall requite it,
I fear, but poorly, entertaining you With Paschal eggs, and our poor convent wine,

The remnants of our Easter holidays.

Prince Henry. How fares it with the holy monks of Hirschau ?

Are all things well with them ?

Abbot. All things are well.

Prince Henry. A noble convent ! I have known it long

By the report of travellers. I now see Their commendations lag behind the truth.

You lie here in the valley of the Naganold

As in a nest : and the still river, gliding Along its bed, is like an admonition How all things pass. Your lands are rich and ample, And your revenues large. God's benediction Rests on your convent.

Abbot. By our charities We strive to merit it. Our Lord and Master,

When he departed, left us in his will, As our best legacy on earth, the poor ! These we have always with us ; had we not,

Our hearts would grow as hard as are these stones.

Prince Henry. If I remember right, the Counts of Calva Founded your convent.

Abbot. Even as you say. Prince Henry. And, if I err not, it is very old.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Abbot. Within these cloisters lie
already buried
Twelve holy Abbots. Underneath the
flags
On which we stand, the Abbot
William lies,
Of blessed memory.

Prince Henry. And whose tomb
is that,
Which bears the brass escutcheon ?
Abbot. A benefactor's,
Conrad, a Count of Calva, he who
stood
Godfather to our bells.
Prince Henry. Your monks are
learned
And holy men, I trust.

Abbot. There are among them
Learned and holy men. Yet in this
age
We need another Hildebrand, to shake
And purify us like a mighty wind.
The world is wicked, and sometimes I
wonder
God does not lose his patience with it
wholly,
And shatter it like glass ! Even here,
at times,
Within these walls, where all should
be at peace,
I have my trials. Time has laid his
hand
Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.

Ashes are on my head, and on my lips
Sackcloth, and in my breast a heaviness
And weariness of life, that makes me
ready
To say to the dead Abbots under us,
" Make room for me !" Only I see
the dusk
Of evening twilight coming, and have
not
Completed half my task ; and so at
times
The thought of my shortcomings in
this life
Falls like a shadow on the life to come.

Prince Henry. We must all die, and
not the old alone ;
The young have no exemption from
that doom.

Abbot. Ah, yes ! the young may die,
but the old must !

That is the difference.

Prince Henry. I have heard much
laud
Of your transcribers. Your Scripto-
rium
Is famous among all ; your manu-
scripts
Praised for their beauty and their ex-
cellence.

Abbot. That is indeed our boast.
If you desire it,
You shall behold these treasures. And
meanwhile
Shall the Refectorarius bestow
Your horses and attendants for the
night.

(They go in. *The Vesper-bell rings.*)

*The Chapel. Vespers : after which the
monks retire, a chorister leading an
old monk who is blind.*

Prince Henry. They are all gone,
save one who lingers,
Absorbed in deep and silent prayer.
As if his heart could find no rest,
At times he beats his heaving breast
With clenched and convulsive fingers,
Then lifts them trembling in the air.
A chorister, with golden hair,
Guides hitherward his heavy pace.
Can it be so ? Or does my sight
Deceive me in the uncertain light ?
Ah no ! I recognize that face,
Though Time has touched it in his
flight,
And changed the auburn hair to white.
It is Count Hugo of the Rhine,
The deadliest foe of all our race,
And hateful unto me and mine !

The Blind Monk. Who is it that
doth stand so near
His whispered words I almost hear ?

Prince Henry. I am Prince Henry
of Hoheneck,
And you, Count Hugo of the Rhine !
I know you, and I see the scar,
The brand upon your forehead, shine
And redder like a baleful star !

The Blind Monk. Count Hugo
once, but now the wreck
Of what I was. O Hoheneck !
The passionate will, the pride, the
wrath

That bore me headlong on my path,
Stumbled and staggered into fear,
And failed me in my mad career,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

As a tired steed some evil-doer,
Alone upon a desolate moor,
Bewildered, lost, deserted, blind,
And hearing loud and close behind
The o'er-taking steps of his pursuer.
Then suddenly from the dark there
came

A voice that called me by my name,
And said to me, "Kneel down and
pray!"

And so my terror passed away,
Passed utterly away for ever.
Contrition, penitence, remorse,
Came on me, with o'erwhelming force;
A hope, a longing, an endeavour,
By days of penance and nights of
prayer,

To frustrate and defeat despair!
Calm, deep, and still is now my heart,
With tranquil waters overflowed;
A lake whose unseen fountains start,
Where once the hot volcano glowed.
And you, O prince of Hohenec !
Have known me in that earlier time,
A man of violence and crime,
Whose passions brooked no curb nor
check.

Behold me now, in gentler mood,
One of this holy brotherhood.
Give me your hand; here let me kneel;
Make your reproaches sharp as steel;
Spurn me, and smite me on each cheek;
No violence can harm the meek,
There is no wound Christ cannot heal!
Yes; lift your princely hand, and take
Revenge, if 'tis revenge you seek;
Then pardon me, for Jesus' sake!

Prince Henry. Arise, Count Hugo !
let there be

No further strife nor enmity
Between us twain; we both have erred!
Too rash in act, too wroth in word.
From the beginning have we stood
In fierce, defiant attitude,
Each thoughtless of the other's right,
And each reliant on his might.
But now our souls are more subdued;
The hand of God, and not in vain,
Has touched us with the fire of pain.
Let us kneel down, and side by side
Pray, till our souls are purified,
And pardon will not be denied!

(They kneel.)

*The Refectory. Gaudium of Monks
at midnight. LUCIFER disguised
as a Friar.*

Friar Paul (sings).

Ave ! color vini clari,
Dulcis potus, non amari,
Tua nos inebriari
Digneris potentia !

Friar Cuthbert. Not so much noise,
my worthy freres,
You'll disturb the Abbot at his prayers.

Friar Paul (sings).
O ! quam placens in colore !
O ! quam fragrans in odore !
O ! quam sapidum in ore !
Dulce lingue vinculum !

Friar Cuthbert. I should think your
tongue had broken its chain !

Friar Paul (sings).
Felix venter quem intrabis !
Felix guttur quod rigabis !
Felix os quod tu lavabis !
Et beata labia !

Friar Cuthbert. Peace ! I say,
peace !

Will you never cease !
You will rouse up the Abbot, I tell
you again !

Friar John. No danger ! to-night
he will let us alone,
As I happen to know he has guests
of his own.

Friar Cuthbert. Who are they ?

Friar John. A German Prince and
his train,

Who arrived here just before the rain.
There is with him a damsel fair to see,
As slender and graceful as a reed !
When she alighted from her steed,
It seemed like a blossom blown from a
tree.

Friar Cuthbert. None of your pale-
faced girls for me !

None of your damsels of high degree !

Friar John. Come, old fellow, drink
down to your peg !

But do not drink any farther, I beg !

Friar Paul (sings).

In the days of gold,
The days of old,
Crosier of wood
And bishop of gold !

Friar Cuthbert. What an infernal
racket and riot !

Can you not drink your wine in quiet ?

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Why fill the convent with such scandals,
As if we were so many drunken Vandals?

Friar Paul (continues).

Now we have changed
That law so good,
To crozier of gold
And bishop of wood !

Friar Cuthbert. Well, then, since
you are in the mood
To give your noisy humours vent,
Sing and howl to your heart's content !

Chorus of Monks.

Funde vinum, funde !
Tanquam sint fluminis undæ,
Nec queras unde,
Sed fundas semper abunde !

Friar John. What is the name of
yonder friar,
With an eye that glows like a coal of
fire,
And such a black mass of tangled hair?
Friar Paul. He who is sitting there,
With a rollicking,
Devil may care,
Free-and-easy look and air,
As if he were used to such feasting
and frolicking?

Friar John. The same.

Friar Paul. He's a stranger. You
had better ask his name,
And where he is going, and whence he
came.

Friar John. Hallo ! Sir Friar !

Friar Paul. You must raise your
voice a little higher,
He does not seem to hear what you say.
Now, try again ! He is looking this
way.

Friar John. Hallo ! Sir Friar.
We wish to inquire
Whence you came, and where you are
going,
And anything else that is worth the
knowing,

So be so good as to open your head.

Lucifer. I am a Frenchman born
and bred,
Going on a pilgrimage to Rome.
My home
Is the convent of St. Gildas de Rhuys,
Of which, very like, you never have
heard.

Monks. Never a word !

Lucifer. You must know, then, it
is in the diocese
Called the Diocese of Vannes,

In the province of Brittany.
From the gray rocks of Morbihan
It overlooks the angry sea ;
The very sea-shore where,
In his great despair,
Abbot Abelard walked to and fro,
Filling the night with woe,
And wailing aloud to the merciless
seas

The name of his sweet Heloise !
Whilst overhead
The convent windows gleamed as red
As the fiery eyes of the monks within,
Who with jovial din
Gave themselves up to all kinds of sin !
Ha ! that is a convent ! that is an
abbey !

Over the doors,
None of your death-heads carved in
wood,
None of your Saints looking pious and
good,
None of your patriarchs old and
shabby ;
But the heads and tusks of boars,
And the cells
Hung all round with the fells
Of the fallow-deer.
And then what cheer ;
What jolly, fat friars,
Sitting round the great, roaring fires,
Roaring louder than they,
With their strong wines,
And their concubines,
And never a bell,
With its swagger and swell,
Calling you up with a start of affright
In the dead of night,
To send you grumbling down dark
stairs,

To mumble your prayers.
But the cheery crow
Of cocks in the yard below,
After daybreak, an hour or so,
And the barking of deep-mouthed
hounds,

These are the sounds
That, instead of bells, salute the ear.
And then all day
Up and away
Through the forest, hunting the deer !
Ah, my friends ! I'm afraid that here
You are a little too pious, a little too
tame,
And the more is the shame.
'Tis the greatest folly
Not to be jolly ;
That's what I think !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Come drink, drink,
Drink, and die game !
Monks. And your Abbot What's-his-name ?

Lucifer. Abelard !

Monks. Did he drink hard ?

Lucifer. O no ! Not he !

He was a dry old fellow,
Without juice enough to get thoroughly mellow.

There he stood,
Lowering at us in sullen mood,
As if he had come into Brittany
Just to reform our brotherhood !

(*A roar of laughter.*)

But you see
It never would do !
For some of us knew a thing or two,
In the Abbey of St. Gildas de Rhuys !
For instance, the great ado
With old Fulbert's niece,
The young and lovely Heloise.

Friar John. Stop there, if you please,
Till we drink to the fair Heloise.

All (drinking and shouting).
Heloise ! Heloise !

(*The Chapel-bell tolls.*)

Lucifer (starting). What is that bell for ? Are you such asses
As to keep up the fashion of midnight masses ?

Friar Cuthbert. It is only a poor unfortunate brother,
Who is gifted with most miraculous powers
Of getting up at all sorts of hours,
And, by way of penance and Christian meekness,
Of creeping silently out of his cell
To take a pull at that hideous bell ;
So that all the monks who are lying awake

May murmur some kind of prayer for his sake,

And adapted to his peculiar weakness !

Friar John. From frailty and fall —

All. Good Lord, deliver us all !

Friar Cuthbert. And before the bell for matins sounds,

He takes his lantern, and goes the rounds,

Flashing it into our sleepy eyes,

Merely to say it is time to arise.

But enough of that. Go on, if you please,

[Rhuys.]

With your story about St. Gildas de

Lucifer. Well, it finally came to pass
That, half in fun and half in malice,
One Sunday at Mass
We put some poison into the chalice.
But, either by accident or design,
Peter Abelard kept away
From the chapel that day,
And a poor young friar, who in his stead
Drank the sacramental wine,
Fell on the steps of the altar, dead !
But look ! do you see at the window there

That face, with a look of grief and despair,
That ghastly face, as of one in pain ?

Monks. Who ? where ?

Lucifer. As I spoke, it vanished away again.

Friar Cuthbert. It is that nefarious Siebald the Refectorarius.
That fellow is always playing the scout, Creeping and peeping and prowling about ;

And then he regales The Abbot with scandalous tales.

Lucifer. A spy in the convent ? One of the brothers

Telling scandalous tales of the others ? Out upon him, the lazy loon ! I would put a stop to that pretty soon, In a way he should rue it.

Monks. How shall we do it ?

Lucifer. Do you, brother Paul, Creep under the window, close to the wall,

And open it suddenly when I call. Then seize the villain by the hair, And hold him there,

And punish him soundly, once for all.

Friar Cuthbert. As St. Dunstan of old,

We are told, Once caught the Devil by the nose !

Lucifer. Ha ! ha ! that story is very clever,

But has no foundation whatsoever.

Quick ! for I see his face again Glaring in at the window-pane ;

Now ! now ! and do not spare your blows.

(*FRIAR PAUL opens the window suddenly and seizes SIEBALD. They beat him.*)

Friar Siebald. Help ! help ! are you going to slay me ?

Friar Paul. That will teach you again to betray me !



Love, that of every woman's heart
Will have the whole, and not a part,
That is to her, in Nature's plan,
More than ambition is to man,
Her light, her life, her very breath,
With no alternative but death,
Found me a maiden soft and young,
Just from the convent's cloistered
school,

And seated on my lowly stool,
Attentive while the minstrels sung.

Gallant, graceful, gentle, tall,
Fairest, noblest, best of all,
Was Walter of the Vogelweid ;
And, whatsoever may betide,
Still I think of him with pride !
His song was of the summer-time,
The very birds sang in his rhyme ;
The sunshine, the delicious air,
The fragrance of the flowers, were
And I grew restless as I heard, [there;
Restless and buoyant as a bird,
Down soft, aerial currents sailing,
O'er blossomed orchards, and fields
in bloom,

And through the momentary gloom

Of shadows o'er the landscape trailing,
Yielding and borne I knew not where,
But feeling resistance unavailing.

And thus, unnoticed and apart,
And more by accident than choice,
I listened to that single voice
Until the chambers of my heart
Were filled with it by night and day.
One night,—it was a night in May,—
Within the garden, unawares,
Under the blossoms in the gloom,
I heard it utter my own name
With protestations and wild prayers ;
And it rang through me, and became
Like the archangel's trump of doom,
Which the soul hears, and must obey ;
And mine arose as from a tomb.
My former life now seemed to me
Such as hereafter death may be,
When in the great Eternity
We shall awake and find it day.
It was a dream, and would not stay ;
A dream, that in a single night
Faded and vanished out of sight.
My father's anger followed fast
This passion, as a freshening blast

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Seeks out and fans the fire, whose rage
It may increase, but not assuage.
And he exclaimed : " No wandering
bard

Shall win thy hand, O Irmgard !
For which Prince Henry of Hoheneck
By messenger and letter sues."

Gently, but firmly, I replied :
" Henry of Hoheneck I discard !
Never the hand of Irmgard
Shall lie in his as the hand of a bride ! "
This said I, Walter, for thy sake ;
This said I, for I could not choose.
After a pause, my father spake
In that cold and deliberate tone
Which turns the hearer into stone,
And seems itself the act to be
That follows with such dread cer-
tainty :

" This, or the cloister and the veil ! "
No other words than these he said,
But they were like a funeral wail ;
My life was ended, my heart was dead.

That night from the castle-gate went
down,
With silent, slow, and stealthy pace,
Two shadows, mounted on shadowy
steeds,

Taking the narrow path that leads
Into the forest dense and brown.
In the leafy darkness of the place,
One could not distinguish form nor
face,

Only a bulk without a shape,
A darker shadow in the shade ;
One scarce could say it moved or
stayed.

Thus it was we made our escape !
A foaming brook, with many a bound,
Followed us like a playful hound ;
Then leaped before us, and in the
hollow

Paused, and waited for us to follow,
And seemed impatient, and afraid
That our tardy flight should be be-
trayed [made.

By the sound our horses' hoof-beats
And when we reached the plain below,
We paused a moment and drew rein
To look back at the castle again ;
And we saw the windows all aglow
With lights, that were passing to and
fro :

Our hearts with terror ceased to beat ;
The brook crept silent to our feet ;
We knew what most we feared to know.
Then suddenly horns began to blow ;

And we heard a shout, and a heavy
tramp,

And our horses snorted in the damp
Night-air of the meadows green and
wide,

And in a moment, side by side,
So close, they must have seemed but
one,
The shadows across the moonlight
run,

And another came, and swept behind,
Like the shadow of clouds before the
wind !

How I remember that breathless flight
Across the moors, in the summer
night !

How under our feet the long, white
road

Backward like a river flowed,
Sweeping with it fences and hedges,
Whilst farther away, and overhead,
Paler than I, with fear and dread,
The moon fled with us, as we fled
Along the forest's jagged edges !

All this I can remember well ;
But of what afterwards befell
I nothing further can recall
Than a blind, desperate, headlong
fall ;

The rest is a blank and darkness all.
When I awoke out of this swoon,
The sun was shining, not the moon,
Making a cross upon the wall
With the bars of my windows narrow
and tall ;

And I prayed to it, as I had been wont
to pray,

From early childhood, day by day,
Each morning, as in bed I lay !
I was lying again in my own room !
And I thanked God, in my fever and
pain,

That those shadows on the midnight
plain

Were gone, and could not come again !
I struggled no longer with my doom !

This happened many years ago.
I left my father's home to come
Like Catherine to her martyrdom,
For blindly I esteemed it so.
And when I heard the convent door
Behind me close, to ope no more,
I felt it smite me like a blow.
Through all my limbs a shudder ran,
And on my bruised spirit fell

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The dampness of my narrow cell
As night-air on a wounded man,
Giving intolerable pain.

But now a better life began.
I felt the agony decrease
By slow degrees, then wholly cease,
Ending in perfect rest and peace !
It was not apathy, nor dulness,
That weighed and pressed upon my
brain,

But the same passion I had given
To earth before, now turned to heaven
With all its overflowing fulness.

Alas ! the world is full of peril !
The path that runs through the fairest
meads,

On the sunniest side of the valley, leads
Into a region bleak and sterile !
Alike in the high-born and the lowly,
The will is feeble, and passion strong.
We cannot sever right from wrong ;
Some falsehood mingles with all truth ;
Nor is it strange the heart of youth
Should waver and comprehend but
slowly

The things that are holy and unholy !
But in this sacred, calm retreat,
We are all well and safely shielded
From winds that blow, and waves that
beat,

From the cold, and rain, and blighting
heat,
To which the strongest hearts have
yielded.

Here we stand as the Virgins Seven,
For our celestial bridegroom yearning ;
Our hearts are lamps for ever burning,
With a steady and unwavering flame,
Pointing upward, for ever the same,
Steadily upward toward the heaven !

The moon is hidden behind a cloud ;
A sudden darkness fills the room,
And thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,
Shine like jewels in a shroud.
On the leaves is a sound of falling rain ;
A bird, awakened in its nest,
Gives a faint twitter of unrest,
Then smooths its plumes and sleeps
again.

No other sounds than these I hear ;
The hour of midnight must be near.
Thou art o'erspent with the day's
fatigue

Of riding many a dusty league ;
Sink, then, gently to thy slumber ;
Me so many cares encumber,

So many ghosts, and forms of fright,
Have started from their graves to-
night,
They have driven sleep from mine
eyes away :
I will go down to the chapel and pray.

V.

A covered bridge at Lucerne.

Prince Henry. God's blessing on the
architects who build

The bridges o'er swift rivers and abysses
Before impassable to human feet,
No less than on the builders of
cathedrals,

Whose massive walls are bridges thrown
across

The dark and terrible abyss of Death.
Well has the name of Pontifex been
given

Unto the Church's head, as the chief
builder

And architect of the invisible bridge
That leads from earth to heaven.

Elsie. How dark it grows !
What are these paintings on the walls
around us ?

Prince Henry. The Dance Macabre !
Elsie. What ?

Prince Henry. The Dance of Death !
All that go to and fro must look upon it,
Mindful of what they shall be, while
beneath,

Among the wooden piles, the turbulent
river

Rushes, impetuous as the river of life,
With dimpling eddies, ever green and
bright,

Sav where the shadow of this bridge
falls on it.

Elsie. O yes ! I see it now !

Prince Henry. The grim musician
Leads all men through the mazes of
that dance,

To different sounds in different mea-
sures moving ;

Sometimes he plays a lute, sometimes
a drum,

To tempt or terrify.

Elsie. What is this picture ?

Prince Henry. It is a young man
singing to a nun,
Who kneels at her devotions, but in
kneeling

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Turns round to look at him, and
Death, meanwhile,
Is putting out the candles on the altar!
Elsie. Ah, what a pity 'tis that she
should listen
Unto such songs, when in her orisons
She might have heard in heaven the
angels singing!

Prince Henry. Here he has stolen a
jester's cap and bells,
And dances with the Queen.

Elsie. A foolish jest!

Prince Henry. And here the heart
of the new-wedded wife,
Coming from church with her beloved
lord,
He startles with the rattle of his drum.
Elsie. Ah, that is sad ! And yet
perhaps 'tis best

That she should die, with all the sun-
shine on her, [ing,
And all the benedictions of the morn-
Before this affluence of golden light
Shall fade into a cold and clouded
gray,

Then into darkness !

Prince Henry. Under it is written,
" Nothing but death shall separate
thee and me ! "

Elsie. And what is this, that follows
close upon it?

Prince Henry. Death, playing on a
dulcimer. Behind him,
A poor old woman, with a rosary,
Follows the sound, and seems to wish
her feet
Were swifter to o'ertake him. Under-
neath,

The inscription reads, " Better is
Death than Life."

Elsie. Better is Death than Life !
Ah yes ! to thousands
Death plays upon a dulcimer, and sings
That song of consolation, till the air
Rings with it, and they cannot choose
but follow

Whither he leads. And not the old
alone,
But the young also hear it, and are still.
Prince Henry. Yes, in their sadder
moments. 'Tis the sound
Of their own hearts they hear, half
full of tears,
Which are like crystal cups, half filled
with water,
Responding to the pressure of a finger
With music sweet and low and melan-
choly.

427

Let us go forward, and no longer stay
In this great picture-gallery of Death !
I hate it ! ay, the very thought of it !

Elsie. Why is it hateful to you ?

Prince Henry. For the reason
That life, and all that speaks of life,
is lovely,

And death, and all that speaks of
death, is hateful.

Elsie. The grave itself is but a
covered bridge,
Leading from light to light, through a
brief darkness !

Prince Henry (*emerging from the
bridge*). I breathe again more
freely ! Ah, how pleasant
To come once more into the light of
day,

Out of that shadow of death ! To hear
again
The hoof-beats of our horses on firm
ground,
And not upon those hollow planks,
resounding

With a sepulchral echo, like the clods
On coffins in a churchyard ! Yonder
lies

The Lake of the Four Forest-Towns,
apparelled
In light, and lingering, like a village
maiden,
Hid in the bosom of her native moun-
tains,
Then pouring all her life into another's,
Changing her name and being ! Over-
head,
Shaking his cloudy tresses loose in air,
Rises Pilatus, with his windy pines.

(They pass on.)

The Devil's Bridge. PRINCE HENRY
and ELSIE crossing, with attendants.

Guide. This bridge is called the
Devil's Bridge.

With a single arch, from ridge to ridge,
It leaps across the terrible chasm
Yawning beneath us, black and deep,
As if, in some convulsive spasm,
The summits of the hills had cracked,
And made a road for the cataract,
That raves and rages down the steep !

Lucifer (*under the bridge*). Ha ! ha !
Guide. Never any bridge but this
Could stand across the wild abyss ;
All the rest, of wood or stone,
By the Devil's hand were overthrown.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

He toppled crags from the precipice,
And whatsoe'er was built by day
In the night was swept away ;
None could stand but this alone.

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha ! ha !
Guide. I showed you in the valley a
boulder

Marked with the imprint of his shoulder ;

As he was bearing it up this way,
A peasant, passing, cried, "Herr Jé!"
And the Devil dropped it in his fright,
And vanished suddenly out of sight !

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha ! ha !

Guide. Abbot Giraldus of Einsiedel,
For pilgrims on their way to Rome,
Built this at last, with a single arch,
Under which, on its endless march,
Runs the river, white with foam,
Like a thread through the eye of a needle.

And the Devil promised to let it stand,
Under compact and condition
That the first living thing which crossed

Should be surrendered into his hand,
And be beyond redemption lost.

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha ! ha !
perdition !

Guide. At length, the bridge being
all completed,
The Abbot, standing at its head,
Threw across it a loaf of bread,
Which a hungry dog sprang after,
And the rocks re-echoed with peals of laughter

To see the Devil thus defeated !

(They pass on.)

Lucifer (under the bridge). Ha ! ha !
defeated !

For journeys and for crimes like this
I let the bridge stand o'er the abyss !

The St. Gothard Pass.

Prince Henry. This is the highest point.
Two ways the rivers leap down to different seas, and as they roll
Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence
Becomes a benefaction to the towns
They visit, wandering silently among them,
Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.

Elsie. How bleak and bare it is !
Nothing but mosses grow on these rocks.

Prince Henry. Yet are they not forgotten ;
Beneficent Nature sends the mists to feed them.

Elsie. See yonder little cloud, that, borne aloft
So tenderly by the wind, floats fast away

Over the snowy peaks ! It seems to me
The body of St. Catherine, borne by angels !

Prince Henry. Thou art St. Catherine, and invisible angels bear thee across these chasms and precipices,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy feet against a stone !

Elsie. Would I were borne unto my grave, as she was,
Upon angelic shoulders ! Even now I seem uplifted by them, light as air ! What sound is that ?

Prince Henry. The tumbling avalanches !

Elsie. How awful, yet how beautiful !

Prince Henry. These are the voices of the mountains ! Thus they ope
Their snowy lips, and speak unto each other,

In the primeval language, lost to man.

Elsie. What land is this that spreads itself beneath us ?

Prince Henry. Italy ! Italy !

Elsie. Land of the Madonna ! How beautiful it is ! It seems a garden Of Paradise !

Prince Henry. Nay, of Gethsemane To thee and me, of passion and of prayer !

Yet once of Paradise. Long years ago I wandered as a youth among its bowers,

And never from my heart has faded quite

[sunset, Its memory, that, like a summer Encircles with a ring of purple light All the horizon of my youth.

Guide. O friends ! The days are short, the way before us long ;

We must not linger, if we think to reach The inn at Belinzona before vespers !

(They pass on.)

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

At the foot of the Alps. A halt under the trees at noon.

Prince Henry. Here let us pause a moment in the trembling shadow and sunshine of the roadside trees, And, our tired horses in a group assembling, Inhale long draughts of this delicious breeze. Our fleetest steeds have distanced our attendants; They lag behind us with a slower pace; We will await them under the green pendants Of the great willows in this shady place. Ho, Barbarossa! how thy mottled haunches Sweat with this canter over hill and glade! Stand still, and let these overhanging branches Fan thy hot sides and comfort thee with shade!

Elsie. What a delightful landscape spreads before us, Marked with a whitewashed cottage here and there! And, in luxuriant garlands drooping o'er us, Blossoms of grape-vines scent the sunny air.

Prince Henry. Hark! What sweet sounds are those, whose accents holy Fill the warm noon with music sad and sweet!

Elsie. It is a band of pilgrims, moving slowly [feet] On their long journey, with uncovered

Pilgrims (chanting the Hymn of St. Hildebert.)

Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David, urbs tranquilla,
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus portalum lignum crucis,
Cujus claves lingua Petri,
Cujus cives semper lati,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos Rex festivus !

Lucifer (as a Friar in the procession).

Here am I, too, in the pious band,
In the garb of a barefooted Carmelite dressed!

The soles of my feet are as hard and tanned
As the conscience of old Pope Hildebrand,
The Holy Satan, who made the wives Of the bishops lead such shameful lives.
All day long I beat my breast,
And chant with a most particular zest
The Latin hymns, which I understand Quite as well, I think, as the rest.
And at night such lodging in barns and sheds,
Such a hurly-burly in country inns,
Such a clatter of tongues in empty heads,
Such a helter-skelter of prayers and sins!
Of all the contrivances of the time
For sowing broadcast the seeds of crime,
There is none so pleasing to me and mine
As a pilgrimage to some far-off shrine!
Prince Henry. If from the outward man we judge the inner,
And cleanliness is godliness, I fear
A hopeless reprobate, a hardened sinner,
Must be that Carmelite now passing near.
Lucifer. There is my German Prince again,
Thus far on his journey to Salern,
And the lovesick girl, whose heated brain,
Is sowing the cloud to reap the rain;
But it's a long road that has no turn!
Let them quietly hold their way,
I have also a part in the play.
But first I must act to my heart's content
This mummary and this merriment,
And drive this motley flock of sheep Into the fold, where drink and sleep The jolly old friars of Benevent.
Of a truth, it often provokes me to laugh
To see these beggars hobble along,
Lamed and maimed, and fed upon chaff,
Chanting their wonderful piff and paff,
And, to make up for not understanding the song,
Singing it fiercely, and wild, and strong!
Were it not for my magic garters and staff,
[quaff,
And the goblets of goodly wine I

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And the mischief I make in the idle
throng,
I should not continue the business
long.

Pilgrims (chanting).
In hac urbe, lux solennis,
Ver aeternum, pax perennis ;
In hac odor impensis calos,
In hac semper festum melos !

Prince Henry. Do you observe that
monk among the train,
Who pours from his great throat the
roaring bass,
As a cathedral spout pours out the
rain,
And this way turns his rubicund,
round face ?

Elsie. It is the same who, on the
Strasburg square,
Preached to the people in the open air.

Prince Henry. And he has crossed
o'er mountain, field, and fell,
On that good stead, that seems to
bear him well,

The hackney of the Friars of Orders
Gray,
His own stout legs ! He, too, was in
the play,
Both as King Herod and Ben Israel.

Good morrow, Friar !

Friar Cuthbert. Good morrow,
noble sir !

Prince Henry. I speak in German,
for, unless I err,
You are a German.

Friar Cuthbert. I cannot gainsay
you.

But by what instinct, or what secret
sign,
Meeting me here, do you straightway
divine
That northward of the Alps my
country lies ?

Prince Henry. Your accent, like St.
Peter's, would betray you,
Did not your yellow beard and your
blue eyes.

Moreover, we have seen your face be-
fore,
And heard you preach at the cathedral
door

On Easter Sunday, in the Strasburg
square.

We were among the crowd that
gathered there,
And saw you play the Rabbi with
great skill,
As if, by leaning o'er so many years

To walk with little children, your own
will
Had caught a childish attitude from
theirs,
A kind of stooping in its form and gait,
And could no longer stand erect and
straight.

Whence come you now ?
Friar Cuthbert. From the old
monastery

Of Hirschau, in the forest ; being sent
Upon a pilgrimage to Benevent,
To see the image of the Virgin Mary,
That moves its holy eyes and some-
times speaks,

And lets the piteous tears run down
its cheeks,
To touch the hearts of the impenitent.

Prince Henry. O, had I faith, as in
the days gone by,
That knew no doubt, and feared no
mystery !

Lucifer (at a distance). Ho, Cuth-
bert ! Friar Cuthbert !

Friar Cuthbert. Farewell, Prince !
I cannot stay to argue and convince.

Prince Henry. This is indeed the
blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Re-
deemer !

All hearts are touched and softened at
her name ;

Alike the bandit, with the bloody
hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and
the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary
dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever pre-
sent !

And even as children, who have much
offended

A too indulgent father, in great shame,
Penitent, and yet not daring un-
attended

To go into his presence, at the gate
Speak with their sister, and confiding
wait

Till she goes in before and intercedes ;
So men, repenting of their evil deeds,
And yet not venturing rashly to draw
near

With their requests an angry Father's
ear,
Offer to her their prayers and their
confession,
And she for them in heaven makes in-
tercession.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

And if our Faith had given us nothing
more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so
good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving,
pure,
This were enough to prove it higher
and truer
Than all the creeds the world had
known before.

Pilgrims (chanting afar off).

Urbs colestis, urbs beata,
Supra petram collocata,
Urbs in portu satis tuto
De longinquo te saluto,
Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro !

The Inn at Genoa. A terrace over-looking the sea. Night.

Prince Henry. It is the sea, it is the sea,

In all its vague immensity,
Fading and darkening in the distance !
Silent, majestic, and slow,
The white ships haunt it to and fro,
With all their ghostly sails unfurled,
As phantoms from another world
Haunt the dim confines of existence !
But ah ! how few can comprehend
Their signals, or to what good end
From land to land they come and go !
Upon a sea more vast and dark
The spirits of the dead embark,
All voyaging to unknown coasts.
We wave our farewells from the shore,
And they depart, and come no more,
Or come as phantoms and as ghosts.
Above the darksome sea of death
Looms the great life that is to be,
A land of cloud and mystery,
A dim mirage, with shapes of men
Long dead, and passed beyond our ken.

Awe-struck we gaze, and hold our breath
Till the fair pageant vanisheth,
Leaving us in perplexity,
And doubtful whether it has been
A vision of the world unseen,
Or a bright image of our own
Against the sky in vapours thrown.

Lucifer (singing from the sea). Thou
didst not make it, thou
canst not mend it,
But thou hast the power to end it !

The sea is silent, the sea is discreet,
Deep it lies at thy very feet ;
There is no confessor like unto Death !
Thou canst not see him, but he is
near ; [breath,
Thou needest not whisper above thy
And he will hear ;
He will answer the questions,
The vague surmises and suggestions,
That fill thy soul with doubt and fear !
Prince Henry. The fisherman, who
lies afloat,

With shadowy sail, in yonder boat,
Is singing softly to the Night !
But do I comprehend aright
The meaning of the words he sung
So sweetly in his native tongue ?
Ah yes ! the sea is still and deep,
All things within its bosom sleep !
A single step, and all is o'er ;
A plunge, a bubble, and no more ;
And thou, dear Elsie, wilt be free
From martyrdom and agony.

Elsie (coming from her chamber upon the terrace). The night is calm
and cloudless,
And still as still can be,
And the stars come forth to listen
To the music of the sea.
They gather, and gather, and gather,
Until they crowd the sky,
And listen, in breathless silence,
To the solemn litany.
It begins in rocky caverns,
As a voice that chants alone
To the pedals of the organ
In monotonous undertone ;
And anon from shelving beaches,
And shallow sands beyond,
In snow-white robes uprising
The ghostly choirs respond.
And sadly and unceasing
The mournful voice sings on,
And the snow-white choirs still answer
Christe eleison !

Prince Henry. Angel of God ! thy
finer sense perceives
Celestial and perpetual harmonies !
Thy purer soul, that trembles and
believes, [breeze,
Hears the archangel's trumpet in the
And where the forest rolls, or ocean
heaves,
Cecilia's organ sounding in the seas,
And tongues of prophets speaking in
the leaves.
But I hear discord only and despair,
And whispers as of demons in the air !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

At Sea.

Il Padrone. The wind upon our quarter lies,

And on before the freshening gale,
That fills the snow-white lateen sail,
Swiftly our light felucca flies.
Around, the billows burst and foam ;
They lift her o'er the sunken rock,
They beat her sides with many a shock,
And then upon their flowing dome
They poise her, like a weathercock !
Between us and the western skies
The hills of Corsica arise ;
Eastward, in yonder long, blue line,
The summits of the Apennine,
And southward, and still far away,
Salerno, on its sunny bay.
You cannot see it, where it lies.

Prince Henry. Ah, would that never more mine eyes

Might see its towers by night or day !

Elsie. Behind us, dark and awfully,
There comes a cloud out of the sea,
That bears the form of a hunted deer,
With hide of brown, and hoofs of black,
And antlers laid upon its back,
And fleeing fast and wild with fear,
As if the hounds were on its track !

Prince Henry. Lo ! while we gaze,
it breaks and falls

In shapeless masses, like the walls
Of a burnt city. Broad and red
The fires of the descending sun
Glare through the windows, and o'er-head,

Athwart the vapours, dense and dun,
Long shafts of silvery light arise,
Like rafters that support the skies !

Elsie. See ! from its summit the lurid levin

Flashes downward without warning,
As Lucifer, son of the morning,
Fell from the battlements of heaven !

Il Padrone. I must entreat you,
friends, below !

The angry storm begins to blow,
For the weather changes with the moon.

All this morning, until noon,
We had baffling winds, and sudden flaws

Struck the sea with their cat's-paws.
Only a little hour ago

I was whistling to Saint Antonio
For a capful of wind to fill our sail,
And instead of a breeze he has sent a gale.

Last night I saw Saint Elmo's stars,
With their glimmering lanterns, all at play
On the tops of the masts and the tips
of the spars,
And I knew we should have foul weather to-day.

Cheerly, my hearties ! yo heave ho !
Brai! up the mainsail, and let her go
As the winds will and Saint Antonio !

Do you see that Livornese felucca,
That vessel to the windward yonder,
Running with her gunwale under ?
I was looking when the wind o'ertook her.

She had all sail set, and the only wonder

Is, that at once the strength of the blast
Did not carry away her mast.

She is a galley of the Gran Duca,
That, through the fear of the Algerines,

Convoys those lazy brigantines,
Laden with wine and oil from Lucca.
Now all is ready, high and low ;
Blow, blow, good Saint Antonio !
Ha ! that is the first dash of the rain,
With a sprinkle of spray above the rails,

Just enough to moisten our sails,
And make them ready for the strain.
See how she leaps, as the blasts o'er-take her,
And speeds away with a bone in her mouth !

Now keep her head toward the south,
And there is no danger of bank or breaker.

With the breeze behind us, on we go ;
Not too much, good Saint Antonio !

VI.

The School of Salerno. A travelling Scholastic affixing his Theses to the gate of the College.

Scholastic. There, that is my gauntlet, my banner, my shield,
Hung up as a challenge to all the field !
One hundred and twenty-five propositions,
Which I will maintain with the sword
of the tongue
Against all disputants, old and young.

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Let us see if doctors or dialecticians
Will dare to dispute my definitions,
Or attack any one of my learned theses.
Here stand I; the end shall be as God
pleases.
I think I have proved, by profound
researches,
The error of all those doctrines so
vicious
Of the old Areopagite Dionysius,
That are making such terrible work in
the churches,
By Michael the Stammerer sent from
the East,
And done into Latin by that Scottish
beast,
Johannes Duns Scotus, who dares to
maintain,
In the face of the truth, and error
infernal,
That the universe is and must be
eternal;
At first laying down, as a fact funda-
mental,
That nothing with God can be acci-
dental;
Then asserting that God before the
creation
Could not have existed, because it is
plain
That, had he existed, he would have
created;
Which is begging the question that
should be debated,
And moveth me less to anger than
laughter.
All nature, he holds, is a respiration
Of the Spirit of God, who, in breathing,
hereafter,
Will inhale it into his bosom again,
So that nothing but God alone will
remain.
And therein he contradicteth himself;
For he opens the whole discussion by
stating,
That God can only exist in creating.
That question I think I have laid on
the shelf!

(He goes out. Two Doctors come in
disputing, and followed by pupils.)

Doctor Serafino. I, with the Doctor
Seraphic, maintain,
That a word which is only conceived
in the brain
Is a type of eternal Generation;
The spoken word is the Incarnation.

Doctor Cherubino. What do I care
for the Doctor Seraphic,
With all his wordy chaffer and traffic?
Doctor Serafino. You make but a
paltry show of resistance;
Universals have no real existence!
Doctor Cherubino. Your words are
but idle and empty chatter;
Ideas are eternally joined to matter!
Doctor Serafino. May the Lord have
mercy on your position,
You wretched, wrangling culler of
herbs!
Doctor Cherubino. May he send your
soul to eternal perdition,
For your treatise on the Irregular
Verbs!

(They rush out fighting. Two Scholars
come in.)

First Scholar. Monte Cassino, then,
is your College, [Salern]
What think you of ours here at
Second Scholar. To tell the truth, I
arrived so lately,
I hardly yet have had time to discern.
So much at least, I am bound to ac-
knowledge:
The air seems healthy, the buildings
And on the whole I like it greatly.
First Scholar. Yes, the air is sweet:
the Calabrian hills
Send us down puffs of mountain air;
And in summer time the sea-breeze
fills
With its coolness cloister and court
and square.
Then at every season of the year
There are crowds of guests and
travellers here;
Pilgrims, and mendicant friars, and
traders
From the Levant with figs and wine,
And bands of wounded and sick Cru-
saders,
Coming back from Palestine.
Second Scholar. And what are the
studies you pursue?
What is the course you here go
through?
First Scholar. The first three years
of the college course
Are given to Logic alone, as the source
Of all that is noble, and wise, and true.
Second Scholar. That seems rather
strange, I must confess, [less
In a Medical School; yet neverthe-
You doubtless have reasons for that.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

First Scholar. Oh yes !
For none but a clever dialectician
Can hope to become a great physician ;
That has been settled long ago.
Logic makes an important part
Of the mystery of the healing art ;
For without it how could you hope to
show

That nobody knows so much as you
know ?

After this there are five years more
Devoted wholly to medicine,
With lectures on chirurgical lore,
And dissections of the bodies of swine,
As likest the human form divine.

Second Scholar. What are the books
now most in vogue ?

First Scholar. Quite an extensive
catalogue :

Mostly, however, books of our own ;
As Gariopontus' *Passionarius*,
And the writings of Matthew Pla-
tearius ;

And a volume universally known
As the *Regimen of the School of*
Salern,

For Robert of Normandy written in
terse

And very elegant Latin verse.

Each of these writings has its turn.
And when at length we have finished
these,

Then comes the struggle for degrees,
With all the oldest and ablest critics ;
The public thesis and disputatio[n],
Question and answer and explanation
Of a passage out of Hippocrates,
Or Aristotle's *Analytics*.

There the triumphant Magister
stands ! [hands,

A book is solemnly placed in his
On which he swears to follow the rule
And ancient forms of the good old
School ;

To report if any confectionarius
Mingles his drugs with matters various,
And to visit his patients twice a day,
And once in the night, if they live in
town,

And if they are poor, to take no pay.
Having faithfully promised these,
His head is crowned with a laurel
crown ;

A kiss on his cheek, a ring on his
hand,

The Magister Artium et Physices
Goes forth from the school like a lord
of the land.

And now, as we have the whole morn-
ing before us,
Let us go in, if you make no objec-
tion,
And listen awhile to a learned prelec-
tion
On Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus.

(They go in. Enter LUCIFER as a
doctor.)

Lucifer. This is the great School of
Salern !

A land of wrangling and of quarrels,
Of brains that seethe, and hearts that
burn,

Where every emulous scholar hears,
In every breath that comes to his ears,
The rustling of another's laurels !
The air of the place is called salu-
brious ;

The neighbourhood of Vesuvius lends it
An odour volcanic, that rather mends
it,

And the buildings have an aspect lugu-
brious,

[or
That inspires a feeling of awe and ter-
ror
Into the heart of the beholder,
And befits such an ancient homestead
of error,

Where the old falsehoods moulder and
smoulder,

And yearly by many hundred hands
Are carried away, in the zeal of youth,
And sown like tares in the field of
truth,

To blossom and ripen in other lands.

What have we here affixed to the
gate ?

The challenge of some scholastic
wight,

Who wishes to hold a public debate
On sundry questions wrong or right !

Ah, now this is my great delight !
For I have often observed of late

That such discussions end in a fight.
Let us see what the learned wag

maintains
With such a prodigal waste of brains.

(Reads.)

"Whether angels in moving from
place to place

Pass through the intermediate space ;
Whether God himself is the author of

evil, [Devil ;
Or whether that is the work of the

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

When, where, and wherefore Lucifer fell ;
And whether he now is chained in
I think I can answer that question well !
So long as the boastful human mind
Consents in such mills as this to grind,
I sit very firmly upon my throne !
Of a truth it almost makes me laugh,
To see men leaving the golden grain
To gather in piles the pitiful chaff
That old Peter Lombard thrashed
with his brain,
To have it caught up and tossed again
On the horns of the Dumb Ox of Cologne !

But my guests approach ! there is in
the air [Garden
A fragrance like that of the Beautiful
Of Paradise, in the days that were !
An odour of innocence, and of prayer,
And of love, and faith that never fails,
Such as the fresh young heart exhales
Before it begins to wither and harden !
I cannot breathe such an atmosphere !
My soul is filled with a nameless fear,
That, after all my trouble and pain,
After all my restless endeavour,
The youngest, fairest soul of the twain,
The most ethereal, most divine,
Will escape from my hands for ever
and ever.

But the other is already mine !
Let him live to corrupt his race,
Breathing among them with every breath,
Weakness, selfishness, and the base
And pusillanimous fear of death.
I know his nature, and I know
That of all who in my ministry
Wander the great earth to and fro,
And on my errands come and go,
The safest and subtlest are such as he.

(Enter PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE,
with attendants.)

Prince Henry. Can you direct us to
Friar Angelo ?

Lucifer. He stands before you.

Prince Henry. Then you know our
purpose. [this
I am Prince Henry of Hoheneck, and
The maiden that I speake of in my
letters.

Lucifer. It is a very grave and
solemn business !

435.

We must not be precipitate. Does she
Without compulsion, of her own free
will,

Consent to this ?

Prince Henry. Against all opposition,
Against all prayers, entreaties, protesta-
tions.

She will not be persuaded.

Lucifer. That is strange !
Have you thought well of it ?

Elsie. I come not here
To argue, but to die. Your business
is not

To question, but to kill me. I am
ready.

I am impatient to be gone from here
Ere any thoughts of earth disturb
again

The spirit of tranquillity within me.

Prince Henry. Would I had not
come here ! Would I were
dead,

And thou wert in thy cottage in the
forest,

And hadst not known me ! Why have
I done this ?

Let me go back and die.

Elsie. It cannot be ;
Not if these cold, flat stones on which
we tread

Were coulters heated white, and
yonder gateway
Flamed like a furnace with a seven-
fold heat.

I must fulfil my purpose.

Prince Henry. I forbid it ;
Not one step farther. For I only
meant

To put thus far thy courage to the
proof.

It is enough. I, too, have strength
to die,

For thou hast taught me !

Elsie. O my Prince ! remember
Your promises. Let me fulfil my
errand.

You do not look on life and death as
I do.

There are two angels that attend
unseen
Each one of us, and in great books
record

Our good and evil deeds. He who
writes down

The good ones, after every action
closes

[God.
His volume, and ascends with it to

F F 2

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which
doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the
page.

Now if my act be good, as I believe,
It cannot be recalled. It is already
Sealed up in heaven as a good deed
accomplished.

The rest is yours. Why wait you? I
am ready.

(To her attendants.)

Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice
with me.

I shall not feel the pain, but shall be
gone, [heaven.
And you will have another friend in
Then start not at the creaking of the
door

Through which I pass. I see what
lies beyond it.

(To PRINCE HENRY.)

And you, O Prince! bear back my
benison
Unto my father's house, and all within
it.

This morning in the church I prayed
for them,
After confession, after absolution,
When my whole soul was white, I
prayed for them.

God will take care of them, they need
me not.

And in your life let my remembrance
linger,

As something not to trouble and
disturb it,
But to complete it, adding life to life.
And if at times beside the evening fire
You see my face among the other
faces,

Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a
guest that loves you,

Nay, even as one of your own family,
Without whose presence there were
something wanting.

I have no more to say. Let us go in.

Prince Henry. Friar Angelo! I
charge you on your life,
Believe not what she says, for she is
mad,
And comes here not to die, but to be
healed.

Elsie. Alas! Prince Henry!
Lucifer. Come with me; this
way.

(ELSIE goes in with LUCIFER, who
thrusts PRINCE HENRY back and
closes the door.)

Prince Henry. Gone! and the light
of all my life gone with her!
A sudden darkness falls upon the
world!

O, what a vile and abject thing am I,
That purchase length of days at such
a cost!

Not by her death alone, but by the
death

Of all that's good and true and noble
in me!

All manhood, excellence, and self-
respect,

All love, and faith, and hope, and
heart are dead!

All my divine nobility of nature
By this one act is forfeited for ever.
I am a Prince in nothing but in name!

(To the attendants.)

Why did you let this horrible deed be
done?

Why did you not lay hold on her, and
keep her

From self-destruction? Angelo! mur-
(Struggles at the door, but cannot
open it.)

Elsie (within). Farewell, dear
Prince! farewell!

Prince Henry. Unbar the door!

Lucifer. It is too late!

Prince Henry. It shall not be too

late!

(They burst the door open and rush in.)

*The Cottage in the Odenwald. URSLA
spinning. Summer afternoon. A
table spread.*

Ursula. I have marked it well,—it
must be true,—

Death never takes one alone, but two!
Whenever he enters in at a door,
Under roof of gold or roof of thatch,
He always leaves it upon the latch,
And comes again ere the year is o'er.
Never one of a household only!
Perhaps it is a mercy of God,
Lest the dead there under the sod,
In the land of strangers, should be
lonely!

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

Ah me ! I think I am lonelier here !
It is hard to go,—but harder to stay !
Were it not for the children, I should
 pray
That Death would take me within the
year !
And Gottlieb !—he is at work all day.
In the sunny field, or the forest murk,
But I know that his thoughts are far
away,
I know that his heart is not in his
work !
And when he comes home to me at
night
He is not cheery, but sits and sighs,
And I see the great tears in his eyes,
And try to be cheerful for his sake.
Only the children's hearts are light.
Mine is weary, and ready to break.
God help us ! I hope we have done
right ;
We thought we were acting for the
best !

(*Looking through the open door.*)
Who is it coming under the trees ?
A man, in the Prince's livery dressed !
He looks about him with doubtful
face,
As if uncertain of the place.
He stops at the beehives ;—now he
sees
The garden gate ; he is going past !
Can he be afraid of the bees ?
No ; he is coming in at last !
He fills my heart with strange alarm !

(Enter a Forester.)

Forester. Is this the tenant Gottlieb's
farm ?

Ursula. This is his farm, and I his
wife.

Pray sit. What may your business be ?

Forester. News from the Prince !

Ursula. Of death or life ?

Forester. You put your questions
eagerly !

Ursula. Answer me, then ! How
is the Prince ?

Forester. I left him only two hours
since

Homeward returning down the river,
As strong and well as if God, the
Giver,

Had given him back his youth again.

Ursula (*despairing*). Then Elsie,
my poor child, is dead !

437

Forester. That, my good woman, I
have not said.
Don't cross the bridge till you come
to it,
Is a proverb old, and of excellent
wit.

Ursula. Keep me no longer in this
pain !

Forester. It is true your daughter is
no more ;—
That is, the peasant she was before.

Ursula. Alas ! I am simple and
lowly bred,

I am poor, distracted, and forlorn,
And it is well that you of the court
Should mock me thus, and make a
sport

Of a joyless mother whose child is
dead,

For you, too, were of mother born !

Forester. Your daughter lives, and
the Prince is well !

You will learn ere long how it all befell.
Her heart for a moment never failed ;]
But when they reached Salerno's gate,
The Prince's nobler self prevailed,
And saved her for a nobler fate.
And he was healed, in his despair,
By the touch of St. Matthew's sacred
bones ;

Though I think the long ride in the
open air,
That pilgrimage over stocks and
stones,
In the miracle must come in for a
share !

Ursula. Virgin ! who lovest the
poor and lowly,
If the loud cry of a mother's heart
Can ever ascend to where thou art,
Into thy blessed hands and holy
Receive my prayer of praise and
thanksgiving !

Let the hands that bore our Saviour
bear it

Into the awful presence of God ;
For thy feet with holiness are shod,
And if thou bearest it he will hear it.
Our child who was dead again is
living !

Forester. I did not tell you she was
dead ;
If thou thought so 'twas no fault of
mine.

At this very moment, while I speak,
They are sailing homeward down the
Rhine,

In a splendid barge, with golden prow,



And decked with banners white and
red
As the colours on your daughter's
cheek.

They call her the lady Alicia now ;
For the Prince in Salerno made a vow
That Elsie only would he wed.

Ursula. Jesu Maria ! what a change,
All seems to me so weird and strange !

Forester. I saw her standing on the
deck,
Beneath an awning cool and shady ;
Her cap of velvet could not hold
The tresses of her hair of gold,
That flowed and floated like the stream,
And fell in masses down her neck.

As fair and lovely did she seem
As in a story or a dream.
Some beautiful and foreign lady.
And the Prince looked so grand and
proud,

And waved his hand thus to the crowd
That gazed and shouted from the
shore,

All down the river, long and loud.

Ursula. We shall behold our child
once more ;
She is not dead ! She is not dead !
God, listening, must have overheard
The prayers, that, without sound or
word,
Our hearts in secrecy have said !

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.

O, bring me to her ; for mine eyes
Are hungry to behold her face ;
My very soul within me cries ;
My very hands seem to caress her,
To see her, gaze at her, and bless her ;
Dear Elsie, child of God and grace !

(Goes out toward the garden.)

Forester. There goes the good
woman out of her head ;
And Gottlieb's supper is waiting here ;
A very capacious flagon of beer,
And a very portentous loaf of bread.
One would say his grief did not much
oppress him.
Here's to the health of the Prince, God
bless him !

(He drinks.)

Ha ! it buzzes and stings like a hornet.
And what a scene there, through the
door !
The forest behind and the garden be-
fore,
And midway an old man of threescore,
With a wife and children that caress
him.
Let me try still further to cheer and
adorn it
With a merry, echoing blast of my
cornet !

(Goes out blowing his horn.)

The Castle of Voutsberg on the Rhine.
*PRINCE HENRY and ELSIE stand-
ing on the terrace at evening. The
sound of bells heard from a distance.*

Prince Henry. We are alone. The
wedding guests
Ride down the hill, with plumes and
cloaks,
And the descending dark invests
The Niederwald, and all the nests
Among its hoar and haunted oaks.

Elsie. What bells are those, that
ring so slow.

So mellow, musical, and low ?

Prince Henry. They are the bells of
Geisenheim,
That with their melancholy chime
Ring out the curfew of the sun.

Elsie. Listen, beloved.

Prince Henry. They are done.
Dear Elsie ! many years ago
Those same soft bells at eventide
Rang in the ears of Charlemagne,

439

As, seated by Fastrada's side
At Ingelheim, in all his pride
He heard their sound with secret pain.
Elsie. Their voices only speak to
me

Of peace and deep tranquillity,
And endless confidence in thee.

Prince Henry. Thou knowest the
story of her ring,
How, when the court went back to
Aix,

Fastrada died ; and how the king
Sat watching by her night and day,
Till into one of the blue lakes,
Which water that delicious land,
They cast the ring drawn from her
hand ;

And the great monarch sat serene
And sad beside the fated shore,
Nor left the land for evermore.

Elsie. That was true love.

Prince Henry. For him the queen
Ne'er did what thou hast done for me.

Elsie. Wilt thou as fond and faithful
be ?

Wilt thou so love me after death ?

Prince Henry. In life's delight, in
death's dismay,

In storm and sunshine, night and day,
In health, in sickness, in decay,
Here and hereafter, I am thine !
Thou hast Fastrada's ring. Beneath
The calm, blue waters of thine eyes
Deep in thy steadfast soul it lies,
And, undisturbed by this world's
breath,

With magic light its jewels shine !
This golden ring, which thou hast
worn

Upon thy finger since the morn,
Is but a symbol and a semblance,
An outward fashion, a remembrance,
Of what thou weardest within unseen,
O my Fastrada, O my queen !
Behold ! the hill-tops all aglow
With purple and with amethyst ;
While the whole valley deep below
Is filled, and seems to overflow,
With a fast-rising tide of mist.
The evening air grows damp and chill ;
Let us go in.

Elsie. Ah, not so soon.
See yonder fire ! it is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light, [night,
And makes the heart in love with

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Prince Henry. Oft on this terrace,
when the day
Was closing, have I stood and gazed,
And seen the landscape fade away,
And the white vapours rise and drown
Hamlet and vineyard, tower and town,
While far above the hill-tops blazed.
But then another hand than thine
Was gently held and clasped in mine ;
Another head upon my breast
Was laid, as thine is now, at rest.
Why dost thou lift those tender eyes
With so much sorrow and surprise ?
A minstrel's, not a maiden's hand,
Was that which in my own was pressed.
A manly form usurped thy place,
A beautiful, but bearded face,
That now is in the Holy Land,
Yet in my memory from afar
Is shining on us like a star.
But linger not. For while I speak,
A sheeted spectre white and tall,
The cold mist, climbs the castle wall,
And lays his hand upon thy cheek !

(They go in.)

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EPILOGUE.

THE TWO RECORDING ANGELS  
ASCENDING.

*The Angel of Good Deeds (with closed book).* God sent his messenger; the rain,  
And said unto the mountain brook,  
"Rise up, and from thy caverns look  
And leap, with naked, snow-white feet,  
From the cool hills into the heat  
Of the broad, arid plain."  
God sent his messenger of faith,  
And whispered in the maiden's heart,  
"Rise up, and look from where thou  
And scatter with unselfish hands [art,  
Thy freshness on the barren sands  
And solitudes of death."  
O beauty of holiness,  
Of self-forgetfulness, of lowliness !  
O power of meekness,  
Whose very gentleness and weakness  
Are like the yielding, but irresistible  
Upon the pages [air !  
Of the sealed volume that I bear  
The deed divine  
Is written in characters of gold,  
That never shall grow old,  
But through all ages  
Burn and shine,

With soft effulgence !  
O God ! it is thy indulgence  
That fills the world with the bliss  
Of a good deed like this !  
*The Angel of Evil Deeds (with open book).* Not yet, not yet  
Is the red sun wholly set,  
But evermore recedes,  
While open still I bear  
The Book of Evil Deeds,  
To let the breathings of the upper air  
Visit it pages and erase  
The records from its face !  
Fainter and fainter as I gaze  
In the broad blaze  
The glimmering landscape shines,  
And below me the black river  
Is hidden by wreaths of vapour !  
Fainter and fainter the black lines  
Begin to quiver  
Along the whitening surface of the  
paper ;  
Shade after shade  
The terrible words grow faint and fade,  
And in their place  
Runs a white space !

Down goes the sun !  
But the soul of one,  
Who by repentance  
Has escaped the dreadful sentence,  
Shines bright below me as I look.  
It is the end !  
With closed book  
To God do I ascend.  
Lo ! over the mountain steeps  
A dark, gigantic shadow sweeps  
Beneath my feet ;  
A blackness inwardly brightening  
With sullen heat,  
As a storm-cloud lurid with lightning.  
And a cry of lamentation,  
Repeated and again repeated,  
Deep and loud  
As the reverberation  
Of cloud answering unto cloud  
Swells and rolls away in the distance,  
As if the sheeted  
Lightning retreated,  
Baffled and thwarted by the wind's  
resistance.  
It is Lucifer,  
The son of mystery ;  
And since God suffers him to be,  
He, too, is God's minister,  
And labours for some good  
By us not understood !

THE GOLDEN LEGEND.



SECOND INTERLUDE.

MARTIN LUTHER.

*A Chamber in the Wartburg. Morning.* MARTIN LUTHER, writing.

*Martin Luther.* OUR God, a Tower  
of Strength is he,  
A goodly wall and weapon ;  
From all our need he helps us free,  
That now to us doth happen.

The old evil foe  
Doth in earnest grow,  
In grim armour dight,  
Much guile and great might ;  
On earth there is none like him.  
O yes ; a tower of strength indeed,  
A present help in all our need,  
A sword and buckler is our God.  
Innocent men have walked unshod  
O'er burning ploughshares, and have  
trod

Unharmed on serpents in their path,  
And laughed to scorn the Devil's  
wrath !

Safe in this Wartburg tower I stand  
Where God hath led me by the hand,  
And look down, with a heart at ease,  
Over the pleasant neighbourhoods,  
Over the vast Thuringian Woods,  
With flash of river, and gloom of trees,

With castles crowning the dizzy heights,  
And farms and pastoral delights,  
And the morning pouring everywhere  
Its golden glory on the air.  
Safe, yes, safe am I here at last,  
Safe from the overwhelming blast  
Of the mouths of Hell, that followed  
me fast,  
And the howling demons of despair  
That hunted me like a beast to his lair.

Of our own might we nothing can ;  
We soon are unprotected ;  
There fighteth for us the right Man,  
Whom God himself elected,  
Who is he ? ye exclaim ;  
Christus is his name,  
Lord of Sabaoth,  
Very God in troth ;  
The field he holds for ever.

Nothing can vex the Devil more  
Than the name of Him whom we adore.  
Therefore doth it delight me best  
To stand in the choir among the rest,  
With the great organ trumpeting  
Through its metallic tubes, and sing :  
*Et Verbum caro factum est !*  
These words the Devil cannot endure,  
For he knoweth their meaning well !  
Him they trouble and repel,  
Us they comfort and allure,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And happy it were, if our delight  
Were as great as his affright !  
Yea, music is the Prophets' art ;  
Among the gifts that God hath sent,  
One of the most magnificent !  
It calms the agitated heart ;  
Temptations, evil thoughts, and all  
The passions that disturb the soul,  
Are quelled by its divine control.  
As the Evil Spirit fled from Saul,  
And his distemper was allayed,  
When David took his harp and played.

This world may full of devils be,  
All ready to devour us ;  
Yet not so sore afraid are we,  
They shall not overpower us.  
This World's Prince, how'er  
Fierce he may appear,  
He can harm us not,  
He is doomed, God wot !  
One little word can slay him !

Incredible it seems to some  
And to myself a mystery,  
That such weak flesh and blood as we,  
Armed with no other shield or sword,  
Or other weapon than the Word,  
Should combat and should overcome  
A spirit powerful as he !  
He summons forth the Pope of Rome  
With all his diabolic crew,  
His shorn and shaven retinue  
Of priests and children of the dark ;  
Kill ! kill ! they cry, the Heresiarch,  
Who rouseth up all Christendom  
Against us ; and at one fell blow  
Seeks the whole Church to overthrow !  
Not yet ; my hour is not yet come.

Yesterday in an idle mood,  
Hunting with others in the wood,  
I did not pass the hours in vain,  
For in the very heart of all  
The joyous tumult raised around,  
Shouting of men, and baying of hound,  
And the bugle's blithe and cheery call,  
And echoes answering back again,  
From crags of the distant mountain  
chain,—  
In the very heart of this, I found  
A mystery of grief and pain.  
It was an image of the power  
Of Satan, hunting the world about,  
With his nets and traps and well-  
trained dogs,  
His bishops and priests and theologues,  
And all the rest of the rabble rout,  
Seeking whom he may devour !

Enough have I had of hunting hares,  
Enough of these hours of idle mirth,  
Enough of nets and traps and gins !  
The only hupting of any worth  
Is where I can pierce with javelins  
The cunning foxes and wolves and  
bears,  
The whole iniquitous troop of beasts,  
The Roman Pope and the Roman  
priests  
That sorely infest and afflict the earth :  
Ye nuns, ye singing birds of the air !  
The fowler hath caught you in his  
snare,  
And keeps you safe in his gilded cage,  
Singing the song that never tires,  
To lure down others from their nests ;  
How ye flutter and beat your breasts,  
Warm and soft with young desires,  
Against the cruel pitiless wires,  
Reclaiming your lost heritage !  
Behold ! a hand unbars the door,  
Ye shall be captives held no more.

The Word they shall perforce let stand,  
And little thanks they merit !  
For He is with us in the land,  
With gifts of his own Spirit !  
Though they take our life,  
Goods, honours, child and wife,  
Let these pass away,  
Little gain have they ;

The Kingdom still remaineth !

Yea, it remaineth for evermore,  
However Satan may rage and roar,  
Though often he whispers in my ears :  
What if thy doctrines false should be ?  
And wrings from me a bitter sweat.  
Then I put him to flight with jeers,  
Saying : Saint Satan I pray for me ;  
If thou thinkest I am not saved yet !

And my mortal foes that lie in wait  
In every avenue and gate !  
As to that odious monk John Tetzel  
Hawking about his hollow wares  
Like a huckster at village fairs,  
And those mischievous fellows, Wetzel,  
Camanus, Carstadt, Martin, Cell-  
And all the busy, multifarious [arius,  
Heretics, and disciples of Arius,  
Half-learned, dunce-bold, dry and  
hard,  
They are not worthy of my regard,  
Poor and humble as I am.  
But ah ! Erasmus of Rotterdam,  
He is the vilest miscreant  
That ever walked this world below !

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

A Momus, making his mock and mow  
At Papist and at Protestant,  
Sneering at St. John and St. Paul,  
At God and Man, at one and all ;  
And yet as hollow and false and drear,  
As a cracked pitcher to the ear,  
And ever growing worse and worse !  
Whenever I pray, I pray for a curse  
On Erasmus, the Insincere !

Philip Melancthon ! thou alone  
Faithful among the faithless known,  
Thee I hail, and only thee !  
Behold the record of us three !  
*Res et verba Philippus,*  
*Res sine verbis Lutherus ;*  
*Erasmus verba sine re !*  
My Philip, prayest thou for me ?  
Lifted above all earthly care,  
From these high regions of the air,

Among the birds that day and night  
Upon the branches of tall trees  
Sing their lauds and litanies,  
Praising God with all their might,  
My Philip, unto thee I write.

My Philip ! thou who knowest best  
All that is passing in this breast ;  
The spiritual agonies,  
The inward deaths, the inward hell,  
And the divine new births as well,  
That surely follow after these,  
As after winter follows spring ;  
My Philip, in the night-time sing  
This song of the Lord I send to  
thee,  
And I will sing it for thy sake,  
Until our answering voices make  
A glorious antiphony,  
And choral chant of victory !

## Birds of Passage.

"... come I gru van cantando lor lai,  
Facendo in aer sè lunga riga."—DANTE.

## FLIGHT THE FIRST.

### PROMETHEUS,

#### OR, THE POET'S FORETHOUGHT.

Of Prometheus, how undaunted  
On Olympus' shining bastions  
His audacious foot he planted,  
Myths are told and songs are chanted,  
Full of promptings and suggestions.

Beautiful is the tradition  
Of that flight through heavenly  
portals,  
The old classic superstition  
Of the theft and the transmission  
Of the fire of the Immortals !  
First the deed of noble daring,  
Born of heavenward aspiration,  
Then the fire with mortals sharing,  
Then the vulture,—the despairing  
Cry of pain on crags Caucasian.

All is but a symbol painted  
Of the Poet, Prophet, Seer ;  
Only those are crowned and sainted  
Who with grief have been acquainted,  
Making nations nobler, freer.

In their feverish exultations,  
In their triumph and their yearning,  
In their passionate pulsations,  
In their words among the nations,  
The Promethean fire is burning.

Shall it, then, be unavailing,  
All this toil for human culture ?  
Through the cloud-rack, dark and  
trailing,  
Must they see above them sailing  
O'er life's barren crags the vulture ?

Such a fate as this was Dante's,  
By defeat and exile maddened ;  
Thus were Milton and Cervantes,  
Nature's priests and Corybantes,  
By affliction touched and saddened.

But the glories so transcendent  
That around their memories cluster,  
And, on all their steps attendant,  
Make their darkened lives resplendent  
With such gleams of inward lustre !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

All the melodies mysterious,  
Through the dreary darkness  
    chanted ;  
Thoughts in attitudes imperious,  
Voices soft, and deep, and serious,  
    Words that whispered, songs that  
    haunted !  
All the soul in rapt suspension,  
All the quivering, palpitating  
Chords of life in utmost tension,  
With the fervour of invention,  
    With the rapture of creating !  
Ah, Prometheus ! heaven-scaling !  
In such hours of exultation  
Even the faintest heart unquailing,  
Might behold the vulture sailing  
    Round the cloudy crags Caucasian !  
Though to all there is not given  
Strength for such sublime endeavour,  
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,  
And to leaven with fiery leaven  
    All the hearts of men for ever ;  
Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted  
Honour and believe the presage,  
Hold aloft their torches lighted,  
Gleaming through the realms benighted  
    As they onward bear the message !

THL LADDER OF ST.  
AUGUSTINE.

SAINT AUGUSTINE ! well hast thou  
    said,  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder if we will but tread  
    Beneath our feet each deed of  
    shame !  
All common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

The low desire, the base design,  
That makes another's virtues less ;  
The revel of the ruddy wine,  
    And all occasions of excess ;  
The longing for ignoble things ;  
    The strife for triumph more than  
    truth ;  
The hardening of the heart that brings  
    Irreverence for the dreams of youth ;

All thoughts of ill ; all evil deeds,  
That have their root in thoughts of  
    ill ;  
Whatever hinders or impedes  
The action of the nobler will ;—  
All these must first be trampled down  
Beneath our feet, if we would gain  
In the bright fields of fair renown  
    The right of eminent domain.  
We have not wings, we cannot soar ;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.  
The mighty pyramids of stone  
    That wedge-like cleave the desert  
    airs,  
When nearer seen, and better known,  
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.  
The distant mountains that uprear  
Their solid bastions to the skies,  
Are crossed by pathways that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.  
The heights by great men reached  
    and kept  
    Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
    Were toiling upward in the night.  
Standing on what too long we bore  
    With shoulders bent and downcast  
    eyes,  
We may discern—unseen before—  
    A path to higher destinies.  
Nor deem the irrevocable Past  
    As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If, rising on its wrecks, at last  
    To something nobler we attain.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

IN Mather's Magnalia Christi,  
    Of the old colonial time,  
May be found in prose the legend  
    That is here set down in rhyme.  
A ship sailed from New Haven,  
    And the keen and frosty airs,  
That filled her sails at parting,  
    Were heavy with good men's  
    prayers.  
" O Lord ! if it be thy pleasure "—  
    Thus prayed the old divine—  
" To bury our friends in the ocean,  
    Take them, for they are thine ! "

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

But Master Lamberton muttered,  
And under his breath, said he,  
"This ship is so crank and walty,  
I fear our grave she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,  
When the winter months were gone,  
Brought no tidings of this vessel,  
Nor of Master Lamberton.

This put the people to praying  
That the Lord would let them hear  
What in his greater wisdom  
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered :—  
It was in the month of June,  
An hour before the sunset  
Of a windy afternoon,

When, steadily steering landward,  
A ship was seen below, [Master,  
And they knew it was Lamberton,  
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,  
Right against the wind that blew,  
Until the eye could distinguish  
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining topmasts,  
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,  
And her sails were loosened and lifted,  
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,  
Fell slowly, one by one,  
And the hulk dilated and vanished,  
As a sea-mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel  
Each said unto his friend,  
That this was the mould of their vessel,  
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village  
Gave thanks to God in prayer,  
That, to quiet their troubled spirits,  
He had sent this Ship of Air.

## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships ;  
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war steamers speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,  
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
On every citadel ;  
Each answering each, with morning salutations,  
That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Who shall tell us? No one speaks ;  
No colour shoots into those cheeks,  
Either of anger or of pride,  
At the rude question we have asked ;  
Nor will the mystery be unmasked  
By those who are sleeping at her  
side.

Hereafter?—And do you think to look  
On the terrible pages of that Book  
To find her failings, faults, and  
errors?

Ah, you will then have other cares,  
In your own shortcomings and de-  
spairs,  
In your own secret sins and terrors !

~~~~~  
THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST.
ONCE the Emperor Charles of Spain,
With his swarthy, grave command,
I forgot in what campaign, [ders,
Long besieged, in mud and rain,
Some old frontier town of Flanders.
Up and down the dreary camp,
In great boots of Spanish leather,
Striding with a measured tramp,
These Hidalgos, dull and damp,
Cursed the Frenchmen, cursed the
weather.

Thus as to and fro they went,
Over upland and through hollow,
Giving their impatience vent,
Perched upon the Emperor's tent,
In her nest they spied a swallow.
Yes, it was a swallow's nest,
Built of clay and hair of horses,
Mane, or tail, or dragoon's crest,
Found on hedgerows east and west,
After skirmish of the forces.

Then an old Hidalgo said,
As he twirled his gray mustachio,
"Sure this swallow overhead
Thinks the Emperor's tent a shed,
And the Emperor but a Macho!"

Hearing his imperial name
Coupled with those words of malice,
Half in anger, half in shame,
Forth the great campaigner came
Slowly from his canvas palace.

"Let no hand the bird molest,"
Said he solemnly, "nor hurt her!"
Adding then, by way of jest,
"Golondrina is my guest,
'Tis the wife of some deserter!"

Swift as bowstring speeds a shaft,
Through the camp was spread the
rumour,
And the soldiers, as they quaffed
Flemish beer at dinner, laughed
At the Emperor's pleasant humour.

So unharmed and unafraid
Sat the swallow still and brooded,
Till the constant cannonade
Through the walls a breach had made,
And the siege was thus concluded.

Then the army, elsewhere bent,
Struck its tents as if disbanding,
Only not the Emperor's tent,
For he ordered, ere he went,
Very curtly, "Leave it standing!"

So it stood there all alone,
Loosely flapping, torn and tattered,
Till the brood was fledged and flown,
Singing o'er those walls of stone
Which the cannon-shot had shattered.

THE TWO ANGELS.

Two angels, one of Life, and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke ;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white ;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way ;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppressed,
"Beat not so loud my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest!"

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

HAUNTED HOUSES.

ALL houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro.

There are more guests at table than the hosts
Invited ; the illuminated hall
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,
As silent as the pictures on the wall.

The stranger at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear ;
He but perceives what is ; while unto me
All that has been is visible and clear.

We have no title deeds to house or lands ;
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands,
And hold in mortmain still their old estates.

The spirit-world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapours dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires ;
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

These perturbations, this perpetual jar
Of earthly wants and aspirations high,
Come from the influence of an unseen star,
An undiscovered planet in our sky.

And as the moon from some dark gate of cloud
Throws o'er the sea a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night,—

So from the world of spirits there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose unsteady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

IN THE CHURCHYARD AT CAMBRIDGE.

IN the village churchyard she lies
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,
No more she breathes, nor feels,
nor stirs ;
At her feet and at her head
Lies a slave to attend the dead,
But their dust is white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,
So much in love with the vanity
And foolish pomp of this world of ours ?
Or was it Christian charity,
And lowliness and humility,
The richest and rarest of all dowers ?

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

How strange it seems ! These Hebrews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair seaport town,
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down !

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,
While underneath these leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes ;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God ! for he created Death !"
The mourner said, "and Death is rest and peace !"
Then added, in the certainty of faith,
"And giveth Life that nevermore shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected ; for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here ? What burst of Christian hate,
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea—that desert desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagar's of mankind ?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire ;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death-of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha ! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street ;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation hand in hand
Walked with them through the world where'er they went ;

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the background figures vague and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus for ever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead.

But ah ! what once has been shall be no more !
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
B:ings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again.

OLIVER BASSELIN.

In the Valley of the Vire
Still is seen an ancient mill,
With its gables quaint and queer,
And beneath the window-sill,
On the stone,
These words alone :
" Oliver Basselin lived here."

Far above it, on the steep,
Ruined stands the old Château ;
Nothing but the donjon-keep
Left for shelter or for show.

Its vacant eyes
Stare at the skies,
Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah ! it looks no more,
From the neighbouring hillside down
On the rushing and the roar

Of the stream
Whose sunny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown
Sang the Poet Basselin

Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendour of its own.

Never feeling of unrest
Broke the pleasant dream he
dreamed ;
Only made to be his nest
All the lovely valley seemed ;

No desire
Of soaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine ;
Were not songs of that high
art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart ;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud, convivial din,
Singing and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Basselin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, spur on heel ;
But the poet sang for sport
Songs that rang
Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in gray,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells ;
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

ONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars ;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of old !

But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part ;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a
heart ;
Haunting still
That ancient mill,
In the Valley of the Vire.

VICTOR GALBRAITH.

UNDER the walls of Monterey
At daybreak the bugles began to play,
Victor Galbraith !
In the mist of the morning damp and
gray,
These were the words they seemed to
say :
" Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith ! "

Forth he came, with martial tread ;
Firm was his step, erect his head ;
Victor Galbraith !
He who so well the bugle played,
Could not mistake the words it said ;
" Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith ! "

He looked at the earth, he looked at
the sky,
He looked at the files of musketry,
Victor Galbraith !
And he said, with a steady voice and
eye,
" Take good aim ; I am ready to die ! "
Thus challenges death
Victor Galbraith.

Twelve fiery tongues flashed straight
and red,
Six leaden balls on their errand sped ;
Victor Galbraith
Falls to the ground, but he is not dead ;
His name was not stamped on those
balls of lead,
And they only scatter
Victor Galbraith.

Three balls are in his breast and
brain,
But he rises out of the dust again,
Victor Galbraith !
The water he drinks has a bloody
stain ;
" Oh kill me, and put me out of my
pain ! "
In his agony prayeth
Victor Galbraith.

Forth dart once more those tongues of
flame,
And the bugler has died a death of
shame,
Victor Galbraith !
His soul has gone back to whence it
came,
And no one answers to the name,
When the Sergeant saith,
" Victor Galbraith ! "

Under the walls of Monterey
By night a bugle is heard to play,
Victor Galbraith !
Through the mist of the valley damp
and gray
The sentinels hear the sound, and say,
" That is the wraith
Of Victor Galbraith ! "

MY LOST YOUTH.

OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old
town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of the
trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far surrounding
seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

I remember the black wharves and the
slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips
And the beauty and mystery of the
ships,

And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward
song
Is singing and saying still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill ;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill,
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide !
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the
tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful
song
Goes through me with a thrill :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;
And the friendships old and the early
loves
Come back with a sabbath sound, as
of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old
song,
It flutters and murmurs still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms
that dart
Across the school-boy's brain ;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in
part
Are longings wild and vain.

453

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not
speak ;
There are dreams that cannot die ;
There are thoughts that make the
strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I
meet
When I visit the dear old town ;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each
well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and
fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days
that were ;
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful
song,
The groves are repeating it still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long,
long thoughts."

THE ROPEWALK.

In that building, long and low,
With its windows all a-row,
Like the port-holes of a hulk,
Human spiders spin and spin,
Backward down their threads so
thin
Dropping, each a hempen bulk.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

At the end, an open door :
Squares of sunshine on the floor
Light the long and dusky lane ;
And the whirring of a wheel,
Dull and drowsy, makes me feel
All its spokes are in my brain.

As the spinners to the end
Downward go and reascend,
Gleam the long threads in the
sun ;
While within this brain of mine
Cobwebs brighter and more fine
By the busy wheel are spun.

Two fair maidens in a swing,
Like white doves upon the wing,
First before my vision pass ;
Laughing, as their gentle hands
Closely clasp the twisted strands,
At their shadow on the grass.

Then a booth of mountebanks,
With its smell of tan and planks,
And a girl poised high in air
On a cord, in spangled dress,
With a faded loveliness,
And a weary look of care.

Then a homestead among farms,
And a woman with bare arms
Drawing water from a well ;
As the bucket mounts apace,
With it mounts her own fair face,
As at some magician's spell.

Then an old man in a tower,
Ringing loud the noon tide hour,
While the rope coils round and
round
Like a serpent at his feet,
And again, in swift retreat,
Nearly lifts him from the ground.

Then within a prison-yard,
Faces fixed, and stern, and hard,
Laughter and indecent mirth :
Ah ! it is the gallows-tree !
Breath of Christian charity,
Blow and sweep it from the earth !

Then a school-boy, with his kite
Gleaming in a sky of light,
And an eager, upward look ;
Steeds pursued through lane and
field ;
Fowlers with their snares concealed ;
And an angler by a brook.

Ships rejoicing in the breeze,
Wrecks that float o'er unknown seas,
Anchors dragged through faithless
sand ;
Sea-fog drifting overhead,
And, with lessening line and lead,
Sailors feeling for the land.

All these scenes do I behold,
These and many left untold,
In that building long and low ;
While the wheel goes round and
round,
With a drowsy, dreamy sound,
And the spinners backward go.

THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

LEAFLESS are the trees ; their purple
branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs
of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the
village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering
firelight ;
Here and there the lamps of evening
glimmer,
Social watch-fires
Answering one another through the
darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are
glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned
in them.

By the fireside there are old men
seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the Past what it can ne'er restore
them.

By the fireside there are youthful
dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stair-
ways,

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.



Asking blindly
Of the Future what it cannot give
them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted,
In whose scenes appear two actors
only,

Wife and husband,
And above them God the sole spec-
tator.

By the fireside there are peace and
comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thought-
ful faces,

Waiting, watching
For a well-known footprint in the pas-
sage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden
Mile-stone;
Is the central point from which he
measures

Every distance
Through the gateways of the world
around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he
sees it;
Hears the talking flame, the answering
night-wind,
As he heard them
When he sat with those who were,
but are not.

Happy he whom neither wealth nor
fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile [stead.

From the hearth of his ancestral home-
We may build more splendid habita-
tions,

Fill our rooms with paintings, and
with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

CATAWBA WINE.

THIS song of mine,
Is a Song of the Vine,
To be sung by the glowing embers
Of wayside inns,
When the rain begins
To darken the drear Novembers.

It is not a song
Of the Scuppernong,
From warm Carolinian valleys,
Nor the Isabel
And the Muscadel
That bask in our garden alleys.

Nor the red Mustang,
Whose clusters hang
O'er the waves of the Colorado,
And the fiery flood
Of whose purple blood
Has a dash of Spanish bravado.

For richest and best
Is the wine of the West,
That grows by the Beautiful River ;
Whose sweet perfume
Fills all the room
With a benison on the giver.

And as hollow trees
Are the haunts of bees,
For ever going and coming ;
So this crystal hive
Is all alive.
With a swarming and buzzing and
humming.

Very good in its way
Is the Verzenay,
Or the Sillery soft and creamy :
But Catawba wine
Has a taste more divine,
More dulcet, delicious, and dreamy.

There grows no vine
By the haunted Rhine,
By Danube or Guadalquivir,
Nor on island or cape,
That bears such a grape
As grows by the Beautiful River.

Drugged is their juice
For foreign use,
When shipped o'er the reeling At-
lantic,

To rack our brains
With the fever pains,
That have driven the Old World
frantic.

To the sewers and sinks
With all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer ;
For a poison malign
Is such Borgia wine,
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir.

While pure as a spring
Is the wine I sing,
And to praise it, one needs but
name it ;
For Catawba wine
Has need of no sign,
No tavern-bush to proclaim it.

And this Song of the Vine,
This greeting of mine,
The winds and the birds shall deliver
To the Queen of the West,
In her Garlands dressed,
On the banks of the Beautiful River.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE
NORTH CAPE.

A LEAF FROM KING ALFRED'S
OROSIUS.

OTHERE, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the Lover of Truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
Which he held in his brown right
hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared ;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the colour of oak ;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
Into the Arctic seas.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.



"So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me ;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,
And beyond them meres and plains ;
To the westward all is sea.

"So far I live to the northward,
From the harbour of Skeringeshale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

"I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside ;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

"I ploughed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas ;—

"Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep ;—
Oh, I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

"To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know ;
So at last I sailed forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

"To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,
But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

"The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

'And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape,
Whose form is like a wedge.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

"Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night :
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light."

Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while ;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred
Till the King listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

"And now the land," said Othere,
"Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

"And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale and the seal ;
Ha ! 'twas a noble game !
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

"There were six of us altogether,
Norsemen of Helgoland ;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand !"

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere, the old sea-captain,
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and
said,
"Behold this walrus-tooth !"

SANTA FILOMENA.

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Honour to those whose words or
deeds .

Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low !

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo ! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering
gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the
long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

DAYBREAK.

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, " O mists, make room for
me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, " Sail
on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, " Awake ! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, " Shout !
Hang all your leafy banners out ! "

It touched the wood-bird's folded
wing,
And said, " O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, " O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow ; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
" Bow down, and hail the coming
morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
" Awake, O bell ! proclaim the
hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a
sigh,
And said, " Not yet ! in quiet lie."

THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF AGASSIZ,

MAY 28, 1857.

IT was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud.
A child in its cradle lay.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying : " Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee."

" Come, wander with me," she said,
" Into regions yet untrod ;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful
song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

So she keeps him still a child,
And will not let him go,
Though at times his heart beats wild
For the beautiful Pays de Vaud ;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Though at times he hears in his
dreams

The Ranz des Vaches of old,
And the rush of mountain streams
From glaciers clear and cold ;

And the mother at home says,
"Hark !

For his voice I listen and yearn ;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return !"

CHILDREN.

COME to me, O ye children !
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the
sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's
flow ;
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind
us

Worse than the dark before,

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are
singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your carelessness,
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

SANDALPHON.

HAVE you read in the Talmud of
old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have
told

Of the limitless realms of the air,
Have you read it,—the marvellous
story,
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer ?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnum-
bered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night ?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress ;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from be-
low ;—

From the spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and im-
plore
In the fervour and passion of
prayer ;
From the hearts that are broken with
losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he
stands,
And they change into flowers in his
hands,
Into garlands of purple and red ;
And beneath the great arch of the
portal,
Through the streets of the City Im-
mortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed,

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

It is but a legend, I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show
 Of the ancient Rabbincal lore ;
Yet the old mediaeval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
 But haunts me and holds me the
 more.

When I look from my window at
night,
And the welkin above is all white,
 All throbbing and panting with
stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
 His pinions in nebulous bars.
And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the
heart,
 The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
 To quiet its fever and pain.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BLACK shadows fall
From the lindens tall,
That lift aloft their massive wall
 Against the southern sky ;
And from the realms
Of the shadowy elms
A tide-like darkness overwhelms
 The fields that round us lie.
But the night is fair,
And everywhere

A warm, soft vapour fills the air,
And distant sounds seem near
 And above, in the light
Of the star-lit night,
Swift birds of passage wing their
flight
 Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
 They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry
Of their voices high
Falling dreamily through the sky,
 But their forms I cannot see.

Oh, say not so !
Those sounds that blow
In murmurs of delight and woe
 Came not from wings of birds ;

They are the throngs
Of the poet's songs,
Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and
wrongs,
 The sound of winged words.

This is the cry
Of souls, that high
On toiling, beating pinions, fly,
 Seeking a warmer clime.

From their distant flight
Through realms of light
It falls into our world of night,
 With the murmuring sound of
 rhyme.

FLIGHT THE SECOND.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to
lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupa-
tions,
 That is known as the Children's Hour.
I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,

The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.
From my study I see in the lamp-
light,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

A whisper, and then a silence :
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall !
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;
If I try to escape, they surround me ;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all ?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,
Yes, for ever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away !

ENCELADUS.

UNDER Mount Etna he lies,
It is slumber, it is not death ;
For he struggles at times to arise,
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

The crags are piled on his breast,
The earth is heaped on his head ;
But the groans of his wild unrest,
Though smothered and half suppressed,
Are heard, and he is not dead.

And the nations far away
Are watching with eager eyes ;
They talk together and say,
" To-morrow, perhaps to-day,
Enceladus will arise ! "

And the old gods, the austere
Oppressors in their strength,
Stand aghast and white with fear
At the ominous sounds they hear,
And tremble, and mutter, " At length ! "

Ah me ! for the land that is sown
With the harvest of despair !
Where the burning cinders, blown
From the lips of the overthrown
Enceladus, fill the air ;

Where ashes are heaped in drifts
Over vineyard and field and town,
Whenever he starts and lifts
His head through the blackened
rifts
Of the crags that keep him down.

See, see ! the red light shines !
" Tis the glare of his awful eyes !
And the storm-wind shouts through
the pines
Of Alps and of Apennines,
" Enceladus, arise ! "

WEARINESS.

O LITTLE feet ! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load ;
I, nearer to the wayside inn
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road !

O little hands ! that, weak or strong,
Have still to serve or rule so long,
Have still so long to give or ask ;
I, who so much with book and pen
Have toiled among my fellow-men,
Am weary, thinking of your task.

O little hearts ! that throb and beat
With such impatient, feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires ;
Mine, that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.



O little souls ! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source
divine ;

Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine !

THE CUMBERLAND.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we
lay,
On board of the Cumberland,
sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across
the bay
The alarm of drums swept
past,
Of a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white
smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our
foes

Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort ;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her
guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside !
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag !" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation
strain.
"Never !" our gallant Morris re-
plies ;
"It is better to sink than to
yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Then like a kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron
grasp !
Down went the Cumberland all a
wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn as the sun rose over the
bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast
head,
Lord, how beautiful was thy day !
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho ! brave hearts that went down in
the seas !
Ye are at peace in the troubled
stream ;
Ho ! brave land ! with hearts like
these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without a seam !

A DAY OF SUNSHINE.

O GIFT of God ! O perfect day :
Whereon shall no man work, but
play ;
Whereon it is enough for me,
Not to be doing, but to be !

Through every fibre of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every
vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies ;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the
sun
Sails like a golden galleon,
Towards yonder cloud-land in the
West,
Towards yonder Islands of the Blest,
Whose steep sierra far uplifts
Its craggy summits white with drifts.

Blow, winds ! and waft thro' all the
rooms
The snow-flakes of the cherry-
blooms !
Blow, winds ! and bend within my
reach
The fiery blossoms of the peach !

O Life and Love ! O happy throng
Of thoughts, whose only speech is
song !
O heart of man ! canst thou not be
Blithe as the air is, and as free ?

SOMETHING LEFT UNDONE.

LABOUR with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

By the bedside, on the stair,
At the threshold, near the gates,
With its mena or its prayer,
Like a mendicant it waits ;

Waits, and will not go away ;
Waits, and will not be gainsaid ;
By the cares of yesterday
Each to-day is heavier made ;

Till at length the burden seems
Greater than our strength can
bear,
Heavy as the weight of dreams,
Pressing on us everywhere.

And we stand from day to day,
Like the dwarfs of times gone
by,
Who, as Northern legends say,
On their shoulders held the sky.

SNOW-FLAKES.

OUT of the bosom of the air,
Out of the cloud-folds of her
garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Suddenly shape in some divine ex-
pression,

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.



Even as the troubled heart doth
make
In the white countenance confes-
sion,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded ;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

FLIGHT THE THIRD.

1873.

FATA MORGANA.

O SWEET illusions of Song,
That tempt me everywhere,
In the lonely fields, and the throng
Of the crowded thoroughfare !

I approach, and ye vanish away,
I grasp you, and ye are gone ;
But ever by night and by day,
The melody soundeth on.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

As the weary traveller sees,
In desert or prairie vast,
Blue lakes, overhung with trees,
That a pleasant shadow cast :

Fair towns with turrets high,
And shining roofs of gold,
That vanish as he draws nigh,
Like mists together rolled ;

So I wander and wander along,
And for ever before me gleams
The shining city of song,
In the beautiful land of dreams.

But when I would enter the gate
Of that golden atmosphere,
It is gone, and I wander and wait
For the vision to reappear.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

EACH heart has its haunted chamber,
Where the silent moonlight falls !
On the floor are mysterious footsteps,
There are whispers along the walls !

And mine at times is haunted
By phantoms of the Past,
As motionless as shadows
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window
That is not seen by day,
For as soon as the dawn approaches
It vanishes away.

It sits there in'the moonlight,
Itself as pale and still,
And points with its airy finger
Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window,
There stands a gloomy pine,
Whose boughs wave upward and downward
As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches
Is the grave of a little child,
Who died upon life's threshold,
And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye, O pallid phantoms !
That haunt my troubled brain ?

That vanish when day approaches,
And at night return again ?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms !
But the statues without breath,
That stand on the bridge overarch-ing
The silent river of death ?

THE MEETING.

AFTER so long an absence
At last we meet again :
Does the meeting give us pleasure,
Or does it give us pain ?

The tree of life has been shaken,
And but few of us linger now,
Like the Prophet's two or three
berries
In the top of the uppermost bough.

We cordially greet each other
In the old familiar tone ;
And we think, though we do not
say it,
How old and gray he is grown !

We speak of a Merry Christmas
And many a Happy New Year ;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here.

We speak of friends and their for-tunes,
And of what they did and said,
Till the dead alone seem living,
And the living alone seem dead.

And at last we hardly distinguish
Between the ghosts and the guests
And a mist and shadow of sadness
Steals over our merriest jests.

VOX POPULI.

WHEN Mazárvan, the Magician,
Journeyed westward through Cathay,
Nothing heard he but the praises
Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumour ended
When he came to Khaledan,
There the folk were talking only
Of Prince Camaralzaman.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

So it happens with the poets :
Every province hath its own ;
Camaralzaman is famous
Where Badoura is unknown.

Bright as ever flows the sea,
Bright as ever shines the sun,
But, alas ! they seem to me
Not the sun that used to be,
Not the tides that used to run.

THE CASTLE-BUILDER.

A GENTLE boy with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build ;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride ;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies ;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

CHANGED.

FROM the outskirts of the town,
Where of old the milestone stood,
Now a stranger looking down,
I behold the shadowy crown
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed, or am I changed ?
Ah ! the oaks are fresh and green,
But the friends with whom I ranged
Through their thickets are estranged
By the years that intervene.

THE CHALLENGE.

I HAVE a vague remembrance
Of a story that is told
In some ancient Spanish legend
Or chronicle of old.

It was when brave King Sanchez
Was before Zamora slain,
And his great besieging army
Lay encamped upon the plain.

Don Diego de Ordoñez
Sallied forth in front of all,
And shouted loud his challenge
To the warders on the wall.

All the people of Zamora,
Both the born and the unborn,
As traitors did he challenge
With taunting words of scorn.

The living in their houses,
And in their graves the dead !
And the waters of their rivers,
And their wine, and oil, and bread

There is a greater army,
That besets us round with strife,
A starving, numberless army,
At all the gates of life.

The poverty-stricken millions
Who challenge our wine and bread,
And impeach us all as traitors,
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,
Where the feast and song are high,
Amid the mirth and the music
I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces
Look into the lighted hall,
And wasted hands are extended
To catch the crumbs that fall.

For within there is light and plenty,
And odours fill the air;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

But without there is cold and darkness,
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine,
In wind and cold and rain,
Christ, the great Lord of the army,
Lies dead upon the plain !

THE BROOK AND THE WAVE.

THE brooklet came from the mountain,
As sang the bard of old,
Running with feet of silver
Over the sands of gold !

Far away in the briny ocean
There rolled a turbulent wave,
Now singing along the sea-beach,
Now howling along the cave.

And the brooklet has found the bellow,
Though they flowed so far apart,
And has filled with its freshness and
sweetness
That turbulent, bitter heart !

FROM THE SPANISH
CANCIONEROS.

I.

EYES so tristful, eyes so tristful,
Heart so full of care and cumber,
I was lapped in rest and slumber,
Ye have made me wakeful, wistful !

In this life of labour endless
Who shall comfort my distresses?
Querulous my soul and friendless
In its sorrow shuns caresses.
Ye have made me, ye have made me
Querulous of you, that care not,
Eyes so tristful, yet I dare not
Say to what ye have betrayed me.

II.

Some day, some day,
O troubled breast,
Shalt thou find rest.

If Love in thee
To grief give birth,
Six feet of earth
Can more than he ;
There calm and free
And unoppressed
Shalt thou find rest.

The unattained
In life, at last,
When life is passed,
Shall all be gained ;
And no more pained,
No more distressed,
Shalt thou find rest.

III.

Come, O Death, so silent flying
That unheard thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.

For thy sure approach perceiving
In my constancy and pain
I new life should win again,
Thinking that I am not living.
So to me unconscious lying,
All unknown thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.

Unto him who finds thee hateful,
Death, thou art inhuman pain ;
But to me, who dying gain,
Life is but a task ungrateful.
Come, then, with my wish complying,
All unheard thy coming be,
Lest the sweet delight of dying
Bring life back again to me.

IV.

Glove of black in white hand bare,
And about her forehead pale
Wound a thin transparent veil,
That doth not conceal her hair ;
Sovereign attitude and air,
Cheek and neck alike displayed,
With coquettish charms arrayed,
Laughing eyes and fugitive ;—
This is killing men that live,
'Tis not mourning for the dead.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

AFTERMATH.

WHEN the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path ;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours ;
Not the upland clover bloom ;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds,
In the silence and the gloom.

EPIMETHEUS,

OR THE POET'S AFTERTHOUGHT.

HAVE I dreamed ? or was it real,
What I saw as in a vision,
When to marches hymeneal
In the land of the Ideal
Moved my thought o'er Fields
Elysian ?

What ! are these the guest whose
glances
Seemed like sunshine gleaming
round me ?
These the wild, bewildering fancies,
That with dithyrambic dances
As with magic circles bound me ?

Ah ! how cold are their caresses !
Palid cheeks and haggard bosoms !
Spectral gleam their snow-white
dresses,
And from loose dishevelled tresses
Fall the hyacinthine blossoms !

O my songs ! whose winsome mea-
sures
Filled my heart with secret rapture !
Children of my golden leisures !
Must even your delights and plea-
sures
Fade and perish with the capture ?

Fair they seemed, those songs so-
norous,
When they came to me unbidden ;

Voices single, and in chorus,
Like the wild birds singing o'er us
In the dark of branches hidden.

Disenchantment ! Disillusion !
Must each noble aspiration
Come at last to this conclusion,
Jarring discord, wild confusion,
Lassitude, renunciation ?

Not with steeper fall nor faster,
From the sun's serene dominions,
Not through brighter realms nor
vaster,
In swift ruin and disaster,
Icarus fell with shattered pinions !

Sweet Pandora ! dear Pandora !
Why did mighty Jove create thee
Coy as Thetis, fair as Flora,
Beautiful as young Aurora,
If to win thee is to hate thee ?

No, not hate thee ! for this feeling
Of unrest and long resistance
Is but passionate appealing,
A prophetic whisper stealing
O'er the chords of our existence.

Him whom thou dost once enamour,
Thou, beloved, never leavest ;
In life's discord, strife, and clamour,
Still he feels thy spell of glamour ;
Him of Hope thou ne'er bereavest.

Weary hearts by thee are lifted,
Struggling souls by thee are strength-
ened,
Clouds of fear asunder rifted,
Truth from falsehood cleansed and
sifted,
Lives, like days in summer, length-
ened !

Therefore art thou ever dearer,
O, my Sibyl, my deceiver !
For thou makest each mystery clearer
And the unattained seems nearer,
When thou fillest my heart with
fever !

Muse of all the Gifts and Graces !
Though the fields around us
wither,
There are ampler realms and spaces,
Where no foot has left its traces :
Let us turn and wander thither !

FLIGHT THE FOURTH.

1875.

CHARLES SUMNER.

GARLANDS upon his grave,
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honour without stain.

Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and
broke
A path for the oppressed.

Then from the fatal field,
Upon a nation's heart
Borné like a warrior on his shield !—
So should the brave depart.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet ;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Alike are life and death,
When life in death survives,
And the uninterrupted breath
Inspires a thousand lives.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the
sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

TRAVELS BY THE FIRESIDE.

THE ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.

It drives me in upon myself
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my
shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.

I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

I see the convent's gleaming wall
Rise from its groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
And castles by the Rhine.

I journey on by park and spire,
Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with poppies all on
fire,
And gleams of distant seas.

I fear no more the dust and heat,
No more I feel fatigue,
While journeying with another's feet
O'er many a lengthening league.

Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand,
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with mine own.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

C A D E N A B B I A.

L A K E O F C O M O.

No sound of wheels or hoof-beat
breaks

The silence of the summer day,
As by the loveliest of all lakes
I while the idle hours away.

I pace the leafy colonnade
Where level branches of the plane
Above me weave a roof of shade
Impervious to the sun and rain.

At times a sudden rush of air
Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,
And gleams of sunshine toss and
flare
Like torches down the path I tread.

By Somariva's garden gate
I make the marble stairs my seat,
And hear the water, as I wait,
Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

The undulation sinks and swells
Along the stony parapets,
And far away the floating bells
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

Silent and slow, by tower and town
The freighted barges come and go,
Their pendent shadows gliding down
By town and tower submerged below.

The hills sweep upward from the shore,
With villas scattered, one by one
Upon their wooded spurs, and lower
Bellagio blazing in the sun.

And dimly seen, a tangled mass
Of walls and woods, of light and shade,
Stands beckoning up the Stelvio Pass
Varenna with its white cascade.

I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

Sweet vision! Do not fade away;
Linger until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake.

Linger until upon my brain
Is stamped an image of the scene,
Then fade into the air again,
And be as if thou hadst not been.

MONTE CASSINO.

TERRA DI LAVORO.

BEAUTIFUL valley! through whose verdant meads
Unheard the Garigliano glides along:—
The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,
The river taciturn of classic song.

The Land of Labour and the Land of Rest,
Where mediæval towns are white on all
The hillsides, and where every mountain's crest
Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall.

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface
Was dragged with contumely from his throne;
Sciara Colonna, was that day's disgrace
The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade
Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,
When Manfred, by his men-at-arms betrayed,
Spurred on to Benevento and to death.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

There is Aquinum, the old Volsclian town,
Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown
Of splendour seen o'er cities in the night.

Doubled the splendour is, that in its streets
The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,
And dreamed perhaps the dream that he repeats
In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted, like a passing cloud
That pauses on a mountain summit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud
And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed
The stony pathway leading to its gate ;
Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed,
Below, the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and dark,
The courtyard with its well, the terrace wide,
From which far down the valley, like a park
Veiled in the evening mists, was dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
Caressed the mountain tops ; the vales between
Darkened ; the river in the meadow-lands
Sheathed itself as a sword, and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,
So full of rest it seemed ; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago,
Benedict fleeing from the gates of Rome,
A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,
Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule
Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer ;
The pen became a clarion, and his school
Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way,
Mocking the lazy brotherhood, deplores
The illuminated manuscripts, that lay
Torn and neglected on the dusty floors ?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child
Of fancy and of fiction at the best !
This the urbane librarian said, and smiled
Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these, with one young friar
I sat conversing late into the night,
Till in its cavernous chimney the wood-fire
Had burned its heart out like a anchorite.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

And then translated, in my convent cell,
Myself yet not myself, in dreams I lay ;
And, as a monk who hears the matin bell,
Started from sleep ; already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene
On which Sain t Benedict so oft had gazed.—
The mountains and the valley in the sheen
Of the bright sun,—and stood as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing ;
The woodlands glistened with their jewelled crowns ;
Far off the mellow bells began to ring
For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past,
The ideal and the actual in our life,
s on a field of battle held me fast,
While this world and the next world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,
I saw the iron horses of the steam
Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,
And woke, as one awaketh from a dream.

A M A L F I.

SWEET the memory is to me
Of the land beyond the sea,
Where the waves and mountains
meet,
Where, amid her mulberry-trees
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer seas.

In the middle of the town,
From its fountains in the hills,
Tumbling through the narrow gorge,
The Canneto rushes down,
Turns the great wheels of the mills,
Lifts the hammers of the forge.

"Tis a stairway, not a street,
That ascends the deep ravine,
Where the torrent leaps between
Rocky walls that almost meet.
Toiling up from stair to stair
Peasant girls their burdens bear ;
Sunburnt daughters of the soil,
Stately figures tall and straight,
What inexorable fate
Dooms them to this life of toil ?

Lord of vineyards and of lands,
Far above, the convent stands.

On its terraced walk aloof
Leans a monk with folded hands.
Placid, satisfied, serene,
Looking down upon the scene
Over wall and red-tiled roof ;
Wondering unto what good end
All this toil and traffic tend.
And why all men cannot be
Free from care and free from pain,
And the sordid love of gain,
And as indolent as he.

Where are now the freighted barks
From the marts of east and west ?
Where the knights in iron sarks
Journeying to the Holy Land,
Glove of steel upon the hand,
Cross of crimson on the breast ?
Where the pomp of camp and court ?
Where the pilgrims with their prayers ?
Where the merchants with their wares,
And their gallant brigantines
Sailing safely into port
Chased by corsair Algerines ?

Vanished like a fleet of cloud,
Like a passing trumpet-blast,
Are those splendours of the past,
And the commerce and the crowd !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Fathoms deep beneath the seas
Lie the ancient wharves and quays,
Swallowed by the engulfing waves ;
Silent streets and vacant halls,
Ruined roofs and towers and walls ;
Hidden from all mortal eyes
Deep the sunken city lies :
Even cities have their graves !

This is an enchanted land !
Round the headlands far away
Sweeps the blue Salernian bay
With its sickle of white sand :
Further still and furthest
On the dim discovered coast
Paestum with its ruins lies,
And its roses all in bloom
Seem to tinge the fatal skies
Of that lonely land of doom.
On his terrace, high in air
Nothing doth the good monk care
For such worldly themes as these.

From the garden just below,
Little puffs of perfume blow,
And a sound is in his ears
Of the murmur of the bees
In the shining chestnut-trees ;
Nothing else he hears or hears.
All the landscape seems to swoon
In the happy afternoon !
Slowly o'er his senses creep
The encroaching waves of sleep,
And he sinks as sank the town
Unresisting, fathoms down,
Into caverns cool and deep !

Walled about with drifts of snow,
Hearing the fierce north-wind blow,
Seeing all the landscape white,
And the river cased in ice,
Comes this memory of delight,
Comes this vision unto me
Of a long-lost Paradise
In the land beyond the sea.

THE SERMON OF ST.
FRANCIS.

UP soared the lark into the air,
A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
As if a soul released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.

St. Francis heard ; it was to him
An emblem of the Seraphim ;

The upward motion of the fire,
The light, the heat, the heart's desire.

Around Assisi's convent gate
The birds, God's poor, who cannot
wait,
From moor and mere and darksome
wood
Came flocking for their dole of food.

"O brother birds," Saint Francis said,
"Ye come to me and ask for bread ;
But not with bread alone to-day
Shall ye be fed and sent away.

"Ye shall be fed, ye happy birds,
With manna of celestial words ;
Not mine, though mine they seem to
be,
Not mine, though they be spoken
through me.

"Oh, doubly are ye bound to praise
The great Creator in your lays ;
He giveth you your plumes of down,
Your crimson hoods, your cloaks of
brown.

"He giveth you your wings to fly
And breathe a purer air on high,
And caret for you everywhere,
Who for yourselves so little care !"

With flutter of swift wings and songs
Together rose the feathered throngs,
And singing scattered far apart ;
Deep peace was in St Francis' heart.

He knew not if the brotherhood
His homily had understood ;
He only knew that to one ear
The meaning of his words was clear.

BELISARIUS.

I AM poor and old and blind ;
The sun burns me, and the wind
Blows through the city gate
And covers me with dust
From the wheels of the august
Justinian the Great.

It was for him I chased
The Persians o'er wild and waste,-
As General of the East ;

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Night after night I lay
In their camps of yesterday ;
Their forage was my feast.

For him with sails of red,
And torches at mast-head,
Piloting the great fleet,
I swept the Afric coasts
And scattered the Vandal hosts,
Like dust in a windy street.

For him I won again
The Ausonian realm and reign,
Rome and Parthenope ;
And all the land was mine
From the summits of Apennine
To the shores of either sea.

For him, in my feeble age,
I dared the battle's rage,
To save Byzantium's state,
When the tents of Zabergan,
Like snow-drifts overran
The road of the Golden Gate.

And for this, for this, behold !
Infirm and blind and old,
With gray, uncovered head,
Beneath the very arch
Of my triumphal march,
I stand and beg my bread !

Methinks I still can hear,
Sounding distinct and near,
The Vandal monarch's cry,
As, captive and disgraced,
With majestic step he paced,—
“ All, all is Vanity ! ”

Ah ! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings ;
The plaudits of the crowd
Are but the clatter of feet
At midnight in the street,
Hollow and restless and loud.

But the bitterest disgrace
Is to see for ever the face
Of the Monk of Ephesus !
The unconquerable will
This, too, can bear ;—I still
Am Belisarius !

SONGO RIVER.

NOWHERE such a devious stream,
Save in fancy or in dream,
Winding slow through bush and brake,
Links together lake and lake.

Walled with woods or sandy shelf,
Ever doubling on itself,
Flows the stream, so still and slow,
That it hardly seems to flow.

Never errant knight of old,
Lost in woodland or on wold,
Such a winding path pursued
Through the sylvan solitude.

Never school-boy in his quest
After hazel-nut or nest,
Through the forest in and out
Wandered loitering thus about.

In the mirror of its tide
Tangled thickets on each side
Hang inverted, and between
Floating cloud or sky serene.

Swift or swallow on the wing
Seems the only living thing,
Or the loon, that laughs and flies
Down to those reflected skies.

Silent stream ! thy Indian name
Unfamiliar is to fame ;
For thou hidest here alone,
Well content to be unknown.

But thy tranquil waters teach
Wisdom deep as human speech,
Moving without haste or noise
In unbroken equipoise.

Though thou turnest no busy mill,
And art ever calm and still,
Even thy silence seems to say
To the traveller on his way :—

“ Traveller, hurrying from the heat
Of the city, stay thy feet !
Rest a while, nor longer waste
Life with inconsiderate haste !

“ Be not like a stream that brawls
Loud with shallow waterfalls ;
But in quiet self-control
Link together soul and soul.”

FLIGHT THE FIFTH.

1878.

THE HERONS OF ELMWOOD.

WARM and still is the summer night,
As here by the river's brink I wander ;
White overhead are the stars, and white
The glimmering lamps on the hillside yonder.

Silent are all the sounds of day ;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood thickets.

Call to him, herons, as slowly you pass
To your roosts in the haunts of the exiled thrushes,
Sing him the song of the green morass,
And the tides that water the reeds and rushes.

Sing him the mystical Song of the Hern,
And the secret that baffles our utmost seeking ;
For only a sound of lament we discern,
And cannot interpret the words you are speaking.

Sing of the air, and the wild delight
Of wings that uplift and winds that uphold you,
The joy of freedom, the rapture of flight
Through the drift of the floating mists that infold you ;

Of the landscape lying so far below,
With its towns and rivers and desert places ;
And the splendour of light above, and the glow
Of the limitless, blue, ethereal spaces.

Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms are meeting,
Some one has lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friendly greeting ;

That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence broken ;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts unspoken.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

A DUTCH PICTURE.

SIMON DANZ has come home again,
From cruising about with his buccaneers ;

He has singed the beard of the King of Spain,
And carried away the Dean of Jaen
And sold him in Algiers.

In his house by the Maese, with its roof of tiles,
And weathercocks flying aloft in air,
There are silver tankards of antique styles,
Plunder of convent and castle, and piles
Of carpets rich and rare.

In his tulip-garden there by the town,
Overlooking the sluggish stream,
With his Moorish cap and dressing-gown,
The old sea-captain, hale and brown,
Walks in a waking dream.

A smile in his gray mustachio lurks
Whenever he thinks of the King of Spain,
And the listed tulips look like Turks,
And the silent gardener as he works
Is changed to the Dean of Jaen.

The windmills on the outermost
Verge of the landscape in the haze,
To him are towers on the Spanish coast,
With whiskered sentinels at their post,
Though this is the river Maese.

But when the winter rains begin.
He sits and smokes by the blazing brands,
And old seafaring men come in,
Goat-bearded, gray, and with double chin,
And rings upon their hands.

They sit there in the shadow and shine
Of the flickering fire of the winter night ;
Figures in colour and design
Like those by Rembrandt of the Rhine,
Half darkness and half light.

And they talk of ventures lost or won,
And their talk is ever and ever the same,

477

While they drink the red wine
Tarragon,
From the cellars of some Spanish Don,
Or convent set on flame.

Restless at times with heavy strides
He paces his parlour to and fro ;
He is like a ship that at anchor rides,
And swings with the rising and falling tides,
And tugs at her anchor-tow.

Voices mysterious far and near,
Sound of the wind and sound of the sea,
Are calling and whispering in his ear,
"Simon Danz ! Why stayest thou here ?
Come forth and follow me ! "

So he thinks he shall take to the sea again
For one more cruise with his buccaneers,
To singe the beard of the King of Spain,
And capture another Dean of Jaen.
And sell him in Algiers.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

How much of my young heart, O Spain,
Went out to thee in days of yore !
What dreams romantic filled my brain,
And summoned back to life again
The Paladins of Charlemagne,
The Cid Campeador !

And shapes more shadowy than these,
In the dim twilight half revealed ;
Phoenician galleys on the seas,
The Roman camps like hives of bees,
The Goth uplifting from his knees
Pelayo on his shield.

It was these memories perchance,
From annals of remotest eld,
That lent the colours of romance
To every trivial circumstance,
And changed the form and countenance
Of all that I beheld.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Old towns, whose history lies hid
In monkish chronicle or rhyme,—
Burgos, the birth-place of the Cid,
Zamora and Valladolid,
Toledo, built and walled amid
The wars of 'Wamba's time;

The long, straight line of the highway,
The distant town that seems so
near,
The peasants in the fields that stay
Their toil to cross themselves and pray,
When from the belfry at midday
The Angelus they hear;

White crosses in the mountain pass,
Mules gay with tassels, the loud din
Of muleteers, the tethered ass
That crops the dusty wayside grass,
And cavaliers with spurs of brass
Alighting at the inn;

White hamlets hidden in fields of
wheat,
White cities slumbering by the sea,
White sunshine flooding square and
street,
Dark mountain-ranges, at whose feet
The river-beds are dry with heat,—
All was a dream to me.

Yet something sombre and severe
O'er the enchanted landscape
reigned;
A terror in the atmosphere
As if King Philip listened near,
Or Torquemada, the austere,
His ghostly sway maintained.

The softer Andalusian skies
Dispelled the sadness and the
gloom;
There Cadiz by the seaside lies,
And Seville's orange-orchards rise,
Making the land a paradise
Of beauty and of bloom.

There Cordova is hidden among
The palm, the olive, and the vine;
Gem of the South, by poets sung,
And in whose Mosque Almanzor
hung
As lamps the bells that once had rung
At Compostella's shrine.

But over all the rest supreme,
The stars of stars the cynosure,
The artist's and the poet's theme,

The young man's vision, the old man's
dream,—
Granada by its winding stream,
The city of the Moor!

And there the Alhambra still recalls
Aladdin's palace of delight:
Allah il' Allah ! through its halls
Whispers the fountain as it falls,
The Darro darts beneath its walls,
The hills with snow are white.

Ah yes, the hills are white with
snow,
And cold with blasts that bite and
freeze;
But in the happy vale below
The orange and pomegranate grow,
And wafts of air toss to and fro
The blossoming almond-trees.

The Vega cleft by the Xenil,
The fascination and allure
Of the sweet landscape chains the
will;
The traveller lingers on the hill
His parted lips are breathing still
The last sigh of the Moor.

How like a ruin overgrown
With flowers that hide the rents of
time,
Stands now the Past that I have
known,
Castles in Spain, not built of stone,
But of white summer clouds, and
blown
Into this little mist of rhyme !

VITTORIA COLONNA.

[Vittoria Colonna, on the death of her hus-
band, the Marchese di Pescara, retired to her
castle at Ischia (Inarimé), and there wrote the
ode upon his death, which gained her the title
of Divine.]

ONCE more, once more, Inarimé,
I see thy purple hills!—once more
I hear the billows of the bay
Wash the white pebbles on thy
shore.

High o'er the sea-surge and the sands,
Like a great galleon wrecked and
cast

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Ashore by storms, thy castle stands,
A mouldering landmark of the Past.

Upon its terrace walk I see
A phantom gliding to and fro ;
It is Colonna,—it is she
Who lived and loved so long ago.

Pescara's beautiful young wife,
The type of perfect womanhood,
Whose life was love, the life of life,
That time and change and death
withstood.

For death, that breaks the marriage
band
In others, only closer pressed
The wedding-ring upon her hand,
And closer locked and barred her
breast.

She knew the life-long martyrdom,
The weariness, the endless pain
Of waiting for some one to come
Who nevermore would come again.

.The shadows of the chestnut-trees,
The odour of the orange-blooms,
The song of birds, and more than
these,
The silence of deserted rooms ;

The respiration of the sea,
The soft caresses of the air,
All things in nature seemed to be
But ministers of her despair ;

Till the o'erburdened heart, so long
Imprisoned in itself, found vent
And voice in one impassioned song
Of inconsolable lament.

Then as the sun, though hidden from
sight,
Transmutes to gold the leaden
mist,
Her life was interfused with light,
From realms that, though unseen,
exist.

Inarimé ! Inarimé !
Thy castle on the crags above
In dust shall crumble and decay,
But not the memory of her love.

THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

In that desolate land and lone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs
And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge !" cried Rain-in-the-Face,
"Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow
hair !"
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and riverside,
The Indian village stood ;
All was silent as a dream,
Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves,
Crouched in the clefts and caves,
Savage, unmerciful !

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Dashed headlong, sword in hand ;
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire ;
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire,

But the foemen fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,
Uplifted high in air,
As a ghastly trophy, bore
The brave heart, that beat no more,
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong ?
Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and seathe,
In the Year of a Hundred Years.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

TO THE RIVER YVETTE.

O LOVELY river of Yvette !
O darling river, like a bride,
Some dimpled, bashful, fair Lisette,
Thou goest to wed the Orge's tide.

Maincourt, and lordly Dampierre,
See and salute thee on thy way,
And, with a blessing and a prayer,
Ring the sweet bells of St. Forget.

The valley of Chevreuse in vain
Would hold thee in its fond embrace !

Thou glidest from its arms again
And hurriest on with swifter pace.

Thou wilt not stay ; with restless feet
Pursuing still thine onward flight,
Thou goest as one in haste to meet
Her sole desire, her heart's delight.

O lovely river of Yvette !
O darling stream ! on balanced wings

The wood-birds sang the chansonette
That here a wandering poet sings.

THE EMPEROR'S GLOVE.

[Combien faudrait-il de peaux d'Espagne pour faire un gant de cette grandeur ? A play upon the words *gant*, a glove, and *Ganz*, the French for Ghent.]

On St. Bavon's tower, commanding
Half of Flanders, his domain,
Charles the Emperor once was stand-
ing,
While beneath him on the landing
Stood Duke Alva and his train.

Like a print in books of fables,
Or a model made for show,
With its pointed roofs and gables,
Dormer windows, scrolls and labels,
Lay the city far below.

Through its squares and streets and
alleys
Poured the populace of Ghent ;
As a routed army rallies,
Or as rivers run through valleys,
Hurrying to their homes they went.

"Nest of Lutheran misbelievers!"
Cried Duke Alva as he gazed ;
"Haunt of traitors and deceivers,
Stronghold of insurgent weavers,
Let it to the ground be razed!"

On the Emperor's cap the feather
Nods, as laughing he replies :
"How many skins of Spanish leather,
Think you, would, if stitched to-
gether,
Make a glove of such a size?"

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH
FLEET.

OCTOBER, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE, *loquitur.*

A FLEET with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal : "Steer south-west."
For this Admiral D'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumours in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near.
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly : "Let us pray !

"O Lord ! we would not advise ;
But if in thy Providence
A tempest should arise
To drive the French Fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame,
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came ;
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower,
As it tolls at funerals.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried : " Stand still, and see
The salvation of the Lord ! "
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas ;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these !

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line ;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord ! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea !

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG.

MOUNTED on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white
feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief,
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold and next to life
Roushan the robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt his fortress stood ;
Plundered Khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men-at-arms his livery wore,
Did his bidding night and day.

Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
Seeking without guide his way.

Suddenly, the pathway ends,
Sheer the precipice descends,
Loud the torrent roars unseen ;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm ; on air must ride
He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot,
Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
" La Illá illá Alláh ! "

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast ;
Kissed him upon both his eyes ;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
Sings a bird before it flies.

" O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
Carry me this peril through !
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
O thou soul of Kurroglou !

" Soft thy skin as silken skein,
Soft as woman's hair thy mane,
Tender are thine eyes and true ;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright ; O, life of mine,
Leap, and rescue Kurroglou ! "

Kyrate, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
Kyrate safe his rider bore ;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasseled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head,
Careless sat he and upright ;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Neither hand nor bridle shook,
Nor his head he turned to look,
As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment like the glare
Of a sword drawn from its sheath ;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
Passed above him. "Allahu !"
Cried he. " In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
As this Robber Kutroglou ! "

HAROUN AL RASCHID.

ONE day, Haroun Al Raschid read
A book wherein the poet said :—

" Where are the kings, and where the
rest
Of those who once the world pos-
sessed ?

" They're gone with all their pomp
and show,
They're gone the way that thou shalt
go.

" O thou who choosest for thy share
The world, and what the world calls
fair,

" Take all that it can give or lend,
But know that death is at the end ! "

Haroun Al Raschid bowed his head :
Tears fell upon the page he read.

KING TRISANKU.

VISWAMITRA the Magician,
By his spells and incantations,
Up to Indra's realms elysian
Raised Trisanku, king of nations.

Indra and the gods offended
Hurled him downward, and de-
scending,

In the air he hung suspended,
With these equal powers contend-
ing.

Thus by aspirations lifted,
By misgivings downward driven,
Human hearts are tossed and drifted
Midway between earth and heaven.

A WRAITH IN THE MIST.

" Sir, I should build me a fortification if I
came to live here."—BOSWELL'S *Johnson*.

On the green little isle of Inchkenneth
Who is it that walks by the shore,
So gay with his Highland blue bon-
net,
So brave with his targe and clay-
more ?

His form is the form of a giant,
But his face wears an aspect of pain ;
Can this be the Laird of Inchkenneth ?
Can this be Sir Alan McLean ?

Ah, no ! It is only the Rambler,
The Idler, who lives in Bolt Court,
And who says, were he Laird of Inch-
kenneth,
He would wall himself round with a
fort.

THE THREE KINGS.

THREE Kings came riding from far
away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar ;
Three Wise Men out of the East were
they,
And they travelled by night and they
slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful,
wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and
clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmos-
phere,
And by this they knew that the coming
was near
Of the Prince foretold in the pro-
phecy.

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys ;

Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and fur-belowes,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some wayside well.

" Of the child that is born," said Baltasar,
" Good people, I pray you, tell us the news ;
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, " You ask in vain ;
We know of no king but Herod the Great ! "
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste, and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them ;
And said, " Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away ; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn ;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,

Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard ;
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little child in the manger lay,
The child, that would be king one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet :
The gold was their tribute to a King,
The frankincense, with its odour sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone :
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the Angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array ;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.



SONG.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest ;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not
where
Are full of trouble and full of care ;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown
about
By the winds of the wilderness of
doubt ;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest ;
The bird is safest in its nest ;
O'er all that flutter their wings and
fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky ;
To stay at home is best.

THE WHITE CZAR.

The White Czar is Peter the Great.
Batyushka, Father dear, and Gosudar, Sovereign, are titles the Russian people are fond of giving to the Czar in their popular songs.

Dost thou see on the rampart's height
That wreath of mist, in the light
Of the midnight moon ? Oh, hist !
It is not a wreath of mist ;
It is the Czar, the White Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !
He has heard, among the dead,
The artillery roll o'erhead ;
The drums and the tramp of feet
Of his soldiery in the street ;
He is awake ! the White Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

He has heard in the grave the cries
Of his people : " Awake ! arise ! "
He has rent the gold brocade
Whereof his shroud was made ;
He is risen ! the White Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

From the Volga and the Don
He has led his armies on,
Over river and morass,
Over desert and mountain pass ;

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

The Czar, the Orthodox Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

He looks from the mountain-chain
Toward the seas, that cleave in twain
The continents ; his hand
Points southward o'er the land
Of Roumili ! O Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

And the words break from his lips :
" I am the builder of ships,
And my ships shall sail these seas
To the Pillars of Hercules !
I say it ; the White Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

" The Bosphorus shall be free ;
It shall make room for me ;
And the gates of its water-streets
Be unbarr'd before my fleets.
I say it ; the White Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar !

" And the Christian shall no more
Be crushed, as heretofore,
Beneath thine iron rule,
O Sultan of Istamboul !
I swear it ! I the Czar,
Batyushka ! Gosudar ! "

DELIA.

SWEET as the tender fragrance that
survives,
When martyred flowers breathe out
their little lives,
Sweet as a song that once consoled our
pain,
But never will be sung to us again,
Is thy remembrance. Now the hour
of rest
Hath come to thee. Sleep, darling ;
it is best.

Flower-de-Luce.

1866.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

BEAUTIFUL lily, dwelling by still
rivers,
Or solitary mere,
Or where the sluggish meadow-brook
delivers
Its waters to the weir !

Thou laughest at the mill, the whir
and worry
Of spindle and of loom,
And the great wheel that toils amid
the hurry
And rushing of the flume.

Born in the purple, born to joy and
pleasance,
Thou dost not toil nor spin,
But makest glad and radiant with thy
presence
The meadow and the lin,

The wind blows, and uplifts thy
drooping banner,
And round thee throng and ruin
The rushes, the green yeomen of thy
manor,
The outlaws of the sun.

The burnished dragon-fly is thine
attendant,
And tilts against the field,
And down the listed sunbeam rides
resplendent
With steel-blue mail and shield.

Thou art the Iris, fair among the
fairest,
Who, armed with golden rod
And winged with the celestial azure,
bearest
The message of some God.



Thou art the Muse, who far from
crowded cities
Hauntest the sylvan streams,
Playing on pipes of reed the artless
ditties
That come to us as dreams.

O flower-de-luce, bloom on, and let
the river,
Linger to kiss thy feet ;
O flower of song, bloom on, and make
for ever
The world more fair and sweet.

PALINGENESIS.
I LAY upon the headland-height, and
listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,
And watched the waves, that tossed
and fled and glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I
started ;
For round about me all the sunny
capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in da
departed,

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Apparell'd in the loveliness which
gleams
On faces seen in dreams.
A moment only, and the light and
glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate
shore
Stood lonely as before;
And the wild roses of the promon-
tory
Around me shuddered in the wind,
and shed
Their petals of pale red.
There was an old belief that in the
embers
Of all things their primordial form
exists,
And cunning alchemists
Could re-create the rose with all its
members
From its own ashes, but without the
bloom,
Without the lost perfume.
Ah me! what wonder-working, occult
science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once
more
The rose of youth restore?
What craft of alchemy can bid de-
fiance
To time and change, and for a single
hour
Renew this phantom-flower?
"Oh, give me back," I cried, "the
vanished splendours,
The breath of morn, and the exultant
strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and
surrenders
The pond, with all its lillies, for the
leap
Into the unknown deep!"
And the sea answered, with a lamenta-
tion,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it
said,
"Alas! thy youth is dead!
It breathes no more, its heart has no
pulsation;
In the dark places with the dead of
old
It lies for ever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated
cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust
again,
Only to give me pain;
But, still remembering all the lost en-
dearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks be-
fore,
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plant-
ations
Bright with autumnal foliage and the
glow
Of sunsets burning low,
Beneath what midnight skies, whose
constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen!
Amid what friendly greetings and
caresses,
What households, though not alien,
yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine;
To what temptations in lone wil-
dernesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain
and loss,
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly ques-
tion
Those pages of the mystic book which
hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or sug-
gestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and
good heed,
Until "The End" I read.

THE BRIDGE OF CLOUD.

BURN, O evening hearth, and waken
Pleasant visions, as of old!
Though the house by winds be
shaken,
Safe I keep this room of gold
Ah, no longer wizard Fancy
Builds her castles in the air,
Luring me by necromancy
Up the never-ending stair!

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

But, instead, she builds me bridges
Over many a dark ravine,
Where beneath the gusty ridges
Cataracts dash and roar unseen.

And I cross them, little heeding
Blast of wind or torrent's roar,
As I follow the receding
Footsteps that have gone before.

Naught avails the imploring gesture,
Naught avails the cry of pain !
When I touch the flying vesture,
'Tis the gray robe of the rain.

Baffled I return, and, leaning
O'er the parapets of cloud,
Watch the mist that intervening
Wraps the valley in its shroud.

And the sounds of life ascending
Faintly, vaguely, meet the ear,
Murmur of bells and voices blending
With the rush of waters near.

Well I know what there lies hidden,
Every tower and town and farm,
And again the land forbidden
Reassumes its vanished charm.

Well I know the secret places,
And the nests in hedge and tree ;
At what doors are friendly faces,
In what hearts are thoughts of me.

Through the mist and darkness sinking,
Blown by wind and beaten by shower,
Down I fling the thought I'm thinking,
Down I toss this Alpine flower.

HAWTHORNE.
MAY 23, 1864.

How beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain !
Though all its splendour could not chase away
The omnipresent pain.

The lovely town was white with apple blooms,
And the great elms o'erhead

Dark shadows wove on their aerial looms,
Shot through with golden thread.

Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic rivet flowed :
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

The faces of familiar friends seemed strange :
Their voices I could hear,
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to my ear.

For the one face I looked for was not there,
The one low voice was mute ;
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse, and stream
Dimly my thought defines ;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hill-top hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longings of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own.

There in seclusion and remote from men
The wizard hand lies cold,
Which at its topmost speed let fall the pen,
And left the tale half told.

Ah ! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain ?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain !

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I HEARD the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

And thought how, as the day had
come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to
day,

A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

Then from each black, accursed
mouth

The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned

Of peace on earth, good will to men !

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn

The households born

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

And in despair I bowed my head ;
"There is no peace on earth," I said ;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men !"

Then pealed the bells more loud and
deep ;

"God is not dead; nor doth He
sleep ;

The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to
men ! "

THE WIND OVER THE CHIMNEY.

SEE, the fire is sinking low,
Dusky red the embers glow,
While above them still I cower,
While a moment more I linger,
Though the clock, with lifted finger,
Points beyond the midnight hour.

Sings the blackened log a tune
Learned in some forgotten June
From a school-boy at his play,

489

When they both were young to-
gether,
Heart of youth and summer weather
Making all their holiday.

And the night-wind rising, hark !
How above there in the dark,
In the midnight and the snow,
Ever wilder, fiercer, grander,
Like the trumpets of Iskander,
All the noisy chimneys blow !

Every quivering tongue of flame
Seems to murmur some great name,
Seems to say to me "Aspire!"
But the night-wind answers, "Hol-
low

Are the visions that you follow,
Into darkness sinks your fire !"

Then the flicker of the blaze
Gleams on volumes of old days,
Written by masters of the art,
Loud through whose majestic pages
Rolls the melody of ages,
Throb the harp-strings of the
heart.

And again the tongues of flame
Start exulting and exclaim :
"These are prophets, bards, and
seers ;

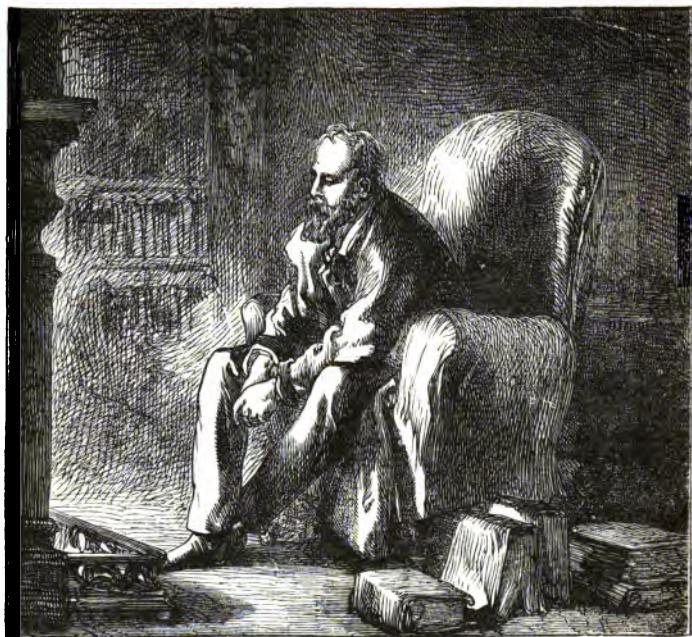
In the horoscope of nations,
Like ascendant constellations,
They control the coming years."

But the night-wind cries : " De-
spair !

Those who walk with feet of air
Leave no long-enduring marks ;
At God's forges incandescent
Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks.

"Dust are all the hands that wrought ;
Books are sepulchres of thought ;
The dead laurels of the dead
Rustle for a moment only,
Like the withered leaves in lonely
Churchyards at some passing
tread."

Suddenly the flame sinks down ;
Sink the rumours of renown ;
And alone the night-wind drear
Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,—
"Tis the brand of Meleager
Dying on the hearth-stone here !"



And I answer,—“ Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavour is in vain ;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.”

THE BELLS OF LYNN.
HEARD AT NAHANT

O CURFEW of the setting sun ! O
Bells of Lynn !
O requiem of the dying day ! O Bells
of Lynn !

From the dark belfries of yon cloud-
cathedral wafted,
Your sounds aerial seem to float, O
Bells of Lynn !

Borne on the evening wind across the
crimson twilight,
O'er land and sea they rise and fall, O
Bells of Lynn !

The fisherman in his boat, far out
beyond the headland,
Listens, and leisurely rows ashore, O
Bells of Lynn !
Over the shining sands the wandering
cattle homeward
Follow each other at your call, O Bells
of Lynn !

The distant lighthouse hears, and with
his flaming signal
Answers you, passing the watchword
on, O Bells of Lynn !

And down the darkening coast run
the tumultuous surges,
And clap their hands, and shout to
you, O Bells of Lynn !

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

Till from the shuddering sea, with
your wild incantations,
Ye summon up the spectral moon, O
Bells of Lynn !

And startled at the sight, like the weird
woman of Endor,
Ye cry aloud, and then are still, O
Bells of Lynn !

KILLED AT THE FORD.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart of honour, the tongue of
truth,
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle-
call,
Whom all eyes followed with one con-
sent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose
pleasant word,
Hushed all murmurs of discontent,

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some
old song :
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of
his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice
was still ;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew
chill ;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying
dead ;
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up to his saddle again,
And through the mire and the mist
and the rain
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed ;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's
lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one, just over his heart, blood-
red !

And I saw in a vision how far and
fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant
North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny
street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to
beat
Without a murmur, without a cry ;
And a bell was tolled, in that far-off
town,
For one who had passed from cross to
crown,
And the neighbours wondered that she
should die.

GIOTTO'S TOWER.

How many lives, made beautiful and
sweet
By self-devotion and by self-restraint,
Whose pleasure is to run without
complaint.
On unknown errands of the Para-
clite,
Wanting the reverence of unshodden
feet,
Fail of the nimbus which the artists
paint
Around the shining forehead of the
saint,
And are in their completeness in-
complete !

In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's
tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in
stone,—
A vision, a delight, and a desire,—
The builder's perfect and centennial
flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed
alone,
But wanting still the glory of the
spire.

TO-MORROW.

'Tis late at night, and in the realm of
sleep
My little lambs are folded like the
flocks ;
From room to room I hear the wake-
ful clocks

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Challenge the passing hour, like
guards that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and
steep ;
Far off I hear the crowing of the
cocks,
And through the opening door that
time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of To-mor-
row creep.
To-morrow ! the mysterious, unknown
guest,
Who cries to me : "Remember Bar-
mecide,
And tremble to be happy with the
rest."
And I make answer : "I am satisfied ;
I dare not ask ; I know not what is
best ;
God hath already said what shall
betide."

DIVINA COMMEDIA.

I.
OFT have I seen at some cathedral
door,
A labourer pausing in the dust and
heat,
Lay down his burden, and with re-
verent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the
floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er ;
Far off the noises of the world re-
treat ;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to
day,
And leave my burden at this minster
gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed
to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and
wait.

II.
How strange the sculptures that adorn
these towers !
This crowd of statues, in whose
folded sleeves
Birds build their nests ; while cano-
pied with leaves

Parvis and portal bloom like trellised
bowers,
And the vast minster seems a cross of
flowers !
But fiends and dragons on the gar-
goyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the
living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas
lowers !
Ah ! from what agonies of heart and
brain,
What exultations tramping on de-
spair,
What tenderness, what tears, what
hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in
pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and
air,
This mediæval miracle of song !

III.

I ENTER, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine !
And strive to make my steps keep
pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown
perfume ;
The congregation of the dead make
room
For thee to pass ; the votive tapers
shine ;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's
groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb
to tomb.
From the confessals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts
below ;
And then a voice celestial, that begins
With the pathetic words, "Although
your sins
As scarlet be," and ends with "as
the snow."

IV.

WITH snow-white veil and garments
as of flame,
She stands before thee, who so long
ago
Filled thy young heart with passion
and the woe
From which thy song and all its
splendours came ;
And while with stern rebuke she speaks
thy name,

FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

The ice about thy heart melts as the snow
On mountain heights, and in swift overflow
Comes gushing from thy lips in sobs of shame.
Thou makest full confession; and a gleam,
As if the dawn on some dark forest cast,
Seems on thy lifted forehead to increase;
Lethe and Eunoë—the remembered dream
And the forgotten sorrow—bring at last
That perfect pardon which is perfect peace.

V.

I LIFT mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelay,
With splendour upon splendour multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host.

VI.

O STAR of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendour shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!

Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard;
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
In their own language hear thy wondrous word,
And many are amazed and many doubt.

NOËL.

ENVOYÉ À M. AGASSIZ, LA VEILLE DE NOËL 1864, AVEC UN PANIER DE VINS DIVERS.

L'Académie en respect,
Nonobstant l'incorrection
A la faveur du sujet.
Ture-lure,
N'y sera point de rapture;
Noël ! ture-lure-lure.

GUI BAROZAI.

QUAND les astres de Noël
Brillaient, palpitaient au ciel,
Six gaillards, et chacun ivre,
Chantaient galamment dans le givre,
“ Bons amis

Allons donc chez Agassiz ! ”

Ces illustres Pèlerins
D'Outre-Mer adroits et fins,
Se donnant des airs de prêtre,
A l'envi se vantaient d'être

“ Bons amis

De Jean Rudolphe Agassiz ! ”

Eil-de-Perdrix, grand farceur,
Sans reproche et sans pudeur,
Dans son patois de Bourgogne,
Bredouillait comme un ivrogne,

“ Bons amis,

J'ai dansé chez Agassiz ! ”

Verzenay le Champenois,
Bon Français, point New-Yorquois,
Mais des environs d'Avize,
Fredonne à mainte reprise,

“ Bons amis,

J'ai chanté chez Agassiz ! ”

A côté marchait un vieux
Hidalgo, mais non mousseux ;
Dans le temps de Charlemagne
Fut son père Grand d'Espagne !

“ Bons amis,

J'ai diné chez Agassiz ! ”

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Derrière eux un Bordelais,
Gascon, s'il en fut jamais,
Parfumé de poésie
Riait, chantait, plein de vie,
 “Bons amis,
J'ai soupé chez Agassiz !”

Avec ce beau cadet roux,
Bras dessus et bras dessous,
Mine altière et couleur terne,
Vine le Sire le Sauterne ;
 “Bons amis,
J'ai couché chez Agassiz !”

Mais le dernier de ces preux,
Était un pauvre Chartreux,
Qui disait, d'un ton robuste,
“Bénédictons sur le Juste !

Bons amis,
Bénissons l'ère Agassiz !”

Ils arrivent trois à trois,
Montent l'escalier de bois
Clopin-clopant ! quel gendarme
Peut permettre ce vacarme,
 Bons amis,
A la porte d'Agassiz !

“Ouvrez donc, mon bon Seigneur,
Ouvrez vite et n'ayez peur ;
Ouvrez, ouvrez, car nous sommes
Gens de bien et gentilshommes,
 Bons amis

De la famille Agassiz !”

Chut, ganaches ! taisez-vous !
C'en est trop de vos glouglous !

Epargnez aux Philosophes
Vos abominables strophes !
 Bons amis,
Respectez mon Agassiz.

MY SECRET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF FELIX
ARVERS.

My soul its secret hath, my life too
hath its mystery,
A love eternal in a moment's space
conceived ;
Hopeless the evil is, I have not told
its history,
And she who was the cause nor knew
it nor believed.
Alas ! I shall have passed close by her
unperceived,
For ever at her side and yet for ever
lonely, [journey, only
I shall unto the end have made life's
Daring to ask for naught and having
naught received.

For her, though God hath made her
gentle and endearing,
She will go on her way distraught and
without hearing
These murmurings of love that round
her steps ascend, [duty,
Piously faithful still unto her austere
Will say, when she shall read these
lines full of her beauty,
“Who can this woman be ?” and will
not comprehend.

The Masque of Pandora.

1875.

I.

THE WORKSHOP OF HEPHÆSTUS.

<p>HEPHÆSTUS, standing before the statue of Pandora.</p> <p>Not fashioned out of gold, like Hera's throne,</p> <p>Nor forged of iron like the thunderbolts Of Zeus omnipotent, or other works Wrought by my hands at Lemnos or Olympus,</p>	<p>But moulded in soft clay, that unre- sisting</p> <p>Yields itself to the touch, this lovely form</p> <p>Before me stands perfect in every part.</p> <p>Not Aphrodite's self appeared more fair,</p>
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THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

When first upwasted by caressing winds
She came to high Olympus, and the gods
Paid homage to her beauty. Thus her hair
Was cinctured ; thus her floating drapery
Was like a cloud about her, and her face
Was radiant with the sunshine and the sea.

THE VOICE OF ZEUS.
Is thy work done, Hephaestus ?

HEPHAESTUS.
It is finished !

THE VOICE.
Not finished till I breathe the breath of life
Into her nostrils, and she moves and speaks.

HEPHAESTUS.
Will she become immortal like ourselves ?

THE VOICE.
The form that thou hast fashioned out of clay
Is of the earth and mortal ; but the spirit,
The life, the exhalation of my breath, is of diviner essence and immortal.
The Gods shall shower on her their benefactions,
She shall possess all gifts : the gift of song,
The gift of eloquence, the gift of beauty,
The fascination and the nameless charm
That shall lead all men captive.

HEPHAESTUS.
Wherefore ? wherefore ?

A wind shakes the house.
I hear the rushing of a mighty wind
Through all the halls and chambers of my house !
Her parted lips inhale it, and her bosom
Heaves with the inspiration. As a reed Beside a river in the rippling current Bends to and fro, she bows or lifts her head.

495

She gazes round about as if amazed ; She is alive ; she breathes, but yet she speaks not !

Pandora descends from the pedestal.

CHORUS OF THE GRACES.

AGLAIA.

In the workshop of Hephaestus
What is this I see ?
Have the Gods to four increased us
Who were only three ?
Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay ?

THALIA.

O sweet, pale face ! O lovely eyes of azure,
Clear as the waters of a brook that run
Limpid and laughing in the summer sun !
O golden hair that like a miser's treasure
In its abundance overflows the measure !
O graceful form, that cloudlike floatest on
With the soft undulating gait of one
Who moveth as if motion were a pleasure !
By what name shall I call thee ?
Nymph or Muse,
Callirhoë or Urania ? Some sweet name
Whose every syllable is a caress
Would best befit thee ; but I cannot choose,
Nor do I care to choose ; for still the same,
Nameless or named, will be thy loveliness.

EUPHROSYNE.

Dowered with all celestial gifts,
Skilled in every art
That ennobles and uplifts
And delights the heart,
Fair on earth shall be thy fame
As thy face is fair,
And Pandora be the name
Thou henceforth shalt bear.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

II.

OLYMPUS.

HERMES, putting on his sandals.
MUCH must he toil who serves the
Immortal Gods,
And I, who am their herald, most
of all.
No rest have I, nor respite. I no
sooner
Unclasp the winged sandals from my
feet,
Than I again must clasp them, and
depart
Upon some foolish errand. But to-day
The errand is not foolish. Never yet
With greater joy did I obey the
summons
That sends me earthward. I will fly
so swiftly
That my caduceus in the whistling air
Shall make a sound like the Pandæan
pipes,
Cheating the shepherds; for to-day
I go,
Commissioned by high-thundering
Zeus, to lead
A maiden to Prometheus, in his tower,
And by my cunning arguments per-
suade him
To marry her. What mischief lies
concealed
In this design I know not; but I know
Who thinks of marrying hath already
taken
One step upon the road to penitence.
Such embassies delight me. Forth I
launch
On the sustaining air, nor fear to fall
Like Icarus, nor swerve aside like him
Who drove amiss Hyperion's fiery
steeds.
I sink, I fly! The yielding element
Folds itself round about me like an
arm,
And holds me as a mother holds her
child.

III.

TOWER OF PROMETHEUS ON
MOUNT CAUCASUS.

PROMETHEUS.

I HEAR the trumpet of Alectryon
Proclaim the dawn. The stars begin
to fade,

And all the heavens are full of prophe-
cies
And evil auguries. Blood-red last
night
I saw great Kronos rise; the crescent
moon
Sank through the mist, as if it were
the scythe
His parricidal hand had flung far down
The western steeps. O ye Immortal
Gods,
What evil are ye plotting and con-
triving?

HERMES and PANDORA at the
threshold.

PANDORA.

I cannot cross the threshold. An un-
seen
And icy hand repels me. These blank
walls
Oppress me with their weight!

PROMETHEUS.

Powerful ye are,
But not omnipotent. Ye cannot fight
Against Necessity. The Fates control
you,
As they do us, and so far we are
equals!

PANDORA.

Motionless, passionless, companion-
less,
He sits there muttering in his beard.
His voice
Is like a river flowing underground!

HERMES.

Prometheus, hail!

PROMETHEUS.

Who calls me?

HERMES.

It is I.

Dost thou not know me?

PROMETHEUS.

By thy winged cap
And winged heels I know thee. Thou
art Hermes,
Captain of thieves! Hast thou again
been stealing
The heifers of Admetus in the sweet
Meadows of asphodel? or Hera's
girdle?
Or the earth-shaking trident of Posei-
don?

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

HERMES.

And thou, Prometheus ; say, hast
thou again
Been stealing fire from Helios' chariot-
wheels
To light thy furnaces ?

PROMETHEUS.

Why comest thou hither
So early in the dawn ?

HERMES.

The Immortal Gods
Know naught of late or early. Zeus
himself
The omnipotent hath sent me.

PROMETHEUS.

For what purpose?

HERMES.

To bring this maiden to thee.

PROMETHEUS.

I mistrust
The Gods and all their gifts. If they
have sent her
It is for no good purpose.

HERMES.

What disaster
Could she bring on thy house who is a
woman ?

PROMETHEUS.

The Gods are not my friends, nor am
I theirs.
Whatever comes from them, though in
a shape
As beautiful as this, is evil only.
Who art thou ?

PANDORA.

One who, though to thee unknown,
Yet knoweth thee.

PROMETHEUS.

How shouldst thou know me,
woman ?

PANDORA.

Who knoweth not Prometheus the
humane ?

PROMETHEUS.

Prometheus the unfortunate ; to whom
Both Gods and men have shown them-
selves ungrateful.
When every spark was quenched on
every hearth

497

Throughout the earth I brought to
man the fire
And all its ministrations. My reward
Hath been the rock and vulture.

HERMES.

But the Gods
At last relent and pardon.

PROMETHEUS.

They relent not ;
They pardon not ; they are implacable,
Revengeful, unforgiving !

HERMES.

As a pledge
Of reconciliation they have sent to thee
This divine being to be thy companion,
And bring into thy melancholy house
The sunshine and the fragrance of her
youth.

PROMETHEUS.

I need them not. I have within my-
self
All that my heart desires ; the ideal
beauty
Which the creative faculty of mind
Fashions and follows in a thousand
shapes
More lovely than the real. My own
thoughts
Are my companions ; my designs and
labours
And aspirations are my only friends.

HERMES.

Decide not rashly. The decision made
Can never be recalled. The Gods im-
plore not,
Plead not, solicit not ; they only offer
Choice and occasion, which once being
passed
Return no more. Dost thou accept
the gift ?

PROMETHEUS.

No gift of theirs, in whatsoever shape
It comes to me, with whatsoever
charm
To fascinate my sense, will I receive.
Leave me.

PANDORA.

Let us go hence. I will not stay.

HERMES.

We leave thee to thy vacant dreams,
and all
The silence and the solitude of thought,

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LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The endless bitterness of unbelief,
The loneliness of existence without
love.

CHORUS OF THE FATES.

CLOTHO.

How the Titan, the defiant,
The self-centred, self-reliant,
Wrapped in visions and illusions,
Rob's himself of life's best gifts !
Till by all the storm-winds shaken,
By the blast of fate o'er taken,
Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken,
In the mists of his confusions
To the reefs of doom he drifts !

LACHESIS.

Sorely tried and sorely tempted,
From no agonies exempted,
In the penance of his trial,
And the discipline of pain ;
Often by illusions cheated,
Often baffled and defeated
In the tasks to be completed,
He, by toil and self-denial,
To the highest shall attain.

ATROPOS.

Tempt no more the noble schemer ;
Bear unto some idle dreamer
This new toy and fascination,
This new dalliance and delight !
To the garden where repose
Epimetheus crowned with roses,
To the door that never closes
Upon pleasure and temptation,
Bring this vision of the night !

IV.

THE AIR.

HERMES, returning to Olympus.
As lonely as the tower that he inhabits,
As firm and cold as are the crags about him,
Prometheus stands. The thunderbolts of Zeus
Alone can move him ; but the tender heart,
Of Epimetheus, burning at white heat,
Hammers and flames like all his brother's forges !
Now as an arrow from Hyperion's bow,
My errand done, I fly, I float, I soar
Into the air returning to Olympus.

O joy of motion ! O delight to cleave
The infinite realms of space, the liquid ether,
Through the warm sunshine and the cooling cloud,
Myself as light as sunbeam or as cloud !
With one touch of my swift and winged feet,
I spurn the solid earth, and leave it rocking
As rocks the bough from which a bird takes wing.

V.

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

EPIMETHEUS.

BEAUTIFUL apparition ! go not hence !
Surely thou art a Goddess, for thy voice
Is a celestial melody, and thy form
Self-poised as if it floated on the air !

PANDORA.

No Goddess am I, nor of heavenly birth,
But a mere woman fashioned out of clay,
And mortal as the rest.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thy face is fair ;
There is a wonder in thine azure eyes
That fascinates me. Thy whole presence seems
A soft desire, a breathing thought of love.
Say, would thy star like Merope's grow dim
If thou shouldst wed beneath thee ?

PANDORA.

Ask me not ;
I cannot answer thee. I only know
The Gods have sent me hither.

EPIMETHEUS.

I believe,
And thus believing am most fortunate.
It was not Hermes led thee here, but Eros,
And swifter than his arrows were thine eyes,
In wounding me. There was no moment's space

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

Between my seeing thee and loving
thee.

Oh, what a tell-tale face thou hast !
Again

I see the wonder in thy tender eyes.

PANDORA.

They do but answer to the love in
thine,
Yet secretly I wonder thou shouldst
love me.
Thou knowest me not.

EPIMETHEUS.

Perhaps I know thee better
Than had I known thee longer. Yet it
seems
That I have always known thee, and
but now
Have found thee. Ah ! I have been
waiting long.

PANDORA.

How beautiful is this house ! The
atmosphere
Breathes rest and comfort, and the
many chambers
Seem full of welcomes.

EPIMETHEUS.

They not only seem,
But truly are. This dwelling and its
master
Belong to thee.

PANDORA.

Here let me stay for ever !
There is a spell upon me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou thyself
Art the enchantress, and I feel thy
power
Envelop me, and wrap my soul and
sense
In an Elysian dream.

PANDORA.

Oh, let me stay !
How beautiful are all things round
about me,
Multiplied by the mirrors on the walls !
What treasures hast thou here ! Yon
oaken chest,
Carven with figures and embossed
with gold, [choice
Is wonderful to look upon ! What
And precious things dost thou keep
hidden in it ?

EPIMETHEUS.
I know not. 'Tis a mystery.

PANDORA.

Hast thou never
Lifted the lid ?

EPIMETHEUS.

The oracle forbids.
Safely concealed there from all mortal
eyes
For ever sleeps the secret of the Gods.
Seek not to know what they have
hidden from thee
Till they themselves reveal it.

PANDORA.

As thou wilt,

EPIMETHEUS.
Let us go forth from this mysterious
place.
The garden walks are pleasant at this
hour ;
The nightingales among the sheltering
boughs
Of populous and many-nested trees
Shall teach me how to woo thee, and
shall tell me
By what resistless charms or incanta-
tions
They won their mates.

PANDORA.

Thou dost not need a teacher.
[They go out.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

What the Immortals
Confide to thy keeping,
Tell unto no man ;
Waking or sleeping,
Closed be thy portals
To friend as to foeman,

Silence conceals it ;
The word that is spoken
Betrays and reveals it ;
By breath or by token
The charm may be broken.

With shafts of their splendours
The Gods unforgiving
Pursue the offenders,
The dead and the living !
Fortune forsakes them,
Nor earth shall abide them,
Nor Tartarus hide them ;
Swift wrath overtakes them !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

With useless endeavour,
For ever, for ever,
Is Sisyphus rolling
His stone up the mountain !
Immersed in the fountain,
Tantalus tastes not
The water that wastes not !
Through ages increasing
The pangs that afflict him,
With motion increasing
The wheel of Ixion
Shall torture its victim !

VI.
IN THE GARDEN.

EPIMETHEUS.
YON snow-white cloud that sails
sublime in ether
Is but the sovereign Zeus, who like a
swan
Flies to fair-ankled Leda !

PANDORA.
Or perchance
Ixion's cloud, the shadowy shape of
Hera,
That bore the Centaurs.

EPIMETHEUS.
The divine and human.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.
Gently swaying to and fro,
Rocked by all the winds that blow,
Bright with sunshine from above,
Dark with shadow from below,
Beak to beak and breast to breast
In the cradle of their nest,
Lie the fledglings of our love,

ECHO.
Love ! love !

EPIMETHEUS.
Hark ! listen ! Hear how sweetly
overhead
The feathered flute-players pipe their
songs of love,
And Echo answers, love, and only love.

CHORUS OF BIRDS.
Every flutter of the wing,
Every note of song we sing,
Every murmur, every tone,
Is of love, and love alone.

ECHO.
Love alone !

EPIMETHEUS.
Who would not love, if loving she
might be
Changed like Callisto to a star in
heaven ?

PANDORA.
Ah, who would love, if loving she
might be
Like Semele consumed and burnt to
ashes ?

EPIMETHEUS.
Whence knowest thou these stories ?

PANDORA.
Hermes taught me ;
He told me all the history of the Gods.

CHORUS OF REEDS.
Evermore a sound shall be
In the reeds of Arcady,
Evermore a low lament
Of unrest and discontent,
As the story is retold
Of the nymph so coy and cold,
Who with frightened feet outran
The pursuing steps of Pan.

EPIMETHEUS.
The pipe of Pan out of these reeds is
made,
And when he plays upon it to the
shepherds
They pity him, so mournful is the
sound.
Be thou not coy and cold as Syrinx
was.

PANDORA.
Nor thou as Pan be rude and manner-
less.

PROMETHEUS, without.
Ho ! Epimetheus !

EPIMETHEUS.
'Tis my brother's voice
A sound unwelcome and inopportune
As was the braying of Silenus' ass,
Heard in Cybele's garden.

PANDORA.
Let me go.
I would not be found here. I would
not see him.
[She escapes among the trees,
600

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

CHORUS OF DRYADES.
Haste and hide thee,
Ere too late,
In these thickets intricate ;
Lest Prometheus
See and chide thee,
Lest some hurt
Or harm betide thee,
Haste and hide thee !

PROMETHEUS, entering.
Who was it fled from here ? I saw a
shape
Flitting among the trees.

EPIMETHEUS.
It was Pandora.

PROMETHEUS.
O Epimetheus ! Is it then in vain
That I have warned thee ? Let me
now implore
Thou harbourest in thy house a
dangerous guest.

PROMETHEUS.
Whom the Gods love they honour
with such guests.

PROMETHEUS.
Whom the Gods would destroy they
first make mad.

PROMETHEUS.
Shall I refuse the gifts they send to me ?

PROMETHEUS.
Reject all gifts that come from higher
powers.

PROMETHEUS.
Such gifts as this are not to be rejected.

PROMETHEUS.
Make not thyself the slave of any
woman.

PROMETHEUS.
Make not thyself the judge of any man.

PROMETHEUS.
I judge thee not ; for thou art more
than man ;
Thou art descended from Titanic race,
And hast a Titan's strength and
faculties

That make thee godlike ; and thou
sittest here
Like Heracles spinning Omphale's
flax,
And beaten with her sandals.

EPIMETHEUS.
O my brother !
Thou drivest me to madness with thy
taunts.

PROMETHEUS.
And me thou drivest to madness with
thy follies.
Come with me to my tower on
Caucasus :
See there my forges in the roaring
caverns,
Beneficent to man, and taste the joy
That springs from labour. Read with
me the stars,
And learn the virtues that lie hidden
in plants,
And all things that are useful.

EPIMETHEUS.
O my brother !
I am not as thou art. Thou dost
inherit
Our father's strength, and I our
mother's weakness :
The softness of the Oceanides,
The yielding nature that cannot resist.

PROMETHEUS.
Because thou wilt not.

PROMETHEUS.
Nay ; because I cannot.

PROMETHEUS.
Assert thyself ; rise up to thy full
height ;
Shake from thy soul these dreams
effeminate,
These passions born of indolence and
ease.
Resolve, and thou art free. But
breathe the air
Of mountains, and their unapproach-
able summits
Will lift thee to the level of themselves.

EPIMETHEUS.
The roar of forests and of waterfalls,
The rushing of a mighty wind with
loud
And undistinguishable voices calling,
Are in my ear !

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

PROMETHEUS.

Oh, listen and obey.

EPIMETHEUS.

Thou leadest me as a child. I follow thee.

[They go out.]

CHORUS OF OREADES.

Centuries old are the mountains ;
Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted
Helios crowns by day,
Palid Selene by night ;
From their bosoms up tossed
The snows are driven and drifted,
Like Tithonus' beard
Streaming dishevelled and white.
Thunder and tempest of wind
Their trumpets blow in the vastness ;
Phantoms of mist and rain,
Cloud and the shadow of cloud,
Pass and repass by the gates
Of their inaccessible fastness ;
Ever unmoved they stand,
Solemn, eternal, and proud.

VOICES OF THE WATERS.

Flooded by rain and snow
In their inexhaustible sources,
Swollen by affluent streams
Hurrying onward and hurled
Headlong over the crags,
The impetuous water-courses
Rush and roar and plunge
Down to the nethermost world.

Say, have the solid rocks
Into streams of silver been melted,
Flowing over the plains,
Spreading to lakes in the fields ?
Or have the mountains, the giants,
The ice-helmed, the forest-belted,
Scattered their arms abroad ;
Flung in the meadows their shields ?

VOICES OF THE WINDS.

High on their turreted cliffs
That bolts of thunder have shattered,
Storm-winds muster and blow
Trumpets of terrible breath ;
Then from the gateways rush,
And before them routed and
scattered
Sullen the cloud-rack flies,
Pale with the pallor of death.

Onward the hurricane rides,
And flee for shelter the shepherds ;
White are the frightened leaves,
Harvests with terror are white ;

Panic seizes the herds,
And even the lions and leopards,
Prowling no longer for prey,
Crouch in their caverns with fright.

VOICES OF THE FOREST.

Guarding the mountains around
Majestic the forests are standing,
Bright are their crested helms,
Dark is their armour of leaves ;
Filled with the breath of freedom,
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,
Now like the ocean sinks,
Now like the ocean upheaves,

Planted firm on the rock,
With foreheads stern and defiant,
Loud they shout to the winds,
Loud to the tempest they call ;
Nought but Olympian thunders,
That blasted Titan and Giant,
Them can uproot and o'erthrow,
Shaking the earth with their fall.

CHORUS OF OREADES.

These are the Voices Three
Of winds and forests and fountains,
Voices of earth and of air,
Murmur and rushing of streams,
Making together one sound,
The mysterious voice of the moun-
tains,
Waking the sluggard that sleeps,
Waking the dreamer of dreams.
These are the Voices Three,
That speak of endless endeavour,
Speak of endurance and strength,
Triumph and fulness of fame,
Sounding about the world,
An inspiration for ever,
Stirring the hearts of men,
Shaping their end and their aim.

VII.

THE HOUSE OF EPIMETHEUS.

PANDORA.

LEFT to myself, I wander as I will,
And as my fancy leads me, thro' this
house,
Nor could I ask a dwelling more com-
plete
Were I indeed the Goddess that he
deems me.

THE MASQUE OF PANDORA.

No mansion of Olympus, framed to be
The habitation of the Immortal Gods,
Can be more beautiful. And this is
mine,
And more than this, the love where-
with he crowns me.
As if impelled by powers invisible
And irresistible, my steps return
Unto this spacious hall. All corridors
And passages lead hither, and all doors
But open into it. Yon mysterious chest
Attracts and fascinates me. Would I
knew
What there lies hidden ! But the oracle
Forbids. Ah me ! The secret then
is safe.
So would it be if it were in my keeping.
A crowd of shadowy faces from the
mirrors
That line these walls are watching me.
I dare not
Lift up the lid. A hundred times
the act
Would be repeated, and the secret seen
By twice a hundred incorporeal eyes.
She walks to the other side of the hall.
My feet are weary, wandering to
and fro,
My eyes with seeing and my heart
with waiting.
I will lie here and rest till he returns,
Who is my dawn, my day, my Helios.
Throuns herself upon a couch, and falls asleep.

ZEPHYRUS.

Come from thy caverns dark and deep,
O son of Erebus and Night ;
All sense of hearing and of sight
Enfold in the serene delight
And quietude of sleep !
Set all thy silent sentinels
To bar and guard the Ivory Gate,
And keep the evil dreams of fate
And falsehood and infernal hate
Imprisoned in their cells.

But open wide the Gate of Horn,
Whence, beautiful as planets, rise
The dreams of truth, with starry eyes,
And all the wondrous prophecies
And visions of the morn.

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE IVORY GATE.

Ye sentinels of sleep,
It is in vain ye keep

503

Your drowsy watch before the Ivory
Gate ;
Though closed the portal seems,
The airy feet of dreams
Ye cannot thus in walls incarcerate.

We phantoms are and dreams
Born by Tartarean streams,
As ministers of the infernal powers ;
O son of Erebus
And Night, behold ! we thus
Elude your watchful wardens on the
towers !

From gloomy Tartarus
The Fates have summoned us
To whisper in her ear, who lies asleep,
A tale to fan the fire
Of her insane desire
To know a secret that the Gods would
keep.

This passion, in their ire,
The Gods themselves inspire,
To vex mankind with evils manifold,
So that disease and pain
O'er the whole earth may reign,
And nevermore return the Age of Gold.

PANDORA, *waking.*
A voice said in my sleep : " Do not
delay :
Do not delay : the golden moments fly !
The oracle hath forbidden ; yet not thee
Doth it forbid, but Epimetheus only !"
I am alone. These faces in the mirrors
Are but the shadows and phantoms of
myself ;
They cannot help nor hinder. No one
sees me,
Save the all-seeing Gods, who, know-
ing good
And knowing evil, have created me
Such as I am, and filled me with desire
Of knowing good and evil like them-
selves.

She approaches the chest.

I hesitate no longer. Weal or woe,
Or life or death, the moment shall
decide.

*She lifts the lid. A dense mist rises
from the chest and fills the room.
Pandora falls senseless on the floor.
Storm without.*

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

CHORUS OF DREAMS FROM THE GATE
OF HORN.

Yes, the moment shall decide !
It already hath decided ;
And the secret once confided
To the keeping of the Titan
Now is flying far and wide,
Whispered, told on every side,
To disquiet and to frighten.

Fever of the heart and brain,
Sorrow, pestilence, and pain,
Moans of anguish, maniac laughter,
All the evils that hereafter
Shall afflict and vex mankind,
All into the air have risen
From the chambers of their prison ;
Only Hope remains behind.

VIII.
IN THE GARDEN.

EPIMETHEUS.
THE storm is past, but it hath left
behind it
Ruin and desolation. All the walks
Are strewn with shattered boughs ; the
birds are silent ;
The flowers, down trodden by the
wind, lie dead ;
The swollen rivulet sobs with secret
pain ;
The melancholy reeds whisper together
As if some dreadful deed had been
committed
They dare not name, and all the air is
heavy
With an unspoken sorrow ! Premoni-
tions,
Foreshadowings of some terrible
disaster
Oppress my heart. Ye Gods, avert
the omen !

PANDORA, coming from the house.
O Epimetheus, I no longer dare
To lift mine eyes to thine, nor hear thy
voice,
Being no longer worthy of thy love.

EPIMETHEUS.
What hast thou done ?

PANDORA.
Forgive me not, but kill me,

EPIMETHEUS.
What hast thou done ?

PANDORA.
I pray for death, not pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.
What hast thou done ?

PANDORA.
I dare not speak of it.

EPIMETHEUS.
Thy pallor and thy silence terrify me !

PANDORA.
I have brought wrath and ruin on thy
house !
My heart hath braved the oracle that
guarded
The fatal secret from us, and my hand
Lifted the lid of the mysterious chest !

EPIMETHEUS.
Then all is lost ! I am indeed undone.

PANDORA.
I pray for punishment, and not for
pardon.

EPIMETHEUS.
Mine is the fault, not thine. On me
shall fall
The vengeance of the Gods, for I be-
trayed
Their secret when, in evil hour, I said
It was a secret ; when, in evil hour,
I left thee here alone to this tempta-
tion.
Why did I leave thee ?

PANDORA.
Why didst thou return ?
Eternal absence would have been to
me
The greatest punishment. To be left
alone
And face to face with my own crime,
had been
Just retribution. Upon me, ye Gods,
Let all your vengeance fall !

EPIMETHEUS.
On thee and me,
I do not love thee less for what is done,
And cannot be undone. Thy very
weakness
Hath brought thee nearer to me, and
henceforth
My love will have a sense of pity in it,
Making it less a worship than before.

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

PANDORA.

Pity me not ; pity is degradation.
Love me and kill me.

EPIMETHEUS.

Beautiful Pandora !
Thou art a Goddess still !

PANDORA.

I am a woman ;
And the insurgent demon in my nature,
That made me brave the oracle, revolts
At pity and compassion. Let me die !
What else remains for me ?

EPIMETHEUS.

Youth, hope, and love :
To build a new life on a ruined life,
To make the future fairer than the past,
And make the past appear a troubled
dream.
Even now in passing through the
garden walks
Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest
Ruined and full of rain ; and over me
Beheld the uncomplaining birds al-
ready
Busy in building a new habitation.

PANDORA.

Auspicious omen !

EPIMETHEUS.

May the Eumenides
Put out their torches and behold us
not,

And fling away their whips of scorpions
And touch us not !

PANDORA,

Me let them punish.
Only through punishment of our evil
deeds,
Only through suffering, are we recon-
ciled
To the immortal Gods and to our-
selves.

CHORUS OF THE EUMENIDES.

Never shall souls like these
Escape the Eumenides.
The daughters dark of Acheron and
Night !
Unquenched our torches glare,
Our scourges in the air
Send forth prophetic sounds before
they smite.

Never by lapse of time
The soul defac'd by crime
Into its former self returns again ;
For every guilty deed
Holds in itself the seed
Of retribution and undying pain.

Never shall be the loss
Restored, till Helios
Hath purified them with his heavenly
fires ;
Then what was lost is won,
And the new life begun,
Kindled with nobler passions and de-
sires.

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

1874.

I.

THE lights are out, and gone are all
the guests
That thronging came with merriment
and jests
To celebrate the Hanging of the
Crane
In the new house,—into the night
are gone ;
But still the fire upon the hearth burns
on,
And I alone remain.

505

O fortunate, O happy day,
When a new household finds its
place
Among the myriad homes of earth,
Like a new star just sprung to birth,
And rolled on its harmonious way
Into the boundless realms of space !
So said the guests in speech and
song,
As in the chimney, burning bright.
We hung the iron crane to-night,
And merry was the feast and long.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

II.

AND now I sit and muse on what may be,
And in my vision see, or seem to see,
Through floating vapours interfused
with light,
Shapes indeterminate, that gleam and fade,
As shadows passing into deeper shade
Sink and elude the sight.

For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small ;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps, but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all ;
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.
They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside ;
They want no guests ; they needs must
be
Each other's own best company.

III.

THE picture fades ; as at a village fair
A showman's views, dissolving into
air,

Again appear transfigured on the
screen,
So in my fancy this ; and now once
more,
In part transfigured, through the open
door

Appears the self-same scene.
Seated, I see the two again.
But not alone ; they entertain
A little angel unaware,
With face as round as is the moon ;
A royal guest with flaxen hair,
Who, throned upon his lofty chair,
Drums on the table with his spoon,
Then drops it careless on the floor,
To grasp at things unseen before.

Are these celestial manners ? these
The ways that win, the arts that
please ?

Ah yes ; consider well the guest,
And whatsoe'er he does seems best ;
He ruleth by the right divine
Of helplessness, so lately born
In purple chambers of the morn,
As sovereign over thee and thine.

He speaketh not ; and yet there lies
A conversation in his eyes ;
The golden silence of the Greek,
The gravest wisdom of the wise,
Not spoken in language, but in looks
More legible than printed books,
As if he could but would not speak.
And now, O monarch absolute,
Thy power is put to proof ; for lo !
Resistless, fathomless, and slow,
The nurse comes rustling like the sea,
And pushes back thy chair and thee,
And so good night to King Canute.

IV.

As one who walking in a forest sees
A lovely landscape through the parted
trees,
Then sees it not, for boughs that in-
tervene ;
Or as we see the moon sometimes re-
vealed
Through drifting clouds, and then
again concealed,
So I behold the scene.

There are two guests at table now ;
The king, deposed and older grown,
No longer occupies the throne,—
The crown is on his sister's brow ;
A Princess from the Fairy Isles,
The very pattern girl of girls,
All covered and embowered in curls,
Rose-tinted from the Isle of Flowers,
And sailing with soft, silken sails
From far-off Dreamland into ours.
Above their bowls with rims of blue
Four azure eyes of deeper hue
Are looking, dreamy with delight ;
Limpid as planets that emerge
Above the ocean's rounded verge,
Soft-shining through the summer
night.

Steadfast they gaze, yet nothing see
Beyond the horizon of their bowls ;
Nor care they for the world that rolls
With all its freight of troubled souls
Into the days that are to be.

V.

AGAIN the tossing boughs shut out
the scene,
Again the drifting vapours intervene,
And the moon's pallid disk is hidden
quite ;
And now I see the table wider grown,
As round a pebble into water thrown
Dilates a ring of light.

THE HANGING OF THE CRANE.

I see the table wider grown,
I see it garlanded with guests,
As if fair Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky had fallen down ;
Maidens within whose tender breasts
A thousand restless hopes and fears,
Forth reaching to the coming years,
Flutter awhile, then quiet lie,
Like timid birds that fain would fly,
But do not dare to leave their nests ;—
And youths, who in their strength elate
Challenge the van and front of fate
Eager as champions to be
In the divine knight-errantry
Of youth, that travels sea and land
Seeking adventures, or pursues,
Through cities and through solitudes
Frequented by the lyric Muse,
The phantom with the beckoning
hand,
That still allures and still eludes,
O sweet illusions of the brain !
O sudden thrills of fire and frost !
The world is bright while ye remain,
And dark and dead when ye are lost !

VI.

THE meadow-brook, that seemeth to stand still,
Quickens its current as it nears the mill ;
And so the stream of Time that lingereth
In level places, and so dull appears,
Runs with a swifter current as it nears
The gloomy mills of Death.

And now, like the magician's scroll,
That in the owner's keeping shrinks
With every wish he speaks or thinks,
Till the last wish consumes the whole,
The table dwindleth, and again
I see the two alone remain
The crown of stars is broken in parts ;
Its jewels, brighter than the day,
Have one by one been stolen away
To shine in other homes and hearts.
One is a wanderer now afar
In Ceylon or in Zanzibar,
Or sunny regions of Cathay ;
And one is in the boisterous camp
Mid clink of arms and horses' tramp,
And battle's terrible array.
I see the patient mother read,
With aching heart, of wrecks that float
Disabled on those seas remote,

Or of some great heroic deed
On battle-fields, where thousands bleed
To lift one hero into fame.
Anxious she bends her graceful head
Above these chronicles of pain,
And trembles with a secret dread
Lest there among the drowned or slain
She find the one beloved name.

VII.

AFTER a day of cloud and wind and rain
Sometimes the setting sun breaks out again,
And, touching all the darksome woods with light,
Smiles on the fields, until they laugh and sing,
Then like a ruby from the horizon's ring
Drops down into the night.

What see I now ? The night is fair,
The storm of grief, the clouds of care,
The wind, the rain, have passed away ;
The lamps are lit, the fires burn bright,
The house is full of life and light :
It is the Golden Wedding-day.

The guests come thronging in once more,
Quick footsteps sound along the floor,
The trooping children crowd the stair,
And in and out and everywhere
Flashes along the corridor
The sunshine of their golden hair.

On the round table in the hall
Another Ariadne's Crown
Out of the sky hath fallen down ;
More than one Monarch of the Moon
Is drumming with his silver spoon ;
The light of love shines over all.

O fortunate, O happy day !
The people sing, the people say.
The ancient bridegroom and the bride,
Smiling contented and serene,
Upon the blithe, bewildering scene,
Behold, well-pleased, on every side
Their forms and features multiplied,
As the reflection of a light
Between two burnished mirrors gleams,
Or lamps upon a bridge at night
Stretch on and on before the sight,
Till the long vista endless seems.

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

1875.

POEM

FOR THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLASS OF 1825 IN BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senecimus annis,
Et fugient freno non remorante dies.—OVID, *Pastorum*, Lib. vi.

"O CÆSAR, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman
populace.

O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer
mine,—
Thou river, widening through the
meadows green
To the vast sea, so near and yet un-
seen,—
Ye halls, in whose seclusion and repose
Phantoms of fame, like exhalations,
rose
And vanished,—we who are about to
die
Salute you; earth and air and sea and
sky,
And the Imperial Sun that scatters
down
His sovereign splendours upon grove
and town.

Ye do not answer us! ye do not hear!
We are forgotten; and in your austere
And calm indifference, ye little care
Whether we come or go, or whence or
where.
What passing generations fill these
halls,
What passing voices echo from these
walls,
Ye heed not; we are only as the blast,
A moment heard, and then for ever
past.

Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learn-
ing's maze;
They answer us—alas! what have I
said?
What greetings come there from the
voiceless dead?

What salutation, welcome, or reply?
What pressure from the hands that
lifeless lie?
They are no longer here; they all are
gone
Into the land of shadows,—all save
one.
Honour and reverence, and the good
repute
That follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him, whom living we salute.
The great Italian poet, when he made
His dreadful journey to the realms of
shade,
Met there the old instructor of his
youth,
And cried in tones of pity and of ruth:
"Oh, never from the memory of my
heart
Your dear paternal image shall depart,
Who while on earth, ere yet by death
surprised,
Taught me how mortals are im-
mortalized;
How grateful am I for that patient
care
All my life long my language shall
declare."

To-day we make the poet's words our
own,
And utter them in plaintive under-
tone;
Nor to the living only be they said,
But to the other living called the dead,
Whose dear paternal images appear
Not wrapped in gloom, but robed in
sunshine here;
Whose simple lives, complete and
without flaw,
Were part and parcel of great Nature's
law;
Who said not to their Lord, as if
afraid,

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

" Here is thy talent in a napkin laid,"
But laboured in their sphere, as men
who live
In the delight that work alone can
give.
Peace be to them ; eternal peace and
rest,
And the fulfilment of the great behest :
" Ye have been faithful over a few
things,
Over ten cities shall ye reign as kings."
And ye who fill the places we once
filled,
And follow in the furrows that we
tilled,
Young men, whose generous hearts
are beating high,
We who are old, and are about to die,
Salute you ; hail you ; take your
hands in ours,
And crown you with our welcome as
with flowers !

How beautiful is youth ! how bright
it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams !
Book of Beginnings, Story without
End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a
friend !
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus'
Purse,
That holds the treasures of the uni-
verse !
All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe with-
stands ;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
" Be thou removed !" it to the moun-
tain saith,
And with ambitious feet, secure and
proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the
cloud !

As ancient Priam at the Scæan gate
Sat on the walls of Troy in regal state
With the old men, too old and weak
to fight,
Chirping like grasshoppers in their
delight
To see the embattled hosts, with spear
and shield,
Of Trojans and Achaians in the field ;
So from the snowy summits of our
years
We see you in the plain, as each
appears,

And question of you ; asking, " Who
is he
That towers above the others ? Which
may be
Atreides, Menelaus, Odysseus,
Ajax the great, or bold Idomeneus ?"
Let him not boast who puts his
armour on
As he who puts it off, the battle done.
Study yourselves ; and most of all
note well
Wherein kind Nature meant you to
excel.
Not every blossom ripens into fruit ;
Minerva, the inventress of the flute,
Flung it aside, when she her face
surveyed
Distorted in a fountain as she played ;
The unlucky Marsyas found it, and
his fate
Was one to make the bravest hesitate.
Write on your doors the saying wise
and old,
" Be bold ! be bold !" and every-
where—" Be bold ;
Be not too bold !" Yet better the
excess
Than the defect ; better the more
than less ;
Better like Hector in the field to die,
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and
fly.
And now, my classmates ; ye remain-
ing few
That number not the half of those we
knew,
Ye, against whose familiar names not
yet
The fatal asterisk of death is set,
Ye I salute ! The horologe of Time
Strikes the half-century with a solemn
chime,
And summons us together once again,
The joy of meeting not unmixed with
pain.
Where are the others ? Voices from
the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me :
" They sleep !"
I name no name ; instinctively I feel
Each at some well-remembered grave
will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the
weeds and moss,
For every heart best knoweth its own
loss.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

I see their scattered gravestones gleaming white
Through the pale dusk of the impending night ;
O'er all alike the impartial sunset throws

Its golden lilies mingled with the rose ;
We give to each a tender thought, and pass
Out of the graveyards with their tangled grass,
Unto these scenes frequented by our feet
When we were young, and life was fresh and sweet.

What shall I say to you? What can I say
Better than silence is? When I survey
This throng of faces turned to meet my own,
Friendly and fair, and yet to me unknown,
Transformed the very landscape seems to be ;
It is the same, yet not the same to me.
So many memories crowd upon my brain,
So many ghosts are in the wooded plain,
I fain would steal away, with noiseless tread,
As from a house where some one lieth dead.
I cannot go :—I pause ;—I hesitate ;
My feet reluctant linger at the gate ;
As one who struggles in a troubled dream
To speak and cannot; to myself I seem.

Vanish the dream ! Vanish the idle fears !
Vanish the rolling mists of fifty years !
Whatever time or space may intervene,
I will not be a stranger in this scene.
Here every doubt, all indecision ends ;
Hail, my companions, comrades, classmates, friends !

Ah me ! the fifty years since last we met
Seem to me fifty folios bound and set
By Time, the great transcriber, on his shelves,
Wherein are written the histories of ourselves.

What tragedies, what comedies, are there!
What joy and grief, what rapture and despair !
What chronicles of triumph and defeat,
Of struggle, and temptation, and retreat !
What records of regrets, and doubts, and fears !
What pages blotted, blistered by our tears !
What lovely landscapes on the margin shine,
What sweet, angelic faces, what divine And holy images of love and trust,
Undimmed by age, unsoled by damp or dust !

Whose hand shall dare to open and explore
These volumes closed, and clasped for evermore ?
Not mine. With reverential feet I pass ;
I hear a voice that cries, "Alas ! alas !
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again ;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee :
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be."

As children frightened by a thunder-cloud
Are reassured if some one reads aloud
A tale of wonder, with enchantment fraught,
Or wild adventure, that diverts their thought,
Let me endeavour with a tale to chase
The gathering shadows of the time and place,
And banish what we all too deeply feel
Wholly to say, or wholly to conceal.

In mediaeval Rome, I know not where,
There stood an image with its arm in air,
And on its lifted finger, shining clear,
A golden ring with the device, "Strike here!"
Greatly the people wondered, though none guessed
The meaning that these words but half expressed,

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

Until a learned clerk, who at noonday
With downcast eyes was passing on
his way,
Paused, and observed the spot, and
marked it well,
Whereon the shadow of the finger
fell ;
And, coming back at midnight, delved,
and found
A secret stairway leading under-
ground.
Down this he passed into a spacious
hall,
Lit by a flaming jewel on the wall ;
And opposite in threatening attitude
With bow and shaft a brazen statue
stood.
Upon its forehead, like a coronet,
Were these mysterious words of
menace set :
" That which I am, I am ; my fatal
aim
None can escape, not even yon lu-
minous flame ! "

Midway the hall was a fair table
placed,
With cloth of gold, and golden cups
enchaſed
With rubies, and the plates and knives
were gold,
And gold the bread and viands mani-
fold.
Around it, silent, motionless, and
sad,
Were seated gallant knights in armour
clad,
And ladies beautiful with plume and
zone,
But they were stone, their hearts within
were stone ;
And the vast hall was filled in every
part
With silent crowds stony in face and
heart.

Long at the scene, bewildered and
amazed,
The trembling clerk in speechless
wonder gazed ;
Then from the table, by his greed made
bold,
He seized a goblet and a knife of
gold,
And suddenly from their seats the
guests upsprang,
The vaulted ceiling with loud clamours
rang,

The archer sped his arrow, at their
call,
Shattering the lambent jewel on the
wall,
And all was dark around and over-
head ;—
Stark on the floor the luckless clerk
lay dead !

The writer of this legend then re-
cords
Its ghostly application in these
words :
The image is the Adversary old,
Whose beckoning finger points to
realms of gold ;
Our lusts and passions are the down-
ward stair
That leads the soul from a diviner
air ;
The archer, Death ; the flaming jewel,
life ;
Terrestrial goods, the goblet and the
knife ;
The knights and ladies, all whose flesh
and bone
By avarice have been hardened into
stone ;
The clerk, the scholar whom the love
of pelf
Tempts from his books and from his
nobler self.

The scholar and the world ! The end-
less strife,
The discord in the harmonies of life !
The love of learning, the sequestered
nooks,
All and the sweet serenity of books ;
The market-place, the eager love of
gain,
Whose aim is vanity, and whose end
is pain !
But why, you ask me, should this tale
be told
To men grown old, or who are grow-
ing old ?
It is too late ! Ah, nothing is too
late
Till the tired heart shall cease to pal-
pitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty ; Sopho-
cles
Wrote his grand Œdipus, and Si-
monides
Bore off the prize of verse from his
compeers,
When each had numbered more than
fourscore years ;

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And Theophrastus, at fourscore and
ten,
Had but begun his Characters of Men.
Chaucer, at Woodstock with the
nightingales,

At sixty wrote the Canterbury Tales ;
Goethe, at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed Faust when eighty years
were past.

These are indeed exceptions ; but they
show

How far the gulf-stream of our youth
may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives,
Where little else than life itself sur-
vives.

As the barometer foretells the storm
While still the skies are clear, the
weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws
near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmos-
phere.

The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air ;
The tell-tale blood in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the
brain ;

Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent
moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze
of noon :

It is not strength, but weakness ; not
desire.

But its surcease ; not the fierce heat of
fire,

The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still
discern,

Enough to warm, but not enough to
burn.

What then ? Shall we sit idly down
and say

The night hath come ; it is no longer
day ?

The night hath not yet come ; we are
not quite

Cut off from labour by the failing
light ;

Something remains for us to do or dare ;
Even the oldest tree some fruit may

bear ;
Not Oedipus Coloneus, or Greek Ode,
Or tales of pilgrims that one morning
rode

Out of the gateway of the Tabard
Inn,

But other something, would we but
begin ;

For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another
dress,

And as the evening twilight fades
away

The sky is filled with stars, invisible
by day.

KÉRAMOS.

1878.

*TURN, turn, my wheel ! Turn round
and round
Without a pause, without a sound :
So spins the flying world away !
This clay, well mixed with marl and
sand,
Follows the motion of my hand ;
For some must follow, and some com-
mand,
Though all are made of clay !*

Thus sang the Potter at his task [tree,
Beneath the blossoming hawthorn-

While o'er his features, like a mask,
The quilted sunshine and leaf-shade
Moved, as the boughs above him
swayed,
And clothed him, till he seemed to be
A figure woven in tapestry,
So sumptuously was he arrayed
In that magnificent attire
Of sable tissue flaked with fire.
Like a magician he appeared,
A conjurer without book or beard ;
And while he plied his magic art—
For it was magical to me—

KERAMOS.

I stood in silence and apart,
And wondered more and more to see
That shapeless, lifeless mass of clay
Rise up to meet the master's hand,
And now contract and now expand,
And even his slightest touch obey ;
While ever in a thoughtful mood
He sang his ditty, and at times
Whistled a tune between the rhymes,
As a melodious interlude.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! all things must
change
To something new, to something
strange ;
Nothing that is can pause or stay ;
The moon will wax, the moon will
wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.*

Thus still the Potter sang, and still,
By some unconscious act of will,
The melody and even the words
Were intermingled with my thought,
As bits of coloured thread are caught
And woven into nests of birds.
And thus to regions far remote,
Beyond the ocean's vast expanse,
This wizard in the motley coat
Transported me on wings of song,
And by the northern shores of France
Bore me with restless speed along.

What land is this that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea ?
This land of sluices, dikes, and dunes ?
This water-net, that tessellates
The landscape ? this unending maze
Of gardens, through whose latticed
gates
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze ;
Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a
screen ;

Where over fields and pastures green
The painted ships float high in air,
And over all and everywhere
The sails of windmills sink and soar
Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore ?

What land is this ? Yon pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed ;
The pride, the market-place, the
crown
And centre of the Potter's trade.

See ! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine ;
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim-flasks with fleurs-de-lis,
And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter-topped, and
queer
With comic mask and musketeer !
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles ;
The parlour walls, the chamber floors,
The stairways and the corridors,
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never droop in winds or showers,
And never wither on their stalks.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! All life is
brief ;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay ;
The wind blows east, the wind blows
west ;
The blue eggs in the robin's nest
Will soon have wings and beak and
breast,
And flutter and fly away.*

Now southward through the air I
glide,
The song my only pursuivant,
And see across the landscape wide
The blue Charente, upon whose tide
The belfries and the spires of Saintes
Ripple and rock from side to side,
As, when an earthquake rends its
walls,
A crumbling city reels and falls.

Who is it in the suburbs here,
This Potter, working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire,
Whose figulinines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to
day ?
This madman, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they are fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead ?
This alchemist with hollow cheeks
And sunken, searching eyes, who
seeks,
By mingled earths and ores, combined
With potency of fire, to find

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Some new enamel, hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight ?
O Palissy ! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest ;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labours and endures and waits,
Till all that it foresees it finds,
Or what it cannot find creates !

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! This earthen
jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar ;
And shall it to the Potter stay,
What makest thou ? Thou hast no
hand ?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.*

Still guided by the dreamy song,
As in a trance I float along
Above the Pyrenean chain,
Above the fields and farms of Spain,
Above the bright Majorcan isle,
That lends its softened name to art, —
A spot, a dot upon the chart,
Whose little towns, red-roofed with tile,
Are ruby-lustered with the light
Of blazing furnaces by night,
And crowned by day with wreaths of
smoke.

Then eastward, wafted in my flight
On my enchanter's magic cloak,
I sail across the Tyrrhene Sea
Into the land of Italy,
And o'er the windy Apennines,
Mantled and musical with pines.

The palaces, the princely halls,
The doors of houses and the walls
Of churches and of belfry towers,
Cloister and castle, street and mart,
Are garlanded and gay with flowers
That blossom in the fields of art.
Here Gubbio's workshops gleam and
glow

With brilliant, iridescent dyes,
The dazzling whiteness of the snow,
The cobalt blue of summer skies ;
And vase and scutcheon, cup and plate,
In perfect finish emulate
Faenza, Florence, Pesaro.

Forth from Urbino's gate there came
A youth with the angelic name

Of Raphael, in form and face
Himself angelic, and divine
In arts of colour and design.
From him Francesco Xanto caught
Something of his transcendent grace,
And into fickle fabrics wrought
Suggestions of the master's thought.
Nor less Maestro Giorgio shines
With madre-perl and golden lines
Of arabesques, and interweaves
His birds and fruits and flowers and
leaves

About some landscape, shaded brown,
With olive tints on rock and town.

Behold this cup within whose bowl,
Upon a ground of deepest blue
With yellow-lustered stars o'erlaid,
Colours of every tint and hue
Mingle in one harmonious whole !
With large blue eyes and steadfast gaze,
Her yellow hair in net and braid,
Necklace and earrings all ablaze
With golden lustre o'er the glaze,
A woman's portrait ; on the scroll,
Cana, the beautiful ! A name
Forgotten save for such brief fame
As this memorial can bestow, —
A gift some lover long ago
Gave with his heart to this fair dame.

A nobler title to renown
Is thine, O pleasant Tuscan town,
Seated beside the Arno's stream ;
For Lucca della Robbia there
Created forms so wondrous fair,
They made thy sovereignty supreme.
These choristers with lips of stone,
Whose music is not heard, but seen,
Still chant, as from their organ-screen,
Their Maker's praise ; nor these alone,
But the more fragile forms of clay,
Hardly less beautiful than they.
These saints and angels that adorn
The walls of hospitals, and tell
The story of good deeds so well
That poverty seems less forlorn,
And life more like a holiday.

Here in this old neglected church,
That long eludes the traveller's search,
Lies the dead bishop on his tomb ;
Earth upon earth he slumbering lies,
Life-like and death-like in the gloom ;
Garlands of fruit and flowers in bloom
And foliage deck his resting-place ;
A shadow in the sightless eyes,
A pallor on the patient face,



Made perfect by the furnace heat ;
All earthly passions and desires
Burnt out by purgatorial fires ;
Seeming to say, " Our years are
fleet,
And to the weary death is sweet."

But the most wonderful of all
The ornaments on tomb or wall
That grace the fair Ausonian shores
Are those the faithful earth restores,
Near some Apulian town concealed,
In vineyard or in harvest-field,—
Vases and urns and bas-reliefs,
Memorials of forgotten griefs,
Or records of heroic deeds
Of demigods and mighty chiefs :
Figures that almost move and speak,
And, buried amid mould and weeds,
Still in their attitudes attest
The presence of the graceful Greek,—
Achilles in his armour dressed,
Alcides with the Cretan bull,
Aphrodite with her boy,
Or lovely Helena of Troy,
Still living and still beautiful.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! 'Tis nature's
plan
The child should grow into the man,
The man grow wrinkled, old, and
gray ;
In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings ;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest home of day.*

And now the winds that southward
blow,
And cool the hot Sicilian isle,
Bear me away. I see below
The long line of the Libyan Nile,
Flooding and feeding the parched lands
With annual ebb and overflow,
A fallen palm whose branches lie
Beneath the Abyssinian sky,
Whose roots are in Egyptian sands.
On either bank huge water-wheels,
Belted with jars and dripping weeds,
Send forth their melancholy moans,
As if, in their gray mantles hid,
Dead anchorites of the Thebaid
Knelt on the shore and told their beads,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Beating their breasts with loud appeals
And penitential tears and groans.

This city, walled and thickly set
With glittering mosque and minaret,
Is Cairo, in whose gay bazars
The dreaming traveller first inhales
The perfume of Arabian gales,
And sees the fabulous earthen jars,
Huge as were those wherein the maid
Morgiana found the Forty Thieves
Concealed in midnight ambuscade ;
And seeing, more than half believes
The fascinating tales that run
Through all the Thousand Nights and
One,
Told by the fair Scheherezade.

More strange and wonderful than these
Are the Egyptian deities,
Ammon, and Emoth, and the grand
Osiris, holding in his hand
The lotus ; Isis, crowned and veiled ;
The sacred Ibis, and the Sphinx ;
Bracelets with blue enamelled links ;
The Scarabee in emerald mailed,
Or spreading wide his funeral wings ;
Lamps that perchance their night-
watch kept
O'er Cleopatra while she slept,—
All plundered from the tombs of kings.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! The human
race,
Of every tongue, of every place,
Caucasian, Coptic, or Malay,
All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth,
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.*

O'er desert sands, o'er gulf and bay,
O'er Ganges and o'er Himalay,
Bird-like I fly, and flying sing,
To flowery kingdoms of Cathay,
And bird-like poise on balanced wing
Above the town of King-te-tching,
A burning town, or seeming so,—
Three thousand furnaces that glow
Incessantly, and fill the air
With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,
And painted by the lurid glare
Of jets and flashes of red fire.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,
Spotted and veined with various hues,
Are swept along the avenues,
And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,

So from this grove of chimneys whirled
To all the markets of the world,
These porcelain leaves are wafted on—
Light yellow leaves with spots and
Of violet and of crimson dye, [stains
Or tender azure of a sky
Just washed by gentle April rains,
And beautiful with celadon.

Nor less the coarser household wares, —
The willow pattern, that we knew
In childhood, with its bridge of blue
Leading to unknown thoroughfares ;
The solitary man who stares
At the white river flowing through
Its arches, the fantastic trees
And wild perspective of the view ;
And intermingled among these
The tiles that in our nurseries
Filled us with wonder and delight,
Or haunted us in dreams at night.

And yonder by Nankin, behold ! [old,
The Tower of Porcelain, strange and
Uplifting to the astonished skies
Its ninefold painted balconies,
With balustrades of twining leaves,
And roofs of tile, beneath whose eaves
Hang porcelain bells that all the time
Ring with a soft melodious chime ;
While the whole fabric is ablaze
With varied tints, all fused in one
Great mass of colour, like a maze
Of flowers illumined by the sun.

*Turn, turn, my wheel ! What is
begun
At daybreak must at dark be done,
To-morrow will be another day ;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the
frame,
And stamp with honour or with shame
These vessels made of clay.*

Cradled and rocked in Eastern seas,
The islands of the Japanese
Beneath me lie ; o'er lake and plain
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Through the clear realms of azure
And on the hillside I can see [drift,
The villages of Imari,
Whose thronged and flaming work-
shops lift [high,
Their twisted columns of smoke on
Cloud cloisters that in ruins lie,
With sunshine streaming through
each rift,
And broken arches of blue sky.

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

All the bright flowers that fill the land,
Ripple of waves on rock or sand,
The snow on Fusiyana's cone,
The midnight heaven so thickly sown
With constellations of bright stars,
The leaves that rustle, the reeds that
make

A whisper by each stream and lake,
The saffron dawn, the sunset red,
Are painted on these lovely jars ;
Again the skylark sings, again
The stork, the heron, and the crane
Float through the azure overhead,
The counterfeit and counterpart
Of Nature reproduced in Art.

Art is the child of Nature ; yes,
Her darling child; in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude,
All her majestic loveliness
Chastened and softened and subdued
Into a more attractive grace,
And with a human sense imbued.
He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies, [please,
Can touch the human heart, or
Or satisfy our nobler needs,
As he who sets his willing feet
In Nature's footprints, light and fleet,
And follows fearless where she leads.

Thus mused I on that morn in May,
Wrapped in my visions like the Seer,
Whose eyes behold not what is near,
But only what is far away, [peal,
When, suddenly sounding, peal on
The church-bell from the neighbour-
ing town

Proclaimed the welcome hour of
noon. [wheel,
The Potter heard, and stopped his
His apron on the grass threw down,
Whistled his quiet little tune,
Not over-loud nor over-long,
And ended thus his simple song :

*Stop, stop, my wheel ! Too soon, too
soon will be the afternoon, [soon
Too soon to-day be yesterday;
Behind us in our path we cast
The broken potsherds of the past,
And all are ground to dust at last,
And trodden into clay !*

THE CHAMBER OVER THE GATE.

Is it so far from thee
Thou canst no longer see
In the Chamber over the Gate
That old man desolate,
Weeping and wailing sore
For his son, who is no more ?
O Absalom, my son !

Is it so long ago
That cry of human woe
From the walled city came,
Calling on his dear name,
That it has died away
In the distance of to-day ?
O Absalom, my son !

There is no far nor near,
There is neither there nor here,
There is neither soon nor late,
In that Chamber over the Gate,
Nor any long ago
To that cry of human woe,
O Absalom, my son !

From the ages that are past
The voice comes like a blast,
Over seas that wreck and drown,
Over tumult of traffic and town
And from ages yet to be
Come the echoes back to me,
O Absalom, my son !

Somewhere at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair,
O Absalom, my son !

He goes forth from the door,
Who shall return no more,
With him our joy departs ;
The light goes out in our hearts ;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate.
O Absalom, my son !

That 'tis a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief ;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross ;
And for ever the cry will be,
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son !"

April, 1879.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

THE BURIAL OF THE POET.

IN the old churchyard of his native town,
And in the ancestral tomb beside the wall,
We laid him in the sleep that comes to all,
And left him to his rest and his renown.
The snow was falling, as if Heaven dropped down
White flowers of Paradise to strew his pall ;—
The dead around him seemed to wake, and call
His name, as worthy of so white a crown.
And now the moon is shining on the scene,
And the broad sheet of snow is written o'er
With shadows cruciform of leafless trees,
As once the winding-sheet of Saladin
With chapters of the Koran ; but ah ! more
Mysterious and triumphant signs are these !

April, 1879.

HELEN OF TYRE.

WHAT phantom is this, that appears
Through the purple mists of the years,
Itself but a mist like these ?
A woman of cloud and of fire ;
It is she ; it is Helen of Tyre,
The town in the midst of the seas !

O Tyre ! in thy crowded streets
The phantom appears and retreats,
And the Israelites, that sell
The lilies and lions of brass,
Look up as they see her pass,
And murmur, " Jezebel ! "

Then another phantom is seen
At her side, in a gay gabardine,
With beard that floats to his waist ;
It is Simon Magus, the Seer ;
He speaks, and she pauses to hear
The word he utters in haste.

He says : " From this evil fame,
From this life of sorrow and shame,
I will lift thee, and make thee
mine ! "
Thou hast been Queen Candace,
And Helen of Troy, and shalt be
The Intelligence Divine ! "

Oh, sweet as the breath of morn,
To the fallen and forlorn
Are whispered words of praise,
For the famished heart believes
The falsehood that tempts and de-
ceives,
And the promise that betrays.
So she follows from land to land
The wizard's beckoning hand,
As a leaf is blown by the gust,

Till she vanishes into night !
O reader, stoop down, and write
With thy finger in the dust !

O town in the midst of the seas,
With thy raft of cedar trees,
Thy merchandise, and thy ships ;
Thou, too, art become as nought,
A phantom, a shadow, a thought,
A name upon men's lips.

February, 1880.

GARFIELD.

" *E venni dal martirio a questa pace.*"
THESE words the poet heard in Para-
dise,
Uttered by one who, bravely dying
here
In the true faith, was living in that
sphere
Where the celestial cross of sacrifice
Spread its protecting arms athwart
the skies ;
And, set thereon in jewels crystal
clear,
The souls magnanimous that knew
not fear [eyes.
Flashed their effulgence on his dazzled
Ah me ! How dark the discipline of
pain,
Were not the suffering followed by
the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release !
This is our consolation ; and again
A great soul cries to us in our
suspense,
" I came from martyrdom unto this
peace."

October, 1881.

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

[As Seleucus narrates, Hermes described the principles that rank as whole in two myriads of books; or, as we are informed by Manetho, he perfectly unfolded these principles in three myriads six thousand five hundred and twenty-five Volumes. *** Our ancestors dedicated the inventions of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hermes.—*Jamblichus*.]

STILL through Egypt's desert places
Flows the lordly Nile ;
From its banks the great stone faces
Gaze with patient smile ;
Still the pyramids imperious
Pierce the cloudless skies,
And the Sphinx stares with mysterious,
Solemn, stony eyes.

But where are the old Egyptian
Demi-gods and kings ?
Nothing left but an inscription
Graven on stones and rings.
Where are Helius and Hephaestus,
Gods of eldest e'd ?
Where is Hermes Trismegistus,
Who their secrets held ?

Where are now the many hundred
Thousand books he wrote ?
By the Thaumaturgists plundered,
Lost in lands remote,
In oblivion sunk for ever,
As when o'er the land
Blows a storm-wind, in the river
Sinks the scattered sand.

Something unsubstantial, ghostly,
Seems this Theurgist,
In deep meditation mostly
Wrapped, as in a mist.
Vague, phantasmal, and unreal
To our thought he seems,
Walking in a world ideal,
In a land of dreams.

Was he one or many, merging
Name and fame in one,
Like a stream, to which, converging,
Many streamlets run ?
Till, with gathered power proceeding,
Ampler sweep it takes,
Downward the sweet waters leading
From unnumbered lakes.

By the Nile I see him wandering,
Pausing now and then,
On the mystic union pondering
Between gods and men ;
Half-believing, wholly feeling,
With supreme delight,
How the gods, themselves concealing,
Lift men to their height.

Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated,
In the thoroughfare
Breathing, as if consecrated,
A diviner air ;
And amid discordant noises,
In the jostling throng,
Hearing far, celestial voices
Of Olympian's song.

Who shall call his dreams fallacious ?
Who has searched or sought
All the unexplored and spacious
Universe of thought ?
Who, in his own skill confiding,
Shall with rule and line
Mark the border-land dividing
Human and divine ?

Trismegistus ! three time greatest !
How thy name sublime
Has descended to this latest
Progeny of time !
Happy they whose written pages
Perish with their lives,
If amid the crumbling ages
Still their name survives !

Thine, O priest of Egypt, lately
Found I in the vast
Weed-encumbered, sombre, stately
Grave-yard of the Past ;
And a presence moved before me
On that gloomy shore,
As a waft of wind, that o'er me
Breathed, and was no more.

January, 1882.

MAD RIVER,

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

TRAVELLER.

WHY dost thou wildly rush and roar,
 Mad River, O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
 This rocky shelf for ever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
 Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
 From over-work and worry?

THE RIVER.

What wouldst thou in these mountains seek
 O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
 Into a plaintive ditty?

TRAVELLER.

Yes ; I would learn of thee thy song,
 With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long,
 And hear it in my slumbers.

THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown
 Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
 Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
 For the wide world I panted ;
Out of the forest dark and dread
Across the open fields I fled,
 Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
 My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
 The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
 Imploring and entreating ;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
 Made answer to the greeting.

ULTIMA THULE.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow ;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labours ;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbours.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge away,
Like withered reeds or stubble.

Now go and write thy little rhyme,
As of thine own creating.
Thou seest the day is past its prime ;
I can no longer waste my time ;
The mills are tired of waiting.

Atlantic Monthly, May, 1882.

Ultima Thule.

DEDICATION.

TO G. W. G.

WITH favouring winds, o'er sunlit
seas,
We sailed for the Hesperides,
The land where golden apples grow ;
But that, ah ! that was long ago.

How far, since then, the ocean streams
Have swept us from that land of
dreams,
That land of fiction and of truth,
The lost Atlantis of our youth !

Whither, ah, whither ? Are not these
The tempest-haunted Hebrides,
Where sea-gulls scream, and breakers
roar,
And wreck and sea-weed line the
shore ?

Ultima Thule ! Utmost Isle !
Here in thy harbours for a while
We lower our sails ; a while we rest,
From the unending, endless quest.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

DEAD he lay among his books !
The peace of God was in his looks.

As the statues in the gloom
Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,
So those volumes from their shelves
Watched him, silent as themselves.

Ah ! his hand will nevermore
Turn their storied pages o'er ;
Never more his lips repeat
Songs of theirs, however sweet.

Let the lifeless body rest !
He is gone, who was its guest ;
Gone, as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller ! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,
In what vast, aërial space,
Shines the light upon thy face ?

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night ?
Poet ! thou, whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse ;
Thou hast sung, with organ tone,
In Deukalion's life, thine own.
On the ruins of the Past
Blooms the perfect flower at last.
Friend ! but yesterday the bells
Rang for theeir loud farewells ;
And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea ;
Lying dead among thy books,
The peace of God in all thy looks !

JUGURTHA.

How cold are thy baths, Apollo !
Cried the African monarch, the
splendid,
As down to his death in the hollow
Dark dungeons of Rome he de-
scended,
Uncrowned, unthrone, unattended;
How cold are thy baths, Apollo !

How cold are thy baths, Apollo !
Cried the Poet, unknown, unbefriended,
As the vision, that lured him to follow,
With the mist and the darkness
blended,
And the dream of his life was
ended ;
How cold are thy baths, Apollo !

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE,

WHO PRESENTED TO ME, ON MY SEVENTY-
SECOND BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1879,
THIS CHAIR MADE FROM THE WOOD OF THE
VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S CHESTNUT TREE.

AM I a king, that I should call my
own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right
divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong ;

Only because the spreading chestnut
tree
Of old was sung by me.
Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches
made
A cavern of cool shade.
There, by the blacksmith's forge, be-
side the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.
And when the winds of autumn, with
a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from
the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.
And now some fragments of its
branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home
at last,
And whisper of the past.
The Danish king could not in all his
pride
Repel the ocean tide,
But, seated in this chair, I can in
rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.
I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout
and call,
And the brown chestnuts fall.
I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil
beat
The iron white with heat !
And thus, dear children, have ye made
for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than three-score years
and ten
Brought back my youth again.
The heart hath its own memory, like
the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is
wrought
The giver's loving thought.

ULTIMA THULE.



Only your love and your remembrance
could

Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless
now so long,
Blossom again in song.

.....

THE IRON PEN.

[Made from a fetter of Bonnivard, the prisoner
of Chillon; the handle of wood from the
frigate *Constitution*, and bound with a
cinct of gold, inset with three precious
stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine.]

I THOUGHT this Pen would arise
From the casket where it lies—
Of itself would arise and write
My thanks and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pines,
I dreamed these gems from the mines
Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine
Would glimmer as thoughts in the
lines;

523

That this iron link from the chain
Of Bonnivard might retain
Some verse of the poet who sang
Of the prisoner and his pain;

That this wood from the frigate's mast
Might write me a rhyme at last,
As it used to write on the sky
The song of the sea and the blast.

But motionless as I wait,
Like a Bishop lying in state
Lies the Pen with its mitre of gold,
And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say
That the light of that summer day
In the garden under the pines
Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,
Caressed by the fragrant air,
With the shadow on your face,
And the sunshine on your hair.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

I shall hear the sweet low tone
Of a voice before unknown,
Saying, "This is from me to you—
From me, and to you alone."

And in words not idle and vain
I shall answer and thank you again
For the gift, and the grace of the gift,
O beautiful Helen of Maine !

And for ever this gift will be
As a blessing from you to me,
As a drop of the dew of your youth
On the leaves of an aged tree.

ROBERT BURNS.

I SEE amid the fields of Ayr,
A ploughman, who, in foul and fair,
Sings at his task
So clear, we know not if it is
The laverock's song we hear, or his,
Nor care to ask.

For him the ploughing of those fields
A more ethereal harvest yields
Than sheaves of grain ;
Songs flush with purple bloom the rye,
The plover's call, the curlew's cry,
Sing in his brain.

Touched by his hand, the wayside
weed
Becomes a flower ; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty ; gorse and
grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brighter seem.

He sings of love, whose flame illumines
The darkness of lone cottage rooms ;
He feels the force,
The treacherous undertow and stress
Of wayward passions, and no less
The keen remorse.

At moments, wrestling with his fate ;
His voice is harsh, but not with hate ;
The brush-wood, hung
Above the tavern door, lets fall
Its bitter leaf, its drop of gall
Upon his tongue.

But still the burden of his song
Is love of right, disdain of wrong ;
Its master chords

Are Manhood, Freedom, Brotherhood,
Its discords but an interlude
Between the words.

And then to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve !
Yet better sure
Is this, than wandering up and down
An old man in a country town,
Infirm and poor.

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth ; his hand
Guides every plough ;
He sits beside each ingle-nook,
His voice is in each rushing brook,
Each rustling bough.

His presence haunts this room to
night
A form of mingled mist and light
From that far coast.
Welcome beneath this roof of mine !
Welcome ! this vacant chair is thine,
Dear guest and ghost !

ELEGIAC.

DARK is the morning with mist ; in the
narrow mouth of the harbour
Motionless lies the sea, under its
curtain of cloud ;
Dreamily glimmer the sails of ships on
the distant horizon,
Like to the towers of a town, built
on the verge of the sea.

Slowly and stately and still, they sail
forth into the ocean ;
With them sail my thoughts over
the limitless deep,
Farther and farther away, borne on by
unsatisfied longings,
Unto Hesperian isles, unto Ausonian
shores.

Now they have vanished away, have
disappeared in the ocean ;
Sunk are the towers of the town into
the depths of the sea !
All have vanished but those that,
moored in the neighbouring
roadstead,
Sailless at anchor ride, looming so
large in the mist.

ULTIMA THULE.

Vanished, too, are the thoughts, the
dim, unsatisfied longings ;
Sunk are the turrets of cloud into
the ocean of dreams ;
While in a haven of rest my heart is
riding at anchor,
Held by the chains of love, held by
the anchors of trust !

OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RADNOR.

WHAT an image of peace and rest
Is this little church among its
graves !

All is so quiet ; the troubled breast,
The wounded spirit, the heart op-
pressed,
Here may find the repose it craves.

See, how the ivy climbs and expands
Over this humble hermitage,
And seems to caress with its little
hands
The rough, gray stones, as a child
that stands
Caressing the wrinkled cheeks of
age !

You cross the threshold ; and dim and
small
Is the space that serves for the
Shepherd's Fold ;
The narrow aisle, the bare, white wall,
The pews, and the pulpit quaint and
tall,
Whisper and say : " Alas ! we are
old."

Herbert's chapel at Bemerton
Hardly more spacious is than this ;
But Poet and Pastor, blent in one,
Clothed with a splendour, as of the sun,
That lowly and holy edifice.

It is not the wall of stone without
That makes the building small or
great,
But the soul's light shining round
about,
And the faith that overcometh doubt,
And the love that stronger is than
hate.

Were I a pilgrim in search of peace,
Were I a pastor of Holy Church,
More than a Bishop's diocese

Should I prize this place of rest, and
release
From further longing and further
search.

Here would I stay, and let the world
With its distant thunder roar and
roll ;
Storms do not rend the sail that is
furled ;
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and
whirled
In an eddy of wind, is the anchored
soul.

THE SIFTING OF PETER.

IN St. Luke's Gospel we are told
How Peter in the days of old
Was sifted ;
And now, though ages intervene,
Sin is the same, while time and scene
Are shifted.

Satan desires us, great and small,
As wheat to sift us, and we all
Are tempted ;
Not one, however rich or great,
Is by his station or estate
Exempted.

No house so safely guarded is
But he, by some device of his,
Can enter ;
No heart hath armour so complete
But he can pierce with arrows fleet
Its centre.

For all at last the cock will crow,
Who hear the warning voice, but go
Unheeding,
Till thrice and more they have denied
The Man of Sorrows crucified
And bleeding.

One look at that pale suffering face
Will make us feel the deep disgrace
Of weakness ;
We shall be sifted till the strength
Of self-conceit be changed at length
To meekness.

Wounds of the soul, though healed,
will ache ;
The reddening scars remain, and make
Confession ;
Lost innocence returns no more ;
We are not what we were before
Transgression.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger,
And conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.

MAIDEN AND WEATHER-COCK.

MAIDEN.

O WEATHERCOCK on the village spire,
With your golden feathers all on fire,
Tell me, what can you see from your
perch
Above there over the tower of the
church?

WEATHERCOCK.

I can see the roofs and the streets
below,
And the people moving to and fro,
And beyond, without either roof or
street,
The great salt sea, and the fisherman's
fleet.

I can see a ship come sailing in
Beyond the headlands and harbour of
Lynn,
And a young man standing on the deck,
With a silken kerchief round his neck.

Now he is pressing it to his lips,
And now he is kissing his finger tips,
And now he is lifting and waving his
hand,
And blowing the kisses toward the
land.

MAIDEN.

Ah, that is the ship from over the sea,
That is bringing my lover back to me,
Bringing my lover so fond and true,
Who does not change with the wind
like you.

WEATHERCOCK.

If I change with all the winds that blow,
It is only because they made me so,
And people would think it wondrous
strange,
If I, a Weathercock, should not change.

O pretty Maiden, so fine and fair,
With your dreamy eyes and your
golden hair,
When you and your lover meet to-day,
You will thank me for looking some
other way.

THE WINDMILL.

BEHOLD ! a giant am I !
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms ;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors,
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive
My master, the miller stands
And feeds me with his hands ;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest ;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din ;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

THE TIDE RISES, THE TIDE FALLS.

THE tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls ;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens toward the town,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea in the darkness calls and
calls ;

The little waves, with their soft, white
hands,

Erase the footprints in the sands,
And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks ; the steeds in
their stalls

Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls ;

The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,

And the tide rises, the tide falls.

ULTIMA THULE.

MY CATHEDRAL.

LIKE two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones ;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines ;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter ! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread !
Listen ! the choir is singing ; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing ! listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.

NIGHT.

INTO the darkness and the hush of night
Slowly the landscape sinks, and fades away,
And with it fade the phantoms of the day,
The ghosts of men and things, that haunt the light.
The crowd, the clamour, the pursuit, the flight,
The unprofitable splendour and display,
The agitations, and the cares that prey
Upon our hearts, all vanish out of sight.

The better life begins ; the world no more
Molests us ; all its records we erase
From the dull common-place book of our lives,
That like a palimpsest is written o'er
With trivial incidents of time and place,
And lo ! the ideal, hidden beneath, revives.

THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

As the birds come in the Spring,
We know not from where ;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air ;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground ;
As suddenly, low or loud,
Out of silence a sound ;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree ;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea ;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge ;
As comes the smile to the lips,
The foam to the surge ;

So come to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty realm, that belongs
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings ; and their fame
Is his, and not his ; and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the Angel says : "Write !"

In the Harbour.

BECALMED.

BECALMED upon the sea of Thought,
Still unattained the land it sought,
My mind, with loosely-hanging sails,
Lies waiting the auspicious gales.

On either side, behind, before,
The ocean stretches like a floor,—
A level floor of amethyst,
Crowned by a golden dome of mist.

Blow, breath of inspiration, blow !
Shake and uplift this golden glow !
And fill the canvas of the mind
With wafts of thy celestial wind.

Blow, breath of song ! until I feel
The straining sail, the lifting keel,
The life of the awakening sea,
Its motion and its mystery !

THE POET'S CALENDAR.

JANUARY.

I.

JANUS am I ; oldest of potentates ;
Forward I look, and backward, and
below

I count, as god of avenues and gates,
The years that through my portals
come and go.

II.

I block the roads, and drift the fields
with snow ;
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen
fen ;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their
flow,
My fires light up the hearths and
hearts of men.

FEBRUARY.

I am lustration ; and the sea is mine !
I wash the sands and headlands
with my tide ;
My brow is crowned with branches of
the pine ;
Before my chariot wheels the fishes
glide.

By me all things unclean are purified,
By me the souls of men washed
white again ;
E'en the unlovely tombs of those who
died
Without a dirge, I cleanse from
every stain.

MARCH.

I Martius am ! Once first, and now
the third !
To lead the Year was my appointed
place ;
A mortal dispossessed me by a word,
And set there Janus with the double
face.
Hence I make war on all the human
race ;
I shake the cities with my hurri-
canes ;
I flood the rivers and their banks
efface,
And drown the farms and hamlets
with my rains.

APRIL.

I open wide the portals of the Spring
To welcome the procession of the
flowers,
With their gay banners, and the birds
that sing
Their song of songs from their
aerial towers.
I soften with my sunshine and my
showers
The heart of earth ; with thoughts
of love I glide
Into the hearts of men ; and with the
hours
Upon the Bull with wreathed horns
I ride.

MAY.

Hark ! The sea-faring wild-fowl loud
proclaim
My coming, and the swarming of
the bees.
These are my heralds, and behold !
my name
Is written in blossoms on the haw-
thorn trees.

IN THE HARBOUR.

I tell the mariner when to sail the seas !
I waft o'er all the land from far away
The breath and bloom of the Hesperides,
My birthplace. I am Maia. I am May.

JUNE.

Mine is the Month of Roses ; yes, and mine
The Month of Marriages ! All pleasant sights
And scents, the fragrance of the blossoming vine,
The foliage of the valleys and the heights.
Mine are the longest days, the loveliest nights ;
The mower's scythe makes music to my ear ;
I am the mother of all dear delights ;
I am the fairest daughter of the year.

JULY.

My emblem is the Lion, and I breathe
The breath of Libyan deserts o'er the land ;
My sickle as a sabre I unsheathe,
And bent before me the pale harvests stand.
The lakes and rivers shrink at my command,
And there is thirst and fever in the air ;
The sky is changed to brass, the earth to sand ;
I am the Emperor whose name I bear.

AUGUST.

The Emperor Octavian, called the August,
I being his favourite, bestowed his name
Upon me, and I hold it still in trust,
In memory of him and of his fame.
I am the Virgin, and my vestal flame
Burns less intensely than the Lion's rage ;
Sheaves are my only garlands, and I claim
The golden Harvests as my heritage.

SEPTEMBER.

I bear the Scales, where hang in equipoise
The night and day ; and when unto my lips
I put my trumpet, with its stress and noise
Fly the white clouds like tattered sails of ships ;
The tree-tops lash the air with sounding whips ;
Southward the clamorous sea-fowl wing their flight ;
The hedges are all red with haws and hips,
The Hunter's Moon reigns empress of the night.

OCTOBER.

My ornaments are fruits ; my garments leaves,
Woven like cloth of gold, and crimson dyed ;
I do not boast the harvesting of sheaves,
O'er orchards and o'er vineyards I preside.
Though on the frigid Scorpion I ride,
The dreamy air is full, and overflows
With tender memories of the summer-tide,
And mingled voices of the doves and crows.

NOVEMBER.

The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I,
Born of Ixion's and the cloud's embrace ;
With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly,
A steed Thessalian with a human face.
Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase
The leaves, half dead already with affright ;
I shroud myself in gloom ; and to the race
Of mortals bring nor comfort nor delight.

DECEMBER.

Riding upon the Goat, with snow-white hair,
I come, the last of all. This crown of mine

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Is of the holly ; in my hand I bear
The thyrsus, tipped with fragrant
cones of pine,
I celebrate the birth of the Divine,
And the return of the Saturnian
reign ;— [shrine,
My songs are carols sung at every
Proclaiming "Peace on earth, good
will to men."

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

IN MEMORY OF J. T. F.

UNTIL we meet again ! That is the
meaning
Of the familiar words that men re-
peat
At parting in the street.
Ah yes, till then ! but when death in-
tervening
Rends us asunder, with what cease-
less pain
We wait for the Again !
The friends who leave us do not feel
the sorrow
Of parting as we feel it, who must
stay
Lamenting day by day,
And knowing, when we wake upon
the morrow,
We shall not find in its accustomed
place
The one beloved face.
It were a double grief, if the de-
parted,
Being released from earth, should still
retain
A sense of earthly pain ;
It were a double grief, if the true-
hearted
Who loved us here, should on the far-
ther shore
Remember us no more.
Believing, in the midst of our afflic-
tions,
That death is a beginning, not an
end,
We cry to them, and send
Farewells, that better might be called
predictions,
Being foreshadowings of the future,
thrown
Into the vast Unknown.

Faith overleaps the confines of our
reason,
And if by faith, as in old times was
said,
Women received their dead
Raised up to life, then only for a
season [vain
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in
Until we meet again !

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

[A FRAGMENT.]

I.

WHAT is this I read in history,
Full of marvel, full of mystery,
Difficult to understand ?
Is it fiction, is it truth ?
Children in the flower of youth,
Heart in heart, and hand in hand,
Ignorant of what helps or harms,
Without armour, without arms,
Journeying to the Holy Land !

Who shall answer or divine ?
Never since the world was made
Such a wonderful crusade
Started forth for Palestine.
Never while the world shall last
Will it reproduce the past ;
Never will it see again
Such an army, such a band,
Over mountain, over main,
Journeying to the Holy Land.

Like a shower of blossoms blown
From the parent trees were they ;
Like a flock of birds that fly
Through the unfrequented sky,
Holding nothing as their own,
Passed they into lands unknown,
Passed to suffer and to die.

O the simple, child-like trust !
O the faith that could believe
What the harnessed, iron-mailed
Knights of Christendom had failed
By their prowess to achieve,
They, the children, could and must !

Little thought the Hermit, preaching
Holy Wars to knight and baron,
That the words dropped in his teach-
ing,
His entreaty, his beseeching,
Would by children's hands be gleaned
And the staff on which he leaned
Blossom like the rod of Aaron.

IN THE HARBOUR.

As a summer wind upheaves
The innumerable leaves
In the bosom of a wood,—
Not as separate leaves, but massed
All together by the blast,—
So for evil or for good
His resistless breath upheaved
All at once the many-leaved,
Many-thoughted multitude.

In the tumult of the air
Rock the boughs with all the nests
Cradled on their tossing crests ;
By the fervour of his prayer
Troubled hearts were everywhere
Rocked and tossed in human breasts.

For a century, at least,
His prophetic voice had ceased ;
But the air was heated still
By his lurid words and will,
As from fires in far-off woods,
In the autumn of the year,
An unwonted fever broods
In the sultry atmosphere.

II.

In Cologne the bells were ringing,
In Cologne the nuns were singing
Hymns and canticles divine ;
Loud the monks sang in their stalls,
And the thronging streets were loud
With the voices of the crowd ;—
Underneath the city walls
Silent flowed the river Rhine.

From the gates, that summer day,
Clad in robes of hoden gray,
With the red cross on the breast,
Azure-eyed and golden-haired,
Forth the young Crusaders fared ;
While above the band devoted
Consecrated banners floated,
Fluttered many a flag and streamer,
And the cross o'er all the rest !
Singing lowly, meekly, slowly,
“ Give us, give us back the holy
Sepulchre of the Redeemer ! ”
On the vast procession pressed,
Youths and maidens. . . .

III.

Ah ! what master hand shall paint
How they journeyed on their way,
How the days grew long and dreary,
How their little feet grew weary,
How their little hearts grew faint !

Ever swifter day by day
Flowed the homeward river ; ever
More and more its whitening current
Broke and scattered into spray,
Till the calmly flowing river
Changed into a mountain torrent,
Rushing from its glacier green
Down through chasm and black
ravine.

Like a phoenix in its nest,
Burned the red sun in the West,
Sinking in an ashen cloud ;
In the East, above the crest
Of the sea-like mountain chain,
Like a phoenix from its shroud,
Came the red sun back again.

Now around them, white with snow,
Closed the mountain peaks. Below
Headlong from the precipice
Down into the dark abyss,
Plunged the cataract, white with
foam ;
And it said, or seemed to say :
“ Oh return, while yet you may,
Foolish children, to your home,
There the Holy City is ! ”

But the dauntless leader said :
“ Faint not, though your bleeding feet
O'er these slippery paths of sleet
Move but painfully and slowly ;
Other feet than yours have bled ;
Other tears than yours been shed.
Courage ! lose not heart or hope ;
On the mountains' southern slope
Lies Jerusalem the Holy ! ”
As a white rose in its pride,
By the wind in summer-tide
Tossed and loosened from the branch,
Showers its petals o'er the ground,
From the distant mountain's side,
Scattering all its snows around,
With mysterious, muffled sound,
Loosened, fell the avalanche.
Voices, echoes far and near,
Roar of winds and waters blending,
Mists uprising, clouds impending,
Filled them with a sense of fear
Formless, nameless, never ending.

* * *

THE CITY AND THE SEA.

THE panting City cried to the Sea,
“ I am faint with heat,—O breathe on
me ! ”

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

And the Sea said, "Lo, I breathe ;
but my breath
To some will be life, to others death !"

As to Prometheus, bringing ease
In pain, come the Oceanides,

So to the City, hot with the flame
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind
came.

It came from the heaving breast of
the deep,
Silent as dreams are, and sudden as
sleep.

Life-giving, death-giving, which will
it be ;
O breath of the merciful, merciless
Sea ?

SUNDOWN.

THE summer sun is sinking low,
Only the tree-tops redden and glow :
Only the weathercock on the spire
Of the neighbouring church is a flame
of fire ;
All is in shadow below.

O beautiful, awful summer day,
What hast thou given, what taken
away !
Life and death, and love and hate,
Homes made happy or desolate,
Hearts made sad or gay !

On the road of life one milestone
more !
In the book of life one leaf turned
o'er ;
Like a red seal is the setting sun
On the good and the evil men have
done,—
Naught can to-day restore !

July 24, 1879.

DECORATION DAY.

SLEEP, comrades, sleep and rest
On this field of the Grounded
Arms,
Where foes no more molest,
Nor sentry's shot alarms !

Ye have slept on the ground before,
And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death
No sound your slumber breaks ;
Here is no fevered breath,
No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace,
Untrampled lies the sod ;
The shouts of battle cease,
It is the Truce of God ;

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep !
The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers ;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

February 3, 1882.

CHIMES.

SWEET chimes ! that in the loneliness
of night
Salute the passing hour, and in the
dark
And silent chambers of the house-
hold mark
The movements of the myriad orbs
of light !
Through my closed eyelids, by the
inner sight,
I see the constellations in the arc
Of their great circles moving on,
and hark !
I almost hear them singing in their
flight.
Better than sleep it is to lie awake
O'er-canopied by the vast starry
dome
Of the immeasurable sky ; to feel
The slumbering world sink under us,
and make
Hardly an eddy,—a mere rush of
foam
On the great sea beneath a sinking
keel.

August 28, 1879.

IN THE HARBOUR.

FOUR BY THE CLOCK.

FOUR by the clock ! and yet not day ;
But the great world rolls and wheels
away,
With its cities on land, and its ships
at sea,
Into the dawn that is to be !

Only the lamp in the anchored bark
Sends its glimmer across the dark,
And the heavy breathing of the sea
Is the only sound that comes to me.
NASHANT, Sept. 8, 1880,
four o'clock in the morning.

THE FOUR LAKES OF MADI- SON.

FOUR limpid lakes,—four Naiades
Or sylvan deities are these,
In flowing robes of azure dressed ;
Four lovely handmaids, that uphold
Their shining mirrors, rimmed with
gold,
To the fair city in the West.

By day the coursers of the sun
Drink of these waters as they run
Their swift diurnal round on high ;
By night the constellations glow
Far down the hollow deeps below,
And glimmer in another sky.

Fair lakes, serene and full of light,
Fair town, arrayed in robes of white,
How visionary ye appear !
All like a floating landscape seems,
In cloud-land or the land of dreams,
Bathed in a golden atmosphere !

MOONLIGHT.

As a pale phantom with a lamp
Ascends some ruin's haunted stair,
So glides the moon along the damp
Mysterious chambers of the air.
Now hidden in cloud, and now re-
vealed,
As if this phantom, full of pain,
Were by the crumbling walls con-
cealed,
And at the windows seen again.
Until at last, serene and proud
In all the splendour of her light,
She walks the terraces of cloud,
Supreme as Empress of the Night.

I look, but recognize no more
Objects familiar to my view ;
The very pathway to my door
Is an enchanted avenue.

All things are changed. One mass of
shade,
The elm-trees drop their curtains
down ;
By palace, park, and colonnade
I walk as in a foreign town.

The very ground beneath my feet
Is clothed with a diviner air ;
White marble paves the silent street
And glimmers in the empty square.

Illusion ! Underneath there lies
The common life of every day ;
Only the spirit glorifies
With its own tints the sober gray.

In vain we look, in vain uplift
Our eyes to heaven, if we are blind ;
We see but what we have the gift
Of seeing ; what we bring we find.
December 20 1878.

TO THE AVON.

FLOW on, sweet river ! like his verse
Who lies beneath this sculptured
hearse ;
Nor wait beside the churchyard wall
For him who cannot hear thy call.

Thy playmate once ; I see him now
A boy with sunshine on his brow,
And hear in Stratford's quiet street
The patter of his little feet.

I see him by thy shallow edge
Wading knee-deep amid the sedges ;
And lost in thought, as if thy stream
Were the swift river of a dream.

He wonders whitherward it flows ;
And fain would follow where it goes,
To the wide world, that shall ere long
Be filled with his melodious song.

Flow on, fair stream ! That dream is
o'er ;
He stands upon another shore ;
A vaster river near him flows,
And still he follows where it goes.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

ELEGIAC VERSE.

I.

PERADVENTURE of old, some bard in
Ionian Islands,
Walking alone by the sea, hearing
the wash of the waves,
Learned the secret from them of the
beautiful verse elegiac,
Breathing into his song motion and
sound of the sea.

For as a wave of the sea, upheaving
in long undulations,
Plunges loud on the sands, pauses,
and turns, and retreats,
So the Hexameter, rising and sinking,
with cadence sonorous,
Falls ; and in effuent rhythm back
the Pentameter flows.*

II.

Not in his youth alone, but in age,
may the heart of the poet
Bloom into song, as the gorse blossoms
in autumn and spring.

III.

Not in tenderness wanting, yet rough
are the rhymes of our poet ;
Though it be Jacob's voice, Esau's,
alas ! are the hands.

IV.

Let us be grateful to writers for what
is left in the inkstand ;
When to leave off is an art only
attained by the few.

V.

How can the Three be One ? you ask
me ; I answer by asking,
Hail and snow and rain, are they
not three and yet one ?

VI.

By the mirage uplifted the land floats
vague in the ether,
Ships and the shadows of ships
hang in the motionless air ;

* Compare Schiller.

" Im Hexameter steigt des Springquells
flüssige Säule ;
Im Pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch
herab."

See also Coleridge's translation

So by the art of the poet our common
life is uplifted,
So, transfigured, the world floats in
a luminous haze.

VII.

Like a French poem is Life ; being
only perfect in structure
When with the masculine rhymes
mingled the feminine are.

VIII.

Down from the mountain descends the
brooklet, rejoicing in freedom ;
Little it dreams of the mill, hid in
the valley below ;
Glad with the joy of existence, the
child goes singing and laughing,
Little dreaming what toils lie in the
future concealed.

IX.

As the ink from our pen, so flow our
thoughts and our feelings
When we begin to write, however
sluggish before.

X.

Like the Kingdom of Heaven, the
Fountain of Youth is within
us ;
If we seek it elsewhere, old shall we
grow in the search.

XI.

If you would hit the mark, you must
aim a little above it ;
Every arrow that flies feels the
attraction of earth.

XII.

Wisely the Hebrews admit no Present
tense in their language :
While we are speaking the word, it
is already the Past.

XIII.

In the twilight of age all things seem
strange and phantasmal,
As between daylight and dark ghost-like
the landscape appears.

IN THE HARBOUR.

XIV.

Great is the art of beginning, but
greater the art is of ending ;
Many a poem is marred by a super-
fluous verse.

1881.

The chapel that once looked down
On the little seaport town
Has crumbled into the dust ;
And on oaken beams below
The bells swing to and fro
And are green with mould and
rust.

A FRAGMENT.

AWAKE ! arise ! the hour is late !
Angels are knocking at thy door !
They are in haste and cannot wait,
And once departed come no more.

Awake ! arise ! the athlete's arm
Loses its strength by too much
rest ;
The fallow land, the untilled farm
Produces only weeds at best.

THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS*

WHAT say the Bells of San Blas
To the ships that southward pass
From the harbour of Mazatlan ?
To them it is nothing more
Than the sound of surf on the
shore,—
Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what seems
Are often one and the same,—
The Bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
And are something more than a
name.

For bells are the voice of the church ;
They have tones that touch and
search

The hearts of young and old ;
One sound to all, yet each
Lends a meaning to their speech,
And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,
Of an age that is fading fast,
Of a power austere and grand ;
When the flag of Spain unfurled
Its folds o'er this western world,
And the Priest was lord of the
land.

" Is, then, the old faith dead,"
They say, " and in its stead
Is some new faith proclaimed,
That we are forced to remain
Naked to sun and rain,
Unsheltered and ashamed ?

" Once in our tower aloof
We rang over wall and roof
Our warnings and our complaints ;
And round about us there
The white doves filled the air,
Like the white souls of the
saints.

" The saints ! Ah, have they grown
Forgetful of their own ?
Are they asleep, or dead,
That open to the sky
Their ruined Missions lie,
No longer tenanted ?

" Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was
filled ;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and
build.

" Then from our tower again
We will send over land and main
Our voices of command,
Like exiled kings who return
To their thrones, and the people
learn
That the Priest is lord of the
land ! "

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again !
The Past is deaf to your prayer :
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light ;
It is daybreak everywhere.

* The last poem written by Mr. Longfellow.

March 15, 1882

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

PRELUDE.

As treasures that men seek,
Deep buried in sea-sands,
Vanish if they but speak,
And elude their eager hands,

So ye escape and slip,
O songs, and fade away,
When the word is on my lip
To interpret what ye say.

Were it not better, then,
To let the treasures rest
Hid from the eyes of men,
Locked in their iron chest?

I have but marked the place,
But half the secret told,
That, following this slight trace,
Others may find the gold.

FROM THE FRENCH.

WILL ever the dear days come back
again,
Those days of June, when lilacs
were in bloom,
And bluebirds sang their sonnets in
the gloom
Of leaves that roofed them in from
sun or rain?

I know not; but a presence will re-
main

For ever and for ever in this room,
Formless, diffused in air, like a per-
fume,—

A phantom of the heart, and not the
brain.

Delicious days! when every spoken
word

Was like a foot-fall nearer and more
near,

And a mysterious knocking at the
gate

Of the heart's secret places, and we
heard

In the sweet tumult of delight and
fear

A voice that whispered, "Open, I
cannot wait!"

THE WINE OF JURANCON.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES
CORAN.

LITTLE sweet wine of Jurançon
You are dear to my memory still!
With mine host and his merry song,
Under the rose-tree I drank my fill.

Twenty years after, passing that way
Under the trellis I found again
Mine host, still sitting there *au
frais*,
And singing still the same refrain.

The Jurançon so fresh and bold,
Treats me as one it used to
know;
Souvenirs of the days of old
Already from the bottle flow.

With glass in hand our glances met;
We pledge, we drink. How sour it
is!
Never Argenteuil piquette
Was to my palate sour as this!

And yet the vintage was good, in
sooth;
The self-same juice, the self-same
cask!

It was you, O gaiety of my youth,
That failed in the autumnal flask!

AT LA CHAUDEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES
CORAN.

AT La Chaudeau,—tis long since
then;

I was young,—my years twice ten;
All things smiled on the happy boy,
Dreams of love and songs of joy,
Azure of heaven and wave below,

At La Chaudeau.

To La Chaudeau I come back old;
My head is gray, my blood is cold;
Seeking along the meadow ooze,
Seeking beside the river Seymouse,
The days of my spring-time of long
ago

At La Chaudeau.

IN THE HARBOUR.

At La Chaudeau nor heart nor brain
Ever grows old with grief and pain ;
A sweet remembrance keeps off age ;
A tender friendship doth still assuage
The burden of sorrow that one may know
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, had fate decreed
To limit the wandering life I lead
Peradventure I still, forsooth,
Should have preserved my fresh green youth,
Under the shadows the hill-tops throw
At La Chaudeau.

At La Chaudeau, live on, my friends ;
Happy to be where God intends ;
And sometimes, by the evening fire,
Think of him whose sole desire
Is again to sit in the old Château
At La Chaudeau.

A QUIET LIFE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

LET him who will, by force or fraud innate,
Of courtly grandeurs gain the slippery height ;
I, leaving not the home of my delight,
Far from the world and noise will meditate.
Then without pomps or perils of the great,
I shall behold the day succeed the night ;
Behold the alternate seasons take their flight,
And in serene repose old age await.
And so, whenever Death shall come to close
The happy moments that my days compose,
I, full of years, shall die, obscure, alone !
How wretched is the man with honours crowned,
Who, having not the one thing needful found,
Dies known to all, but to himself unknown.

September 11, 1879.

LOSS AND GAIN.

WHEN I compare
What I have lost with what I have gained,
What I have missed with what attained,
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware
How many days have been idly spent ;
How like an arrow the good intent
Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this wise ?
Defeat may be victory in disguise ;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

AUTUMN WITHIN.

IT is autumn ; not without,
But within me is the cold.
Youth and spring are all about ;
It is I that have grown old.

Birds are darting through the air,
Singing, building without rest ;
Life is stirring everywhere,
Save within my lonely breast.

There is silence ; the dead leaves
Fall and rustle and are still ;
Beats no flail upon the sheaves,
Comes no murmur from the mill.

April 9, 1874.

VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

As one who long hath fled with panting breath
Before his foe, bleeding and near to fall,
I turn and set my back against the wall,
And look thee in the face, triumphant Death.
I call for aid, and no one answereth ;
I am alone with thee, who conquerest all ;
Yet me thy threatening form doth not appal,

LONGFELLOWS POETICAL WORKS.

For thou art but a phantom and a
wraith.
Wounded and weak, sword broken at
the hilt,
With armour shattered, and without
a shield,
I stand unmoved ; do with me what
thou wilt ;
I can resist no more, but will not yield.
This is no tournament where cowards
tilt ;
The vanquished here is victor of the
field.

April 4, 1876.

~~~~~  
MEMORIES.

OFT I remember those whom I have  
known  
In other days, to whom my heart  
was led  
As by a magnet, and who are not  
dead,  
But absent, and their memories  
overgrown  
With other thoughts and troubles of  
my own,  
As graves with grasses are, and at  
their head  
The stone with moss and lichens so  
o'erspread,  
Nothing is legible but the name alone.  
And is it so with them ? After long  
years,  
Do they remember me in the same  
way,  
And is the memory pleasant as  
to me ?  
I fear to ask ; yet wherefore are my  
fears ?  
Pleasures, like flowers, may wither  
and decay,  
And yet the root perennial may be.

September 23, 1881.

~~~~~  
MY BOOKS.

SADLY as some old mediæval knight
Gazed at the arms he could no
longer wield,
The sword two-handed and the
shining shield

Suspended in the hall, and full in
sight,
While secret longings for the lost
delight
Of tourney or adventure in the field
Came over him, and tears but half
concealed
Trembled and fell upon his beard of
white,
So I behold these books upon their
shelf,
My ornaments and arms of other
days ;
Not wholly useless, though no
longer used,
For they remind me of my other self,
Younger and stronger, and the
pleasant ways,
In which I walked, now clouded and
confused.

December 27, 1881.

~~~~~  
POSSIBILITIES.  
WHERE are the Poets, unto whom  
belong  
The Olympian heights ; whose sing-  
ing shafts were sent  
Straight to the mark, and not from  
bows half bent,  
But with the utmost tension of the  
thong ?  
Where are the stately argosies of song,  
Whose rushing keels made music as  
they went  
Sailing in search of some new con-  
tinent,  
With all sail set, and steady winds  
and strong ?  
Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy,  
untaught  
In schools, some graduate of the  
field or street,  
Who shall become a master of  
the art,  
An admiril sailing the high seas of  
thought,  
Fearless and first, and steering with  
his fleet  
For lands not yet laid down in any  
chart.

January 17, 1882.

Juvenile Poems.

THANKSGIVING.

WHEN first in ancient time from Jubal's tongue  
The tuneful anthem filled the morning air,  
To sacred hymnings and elysian song  
His music-breathing shell the minstrel woke.  
Devotion breathed aloud from every chord ;  
The voice of praise was heard in every tone,  
And prayer, and thanks to Him the Eternal One,  
To Him, that with bright inspiration touched  
The high and gifted lyre of heavenly song,  
And warmed the soul with new vitality.  
A stirring energy through Nature breathed :  
The voice of adoration from her broke,  
Swelling aloud in every breeze, and heard  
Long in the sullen waterfall,—what time  
Soft Spring or hoary Autumn threw on earth  
Its bloom or blighting,—when the Summer smiled,  
Or Winter o'er the year's sepulchre mourned.  
The Deity was there!—a nameless spirit  
Moved in the breasts of men to do  
Him homage ;  
And when the morning smiled, or evening pale  
Hung weeping o'er the melancholy urn,  
They came beneath the broad o'erarching trees,  
And in their tremulous shadow worshipped oft,  
Where pale the vine clung round their simple altars,  
And grey moss mantling hung. Above was heard  
The melody of winds, breathed out as the green trees  
Bowed to their quivering touch in living beauty,  
And birds sang forth their cheerful hymns. Below  
The bright and widely wandering rivulet  
Struggled and gushed amongst the tangled roots  
That choked its reedy fountain, and dark rocks  
Worn smooth by the constant current. Even there,  
The listless wave, that stole with mellow voice  
Where reeds grew rank on the rushy-fringed brink,  
And the green sedge bent to the wandering wind,  
Sang with a cheerful song of sweet tranquillity.  
Men felt the heavenly influence, and it stole  
Like balm into their hearts, till all was peace ;  
And even the air they breathed, the light they saw,  
Became religion ; for the ethereal spirit  
That to soft music wakes the chords of feeling,  
And mellows everything to beauty, moved  
With cheering energy within their breasts,  
And made all holy there,—for all was love,  
The morning stars, that sweetly sang together,  
The moon, that hung at night in the mid-sky,  
Dayspring, and eventide, and all the fair  
And beautiful forms of nature, had a voice  
Of eloquent worship. Ocean with its tides  
Swelling and deep, where low the infant storm

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Hung on his dun, dark cloud, and  
heavily beat  
The pulses of the sea, sent forth a  
voice  
Of awful adoration to the spirit  
That, wrapt in darkness, moved upon  
its face.  
And when the bow of evening arched  
the east,  
Or, in the moonlight pale, the curling  
wave  
Kissed with a sweet embrace the sea-  
worn beach,  
And soft the song of winds came o'er  
the waters,  
The mingled melody of wind and  
wave  
Touched like a heavenly anthem on  
the ear ;  
For it arose a tuneful hymn of wor-  
ship,  
And have our hearts grown cold ? Are  
there on earth  
No pure reflections caught from  
heavenly light ?  
Have our mute lips no hymn,—our  
souls no song ?  
Let him that in the summer day of  
youth  
Keeps pure the holy fount of youthful  
feeling,  
And him that in the nightfall of his  
years  
Lies down in his last sleep, and shuts  
in peace  
His dim pale eyes on life's short way-  
faring,  
Praise him that rules the destiny of  
man.

*Sunday Evening, October, 1824.*

And yet my pensive eye  
Rests on the faint blue mountain  
long,  
And for the fairy-land of song,  
That lies beyond, I sigh.

The moon unveils her brow,  
In the mid-sky her urn glows bright,  
And in her sad and mellowing light  
The valley sleeps below.

Upon the hazel gray  
The lyre of Autumn hangs unstrung,  
And o'er its tremulous chords are  
flung  
The fringes of decay.

I stand deep musing here,  
Beneath the dark and motionless  
beech,  
Whilst wandering winds of nightfall  
reach  
My melancholy ear.

The air breathes chill and free ;  
A spirit in soft music calls  
From Autumn's gray and moss-grown  
halls,  
And round her withered tree.

The hoar and mantled oak,  
With moss and twisted ivy brown,  
Bends in its lifeless beauty down  
Where weeds the fountain choke.

That fountain's hollow voice  
Echoes the sound of precious things ;  
Of early feeling's tuneful springs  
Choked with our blighted joys.

Leaves, that the night - wind  
bears  
To earth's cold bosom with a sigh,  
Are types of our mortality,  
And of our fading years.

The tree that shades the plain,  
Wasting and hoar as time decays,  
Spring shall renew with cheerful  
days,—  
But not my joys again.

*December 1, 1824.*

AUTUMNAL NIGHTFALL.

ROUND Autumn's mouldering  
urn  
Loud mourns the chill and cheerless  
gale,  
When nightfall shades the quiet vale,  
And stars in beauty burn.  
  
'Tis the year's eventide,  
The wind, like one that sighs in  
pain,  
O'er joys that ne'er will bloom again,  
Mourns on the far hillside.

JUVENILE POEMS.

ITALIAN SCENERY.

NIGHT rests in beauty on Mont Alto,  
Beneath its shades the beautious Arno  
sleeps  
In Vallombrosa's bosom, and dark  
trees  
Bend with a calm and quiet shadow  
down  
Upon the beauty of that silent river.  
Still in the west a melancholy smile  
Mantles the lips of day, and twilight  
pale  
Moves like a spectre in the dusky  
sky;  
While eve's sweet star on the fast  
fading year  
Smiles calmly. Music steals at in-  
tervals  
Across the water, with a tremulous  
swell,  
From out the upland dingle of tall  
firs,  
And a faint footfall sounds where dim  
and dark  
Hangs the grey willow from the river's  
 brink,  
O'ershadowing its current. Slowly  
there  
The lover's gondola drops down the  
stream,  
Silent, save when its dipping oar is  
heard,  
Or in its eddy sighs the rippling  
wave.  
Mouldering and moss-grown through  
the lapse of years,  
In motionless beauty stands the giant  
oak,  
Whilst those that saw its green and  
flourishing youth  
Are gone and are forgotten. Soft the  
fount,  
Whose secret springs the star-light  
pale discloses,  
Gushes in hollow music, and beyond  
The broader river sweeps its silent  
way,  
Mingling a silver current with that  
sea,  
Whose waters have no tides, coming  
nor going.  
On noiseless wing along that fair blue  
sea  
The halcyon flits, and where the  
wearyed storm  
Left a loud moaning, all is peace  
again.

A calm is on the deep! The winds  
that came  
O'er the dark sea-serge with a  
tremulous breathing,  
And mourned on the dark cliff where  
weeds grew rank  
And to the autumnal death-dirge the  
deep sea  
Heaved its long billows, with a cheer-  
less song  
Have passed away to the cold earth  
again,  
Like a wayfaring mourner. Silently  
Up from the calm sea's dim and dis-  
tant verge,  
Full and unveiled the moon's broad  
disk emerges,  
On Tivoli, and where the fairy hues  
Of autumn glow upon Abruzzi's  
woods,  
The silver light is spreading. Far  
above,  
Encompassed with their thin, cold  
atmosphere,  
The Apennines uplift their snowy  
brows,  
Glowing with colder beauty, where  
unheard  
The eagle screams in the fathomless  
ether,  
And stays his wearied wing. Here let  
us pause!  
The spirit of these solitudes—the soul  
That dwells within these steep and  
difficult places—  
Speaks a mysterious language to mine  
own,  
And brings unutterable musings.  
Earth  
Sleeps in the shades of nightfall, and  
the sea  
Spreads like a thin blue haze beneath  
my feet,  
Whilst the gray columns and the moul-  
dering tombs  
Of the Imperial City, hidden deep  
Beneath the mantle of their shadows  
rest.  
My spirit looks on earth! A heavenly  
voice  
Comes silently: "Dreamer, is earth  
thy dwelling?"  
Lo! nursed within that fair and fruit-  
ful bosom  
Which has sustained thy being, and  
within  
The colder breast of Ocean, lie the  
germs

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Of thine own dissolution ! E'en the air,  
That fans the clear blue sky, and gives thee strength,  
Up from the sullen lake of mouldering reeds,  
And the wide waste of forest, where the osier  
Thrives in the damp and motionless atmosphere,  
Shall bring the dire and wasting pestilence  
And blight thy cheek. Dream thou of higher things ;  
This world is not thy home ! " And yet my eye  
Rests upon earth again ! How beautiful,  
Where wild Velino heaves its sullen waves  
Down the high cliff of gray and shapeless granite,  
Hung on the curling mist, the moonlight bow  
Arches the perilous river. A soft light  
Silvers the Albanian mountains, and the haze  
That rests upon their summits mellows down  
The austere features of their beauty.  
Faint  
And dim-discovered glow the Sabine hills,  
And, listening to the sea's monotonous shell,  
High on the cliffs of Terracina stands  
The castle of the royal Goth\* in ruins.

But night is in her wane : day's early flush  
Glow like a hectic on her fading cheek,  
Wasting its beauty. And the opening dawn  
With cheerful lustre lights the royal city,  
Where with its proud tiara of dark towers  
It sleeps upon its own romantic bay.

December 15, 1824.

\* Theodoric.

THE LUNATIC GIRL.

MOST beautiful, most gentle. Yet how lost  
To all that gladdens the fair earth ;  
the eye  
That watched her being ; the maternal care  
That kept and nourished her ; and the calm light  
That steals from our own thoughts, and softly rests  
On youth's green valleys and smooth-sliding waters !  
Alas ! few suns of life, and fewer winds,  
Had withered or had wasted the fresh rose  
That bloomed upon her cheek ; but one chill frost  
Came in that early Autumn, when ripe thought  
Is rich and beautiful, and blighted it ;  
And the fair stalk grew languid day by day,  
And drooped, and drooped, and shed its many leaves.  
Tis said that some have died of love, and some,  
That once from beauty's high romance had caught  
Love's passionate feelings and heart-wasting cares,  
Have spurned life's threshold with a desperate foot :  
And others have gone mad,—and she was one !  
Her lover died at sea ; and they had felt  
A coldness for each other when they parted ;  
But love returned again, and to her ear  
Came tidings that the ship which bore her lover  
Had suddenly gone down at sea, and all were lost.  
I saw her in her native vale, when high  
The aspiring lark up from the reedy river  
Mounted on cheerful pinion ; and she sat  
Casting smooth pebbles into a clear fountain,  
And marking how they sunk ; and oft she sighed  
For him that perished thus in the vast deep.

## JUVENILE POEMS.

She had a sea-shell, that her lover  
brought  
From the far-distant ocean, and she  
pressed  
Its smooth cold lips unto her ear, and  
thought  
It whispered tidings of the dark blue  
sea ;  
And sad she cried, " The tides are  
out ;—and now  
I see his corse upon the stormy beach ! "  
Around her neck a string of rose-lipped  
shells,  
And coral, and white pearl, was loosely  
hung,  
And close beside her lay a delicate  
fan,  
Made of the halcyon's blue wing ; and  
when  
She looked upon it, it would calm her  
thoughts  
As that bird calms the ocean,—for it  
gave  
Mournful, yet pleasant memory. Once  
I marked  
When through the mountain hollows  
and green woods  
That bent beneath its footsteps the  
loud wind  
Came with a voice as of the restless  
deep,  
She raised her head, and on her pale  
cold cheek  
A beauty of diviner seeming came :  
And then she spread her hands, and  
smiled, as if  
She welcomed a long-absent friend,—  
and then  
Shrunk timorously back again, and  
wept.  
I turned away: a multitude of thoughts,  
Mournful and dark, were crowding on  
my mind,  
And as I left that lost and ruined one,—  
A living monument that still on earth  
There is warm love and deep sin-  
cerity,—  
She gazed upon the west, where the  
blue sky  
Held, like an ocean, in its wide em-  
brace  
Those fairy islands of bright cloud that  
lay  
So calm and quietly in the thin ether.  
And then she pointed where, alone and  
high,  
One little cloud sailed onward, like a  
lost

And wandering bark, and fainter grew,  
and fainter,  
And soon was swallowed up in the blue  
depths.  
And when it sunk away, she turned  
again  
With sad despondency and tears to  
earth.  
Three long and weary months,—  
yet not a whisper  
Of stern reproach for that cold part-  
ing ! Then  
She sat no longer by her favourite  
fountain !  
She was at rest for ever.

January 1, 1825.

### THE VENETIAN GONDOLIER.

HERE rest the weary oar ! soft airs  
Breathe out in the o'erarching sky ;  
And Night—sweet Night—serenely  
wears  
A smile of peace ; her noon is nigh.  
  
Where the tall fir in quiet stands,  
And waves, embracing the chaste  
shores,  
Move o'er sea-shells and bright  
sands,  
Is heard the sound of dipping oars.  
  
Swift o'er the wave the light bark  
springs,  
Love's midnight hour draws linger-  
ing near :  
And list !—his tuneful viol strings  
The young Venetian Gondolier.  
  
Lo ! on the silver-mirrored deep,  
On earth and her embosomed lakes,  
And where the silent rivers sweep,  
From the thin cloud fair moonlight  
breaks.  
  
Soft music breathes around, and dies  
On the calm bosom of the sea ;  
Whilst in her cell the novice sighs  
Her vespers to her rosary.  
  
At their dim altars bow fair forms,  
In tender charity for those  
That, helpless left to life's rude storms,  
Have never found this calm re-  
pose.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

The bell swings to its midnight chime,  
Relieved against the deep blue sky !  
Haste !—dip the car again !—tis time  
To seek Genevra's balcony.

January 15, 1825.

DIRGE OVER A NAMELESS GRAVE.

By yon still river, where the wave  
Is winding slow at evening's close,  
The beech, upon a nameless grave,  
Its sadly-moving shadow throws.

O'er the fair woods the sun looks down  
Upon the many twinkling leaves,  
And twilight's mellow shades are  
brown,  
Where darkly the green turf up-  
heaves.

The river glides in silence there,  
And hardly waves the sapling tree :  
Sweet flowers are springing, and the  
air  
Is full of balm,—but where is she ?

They bade her wed a son of pride,  
And leave the hopes she cherished  
long ;  
She loved but one,—and would not  
hide  
A love which knew no wrong.

And months went sadly on, and years ;  
And she was wasting day by day :  
At length she died ; and many tears  
Were shed, that she should pass  
away.

Then came a grey old man, and knelt  
With bitter weeping by her tomb ;  
And others mourned for him, who felt  
That he had sealed a daughter's  
doom.

The funeral train has long past on,  
And time wiped dry the father's  
tear !  
Farewell, lost maiden ! there is one  
That mourns thee yet,—and he is  
here.

March 14, 1825.

A SONG OF SAVOY.

As the dim twilight shrouds  
The mountains' purple crest,  
And Summer's white and folded clouds  
Are glowing in the west,  
Loud shouts come up the rocky dell,  
And voices hail the evening bell.

Faint is the goatherd's song,  
And sighing comes the breeze :  
The silent river sweeps along  
Amid its bending trees,  
And the full moon shines faintly there,  
And music fills the evening air.

Beneath the waving firs  
The tinkling cymbals sound ;  
And as the wind the foliage stirs,  
I feel the dancers bound  
Where the green branches, arched  
above,  
Bend over this fair scene of love.

And he is there that sought  
My young heart long ago !  
But he has left me,—though I thought  
He ne'er could leave me so.  
Ah ! lovers' vows,—how frail are they !  
And his were made but yesterday.

Why comes he not ? I call  
In tears upon him yet ;  
'Twere better ne'er to love at all,  
Than love, and then forget !  
Why comes he not ? Alas ! I should  
Reclaim him still, if weeping could.

But see,—he leaves the glade,  
And beckons me away :  
He comes to seek his mountain maid ;  
I cannot chide his stay.  
Glad sounds along the valley swell,  
And voices hail the evening bell.

March 15, 1825.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

WHEN the summer harvest was  
gathered in,  
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew  
white and thin,  
And the ploughshare was in its furrow  
left,  
Where the stubble land had been  
lately cleft,

544

## JUVENILE POEMS.

An Indian hunter, with unstrung bow,  
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.

He was a stranger there, and all that day  
Had been out on the hills, a perilous way,  
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet;  
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet.  
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,  
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of Autumn came over the woods  
As the sun stole out from their solitudes ;  
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,  
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk,  
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red  
Were the trees' withered leaves round it shed.

The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,  
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn ;  
The mower sung loud by the meadow-side,  
Where the mists of evening were spreading wide,  
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,  
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,  
Where the home of his fathers once had been,  
And heard by the distant and measured stroke  
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak,  
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind  
Of the white man's faith and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,  
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white ;  
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake  
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,  
And a mourning voice, and a plunge from shore.  
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lake side  
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,  
And there, on the smooth, yellow sand displayed,  
A skeleton wasted and white was laid,  
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,  
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

May 15, 1825.

### JECKOYVA.

The Indian chief, Jeckoyva, as tradition says, perished alone on the mountain which now bears his name. Night overtook him whilst hunting among the cliffs, and he was not heard of till after a long time, when his half-decayed corpse was found at the foot of a high rock, over which he must have fallen. Mount Jeckoyva is near the White Hills.

THEY made the warrior's grave beside  
The dashing of his native tide ;  
And there was mourning in the glen—  
The strong wail of a thousand men—  
O'er him thus fallen in his pride,  
Ere mist of age, or blight, or blast,  
Had o'er his mighty spirit past.

They made the warrior's grave beneath  
The bending of the wild elm's wreath,  
When the dark hunter's piercing eye  
Had found that mountain rest on high,

Where, scattered by the sharp wind's breath,  
Beneath the rugged cliff were thrown  
The strong belt and the mouldering bone.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Where was the warrior's foot when  
first  
The red sun on the mountain burst ?  
Where, when the sultry noontime  
came,  
On the green vales with scorching  
flame,  
And made the woodlands faint with  
thirst?  
'Twas where the wind is keen and  
loud,  
And the grey eagle breasts the cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot when  
night  
Veiled in thick cloud the mountain  
height?  
None heard the loud and sudden  
crash,—  
None saw the fallen warrior dash  
Down the bare rock so high and  
white!  
But he that drooped not in the chase  
Made on the hills his burial-place.

They found him there, when the long  
day  
Of cold desertion passed away,  
And traces on that barren cleft  
Of struggling hard with death were  
left,—  
Deep marks and footprints in the  
clay!

And they have laid this feathered helm  
By the dark river and green elm.

*August 1, 1825.*

THE SEA DIVER.

My way is on the bright blue sea,  
My sleep upon its rocking tide ;  
And many an eye has followed me  
Where billows clasp the worn sea-  
side.

My plumage bears the crimson blush  
When ocean by the sun is kissed ;  
When fades the evening's purple flush,  
My dark wing cleaves the silver  
mist.

Full many a fathom down beneath  
The bright arch of the splendid deep  
My ear has heard the sea-shell breathe  
O'er living myriads in their sleep.

They rested by the coral throne,  
And by the pearly diadem ;  
Where the pale sea-grape had o'er-  
grown  
The glorious dwellings made for  
them.

At night upon my storm-drenched  
wing,  
I poised above a helmsless bark,  
And soon I saw the shattered thing  
Had passed away and left no mark.

And when the wind and storm were  
done,  
A ship, that had rode out the gale,  
Sunk down without a signal gun,  
And none was left to tell the tale.

I saw the pomp of day depart,  
The cloud resign its golden crown,  
When to the ocean's beating heart  
The sailor's wasted corse went down.

Peace be to those whose graves are  
made  
Beneath the bright and silver sea !  
Peace, that their relics there were laid  
With no vain pride and pageantry.

*August 15, 1825.*

MUSINGS.

I SAT by my window one night,  
And watched how the stars grew  
high,  
And the earth and skies were a splen-  
did sight  
To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon shone  
down  
With gentle and mellow ray,  
And beneath the crowded roofs of  
the town  
In broad light and shadow lay.

A glory was on the silent sea,  
And mainland and island too,  
Till a haze came over the lowland lea,  
And shrouded that beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn wood  
Its crimson scarf unrolled,

## JUVENILE POEMS.

And the trees like a splendid army  
stood  
In a panoply of gold !

I saw them waving their banners  
high,  
As their crests to the night wind  
bowed,  
And a distant sound on the air went by,  
Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watched from my window how  
fast  
The lights all around me fled,  
As the wearied man to his slumber  
passed,  
And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one, that burned  
With distant and steady light ;  
But that, too, went out,—and I turned  
Where my own lamp within shone  
bright !

Thus, thought I, our joys must die ;  
Yes, the brightest from earth we  
win ;  
Till each turns away, with a sigh,  
To the lamp that burns brightly  
within.

November 15, 1825.

### SONG.

WHERE, from the eye of day,  
The dark and silent river,  
Pursues through tangled woods a way  
O'er which the tall trees quiver.—

The silver mist, that breaks  
From out that woodland cover,  
Betrays the hidden path it takes,  
And hangs the current over !

So oft the thoughts that burst  
From hidden springs of feeling,  
Like silent streams, unseen at first,  
From our cold hearts are stealing.

But soon the clouds that veil  
The eye of Love, when glowing,  
Betray the long unwhispered tale  
Of thoughts in darkness flowing.

April 1, 1826.

## TWO SONNETS FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE MEDRANO.\*

### I.

#### ART AND NATURE.

*Causa la vista el artificio humano, etc.*  
THE works of human artifice soon  
tire

The curious eye ; the fountain's  
sparkling rill,  
And gardens, when adorned by  
human skill,  
Reproach the feeble hand, the vain  
desire.  
But oh ! the free and wild magni-  
ficence  
Of Nature in her lavish hours doth  
steal,

In admiration silent and intense,  
The soul of him who hath a soul to  
feel.

The river moving on its ceaseless  
way,  
The verdant reach of meadows fair  
and green,  
And the blue hills that bound the  
sylvan scene,—  
These speak of grandeur, that defies  
decay,—  
Proclaim the Eternal Architect on  
high,  
Who stamps on all his works his own  
eternity.

### II.

#### THE TWO HARVESTS.

*Yo vi romper aquellas vegas llanas, etc.*

BUT yesterday those few and hoary  
sheaves  
Waved in the golden harvest ; from  
the plain  
I saw the blade shoot upward, and  
the grain  
Put forth the unripe ear and tender  
leaves.

\* These sonnets appeared at the end of Mr. Longfellow's first separate publication, "Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique, translated from the Spanish, with an Introductory Essay on the Moral and devotional Poetry of Spain. By Henry W. Longfellow, Professor of Mod. Lang. and Lit. in Bowdoin College." Boston : Allen and Ticknor, 1833. Pp. 85—87. They have never since been reprinted.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Then the glad upland smiled upon  
the view,  
And to the air the broad green leaves  
unrolled,  
A peerless emerald in each silken fold,  
And on its palm a pearl of morning  
dew.  
And thus sprang up and ripened in  
brief space  
All that beneath the reaper's sickle  
died,  
All that smiled beauteous in the  
summer-tide,  
And what are we? a copy of that race,  
The later harvest of a longer year!  
And oh! how many fall before the  
ripened ear.

AGASSIZ.

I STAND again on the familiar shore,  
And hear the waves of the distracted  
sea  
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,  
And waiting restless at thy cottage  
door.  
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean  
floor,  
The willows in the meadow, and the  
free  
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome  
me;  
Then why shouldst thou be dead and  
come no more?  
Ah! why shouldst thou be dead when  
common men  
Are busy with their trivial affairs,  
Having and holding? Why, when  
thou hadst read  
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and  
then

Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,  
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst  
thou be dead?

INSCRIPTION ON THE  
SHANKLIN FOUNTAIN.

O TRAVELLER, stay thy weary feet;  
Drink of this fountain, pure and sweet;  
It flows for rich and poor the same.  
Then go thy way, remembering still  
The wayside well beneath the hill,  
The cup of water in his name.

*The Century, June, 1882.*

COLUMBUS.

A TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.  
The following lines were written for Charles  
Sumner, and were read July 4, at Roseland  
Park, Woodstock, Connecticut.  
STEER, bold mariner, on! albeit wit-  
lings deride thee,  
And the steersman drop idly his hand  
at the helm;  
Ever, ever to westward! There must  
the coast be discovered,  
If it but lie distinct, luminous lie in  
thy mind.

Trust to the God that leads thee, and  
follow the sea that is silent;  
Did it not yet exist, now would it rise  
from the flood.  
Nature with Genius stands united in  
league everlasting;  
What is promised to one, surely the  
other performs.

## Translations.

THE FOLLOWING TRANSLATIONS, ALTHOUGH NOT INCLUDED IN THE "COMPLETE CENTENNIAL EDITION" OF MR. LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS PUBLISHED IN AMERICA, ARE INSERTED IN THIS EDITION IN ORDER TO JUSTIFY THE TITLE OF "AUTHOP'S COMPLETE EDITION."

### CANTOS FROM DANTE'S PARADISO.

#### CANTO XXIII.

EVEN as a bird, 'mid the beloved leaves,  
Quiet upon the nest of her sweet brood  
Throughout the night, that hideth all things from us,  
Who, that she may behold their longed-for looks  
And find the food wherewith to nourish them,  
In which, to her, grave labours grateful are,  
Anticipates the time on open spray  
And with an ardent longing waits the sun,  
Gazing intent as soon as breaks the dawn :  
Even thus my Lady standing was, erect  
And vigilant, turned round towards the zone  
Underneath which the sun displays less haste ;  
So that beholding her distraught and wistful,  
Such I became as he is who desiring  
For something yearns, and hoping is appeased.  
But brief the space from one When to the other ;  
Of my awaiting, say I, and the seeing  
The welkin grow resplendent more and more.  
And Beatrice exclaimed : " Behold the hosts  
Of Christ's triumphal march, and all the fruit  
Harvested by the rolling of these spheres !"  
It seemed to me her face was all afame ;  
And eyes she had so full of ecstasy  
That I must needs pass on without describing.  
As when in nights serene of the full moon  
Smiles Trivia among the nymphs eternal  
Who paint the firmament through all its gulfs,  
Saw I, above the myriads of lamps,  
A Sun that one and all of them enkindled,  
E'en as our own doth the supernal sights,  
And through the living light transparent shone  
The lucent substance so intensely clear  
Into my sight that I sustained it not.  
O Beatrice, thou gentle guide and dear !  
To me she said : " What overmasters thee  
A virtue is from which naught shields itself.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

There are the wisdom and the omnipotence  
That oped the thoroughfares 'twixt heaven and earth,  
For which there erst had been so long a yearning."  
As fire from out a cloud unlocks itself,  
Dilating so it finds not room therein,  
And down, against its nature, falls to earth,  
So did my mind, among those aliments  
Becoming larger, issue from itself,  
And that which it became cannot remember.  
"Open thine eyes, and look at what I am :  
Thou hast beheld such things, that strong enough  
Hast thou become to tolerate my smile."  
I was as one who still retains the feeling  
Of a forgotten vision, and endeavours  
In vain to bring it back into his mind,  
When I this invitation heard, deserving  
Of so much gratitude, it never fades  
Out of the book that chronicles the past.  
If at this moment sounded all the tongues  
That Polyhymnia and her sisters made  
Most lubrical with their delicious milk,  
To aid me, to a thousandth of the truth  
It would not reach, singing the holy smile  
And how the holy aspect it illumined.  
And therefore, representing Paradise  
The sacred poem must perforce leap over,  
Even as a man who finds his way cut off ;  
But whoso thinketh of the ponderous theme,  
And of the mortal shoulder laden with it,  
Should blame it not, if under this it tremble.  
It is no passage for a little boat  
This which goes cleaving the audacious prow,  
Nor for a pilot who would spare himself.  
Why doth my face so much enamour thee,  
That to the garden fair thou turnest not,  
Which under the rays of Christ is blossoming ?  
There is the Rose in which the Word Divine  
Became incarnate ; there the lilies are  
By whose perfume the good way was discovered."  
Thus Beatrice ; and I, who to her counsels  
Was wholly ready, once again betook me  
Unto the battle of the feeble brows.  
As in the sunshine, that unsullied streams  
Through fractured cloud, ere now a meadow of flowers  
Mine eyes with shadow covered o'er have seen,  
So troops of splendours manifold I saw  
Illumined from above with burning rays,  
Beholding not the source of the effulgence.  
O power benignant that does so imprint them !  
Thou didst exalt thyself to give more scope  
There to mine eyes, that were not strong enough.  
The name of that fair flower I e'er invoke  
Morning and evening utterly enthralled  
My soul to gaze upon the greater fire.  
And when in both mine eyes depicted were  
The glory and greatness of the living star  
Which there excelleth, as it here excelled,  
Athwart the heavens a little torch descended

## TRANSLATIONS.

Formed in a circle like a coronal,  
And cinctured it, and whirled itself about it.  
Whatever melody most sweetly soundeth  
On earth, and to itself most draws the soul,  
Would seem a cloud that, rent asunder, thunders,  
Compared unto the sounding of that lyre  
Wherewith was crowned the sapphire beautiful,  
Which gives the clearest heaven its sapphire hue.  
" I am Angelic Love, that circle round  
The joy sublime which breathes from out the womb  
That was the hostelry of our Desire ;  
And I shall circle, Lady of Heaven, while  
Thou followest thy Son, and mak'st diviner  
The sphere supreme, because thou enterest there."  
Thus did the circulated melody  
Seal itself up ; and all the other lights  
Were making to resound the name of Mary.  
The regal mantle of the volumes all  
Of that world, which most fervid is and living  
With breath of God and with his works and ways,  
Extended over us its inner border,  
So very distant, that the semblance of it  
There where I was not yet appeared to me.  
Therefore mine eyes did not possess the power  
Of following the incoronated flame,  
Which mounted upward near to its own seed.  
And as a little child, that towards its mother  
Stretches its arms, when it the milk has taken,  
Through impulse kindled into outward flame,  
Each of those gleams of whiteness upward reached  
So with its summit, that the deep affection  
They had for Mary was revealed to me.  
Thereafter they remained there in my sight,  
*Regina celi* singing with such sweetness,  
That ne'er from me has the delight departed.  
O, what exuberance is garnered up  
Within those richest coffers, which had been  
Good husbandmen for sowing here below !  
There they enjoy and live upon the treasure  
Which was acquired while weeping in the exile  
Of Babylon, wherein the gold was left.  
There triumpheth, beneath the exalted Son  
Of God and Mary, in his victory,  
Both with the ancient council and the new,  
He who doth keep the keys of such a glory.

### CANTO XXIV.

" O COMPANY elect to the great supper  
Of the lamb benedight, who feedeth you  
So that for ever full is your desire,  
If by the grace of God this man foretaste  
Something of that which falleth from your table,  
Or ever death prescribe to him the time,  
Direct your mind to his immense desire,  
And him somewhat bedew ; ye drinking are  
For ever at the fount whence comes his thought."

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Thus Beatrice ; and those souls beatified  
Transformed themselves to spheres on steadfast poles,  
Flaming intensely in the guise of comets.  
And as the wheels in works of horologes  
Revolve so that the first to a beholder  
Motionless seems, and the last one to fly,  
So in like manner did those carols, dancing  
In different measure, of their affluence  
Give me the gauge, as they were swift or slow.  
From that one which I noted of most beauty  
Beheld I issue forth a fire so happy  
That none it left there of a greater brightness ;  
And around Beatrice three several times  
It whirled itself with so divine a song,  
My fantasy repeats it not to me ;  
Therefore the pen skips, and I write it not,  
Since our imagination for such folds,  
Much more our speech, is of a tint too glaring.  
“O holy sister mine, who us implorest  
With such devotion, by thine ardent love  
Thou dost unbind me from that beautiful sphere !”  
Thereafter, having stopped, the blessed fire  
Unto my Lady did direct its breath,  
Which spake in fashion, as I here have said.  
And she : “O light eterne of the great man .  
To whom our Lord delivered up the keys  
He carried down of this miraculous joy,  
This one examine on points light and grave,  
As good besemeth thee, about the Faith  
By means of which thou on the sea didst walk.  
If he love well, and hope well, and believe,  
From thee ‘tis hid not ; for thou hast thy sight  
There where depicted everything is seen.  
But since this kingdom has made citizens  
By means of the true Faith, to glorify it  
‘Tis well he have the chance to speak thereof.”  
As baccalaureate arms himself, and speaks not  
Until the master doth propose the question,  
To argue it, and not to terminate it,  
So did I arm myself with every reason.  
While she was speaking, that I might be ready  
For such a questioner and such profession.  
“ Say, thou good Christian ; manifest thyself ;  
What is the Faith ? ” Whereat I raised my brow  
Unto that light wherfrom was this breathed forth.  
Then turned I round to Beatrice, and she  
Prompt signals made to me that I should pour  
The water forth from my internal fountain.  
“ May grace, that suffers me to make confession,”  
Began I “ to the great centurion,  
Cause my conceptions all to be explicit ! ”  
And I continued : “ As the truthful pen,  
Father, of thy dear brother wrote of it,  
Who put with thee Rome into the good way,  
Faith is the substance of the things we hope for,  
And evidence of those that are not seen ;  
And this appears to me its quiddity.”  
Then heard I : “ Very rightly thou percevest,

## TRANSLATIONS.

If well thou understandest why he placed it  
With substances and then with evidences,"  
And I thereafterward : " The things profound,  
That here vouchsafe to me their apparition,  
Unto all eyes below are so concealed,  
That they exist there only in belief,  
Upon the which is founded the high hope,  
And hence it has the nature of a substance.  
And it behoveth us from this belief  
To reason without having other sight,  
And hence it has the nature of evidence."  
Then heard I : " If whatever is acquired  
Below by doctrine were thus understood,  
No sophist's subtlety would there find place."  
Thus was breathed forth from that enkindled love ;  
Then added : " Very well has been gone over  
Already of this coin the alloy and weight ;  
But tell me if thou hast it in thy purse ?"  
And I : " Yes, both so shining and so round,  
That in its stamp there is no paraventure."  
Thereafter issued from the light profound  
That there resplendent was : " This precious jewel  
Upon the which is every virtue founded,  
Whence hadst thou it ?" And I : " The large outpouring,  
Of Holy Spirit, which has been diffused  
Upon the ancient parchments and the new,  
A syllogism is, which proved it to me  
With such acuteness, that, compared therewith,  
All demonstration seems to me obtuse."  
And then I heard : " The ancient and the new  
Postulates, that to thee are so conclusive,  
Why dost thou take them for the word divine ?  
And I : " The proofs which show the truth to me,  
Are the works subsequent, whereunto Nature  
Ne'er heated iron yet, nor anvil beat."  
'Twas answered me : " Say, who assurthee  
That those works ever wer? the thing itself  
That must be proved, nought else to thee affirms it."  
" Were the world to Christianity converted,"  
I said : " withouten miracles, this one  
Is such, the real are not its hundredth part ;  
Because that poor and fasting thou didst enter  
Into the field to sow there the good plant,  
Which was a vine and has become a thorn !"  
This being finished, the high, holy Court  
Resounded through the spheres, " One God we praise ! "  
In melody that there above is chanted.  
And then that Baron, who from branch to branch,  
Examining, had thus conducted me,  
Till the extremest leaves we were approaching,  
Again began : " The Grace that dallying  
Plays with thine intellect thy mouth has opened,  
Up to this point, as it should opened be,  
So that I do approve what forth emerged ;  
But now thou must express what thou believest,  
And whence to thy belief it was presented."  
" O holy father, spirit who beholdest  
What thou believedst so that thou o'ercamest,

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

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Towards the sepulchre, more youthful feet,"  
Began I, "thou dost wish me in this place  
The form to manifest of my prompt belief,  
And likewise thou the cause thereof demandest.  
And I respond : In one God I believe,  
Sole and eterne, who moveth all the heavens  
With love and with desire, himself unmoved ;  
And of such faith not only have I proofs  
Physical and metaphysical, but gives them  
Likewise the truth that from this place rains down  
Through Moses, through the Prophets and the Psalms,  
Through the Evangel, and through you who wrote  
After the fiery Spirit sanctified you ;  
In Persons three eterne believe, and these  
One essence I believe, so one and trine  
They bear conjunction both with *sunt* and *est*.  
With the profound condition, and divine  
Which now I touch upon, doth stamp my mind  
Ofttimes the doctrine evangelical.  
This the beginning is, this is the spark  
Which afterwards dilates to vivid flame,  
And, like a star in heaven, is sparkling in me."  
Even as a lord who hears what pleaseth him  
His servant straight embraces, gratulating  
For the good news as soon as he is silent ;  
So, giving me its benediction, singing,  
Three times encircled me, when I was silent,  
The apostolic light, at whose command  
I spoken had, in speaking I so pleased him.

CANTO XXV.

IF e'er it happen that the Poem Sacred,  
To which both heaven and earth have set their hand,  
So that it many a year hath made me lean,  
O'ercome the cruelty that bars me out  
From the fair sheepfold, where a lamb I slumbered,  
An enemy to the wolves that war upon it,  
With other voice forthwith, with other fleece  
Poet will I return, and at my font  
Baptismal will I take the laurel crown ;  
Because into the Faith that maketh known  
All souls to God there entered I, and then  
Peter for her sake thus my brow encircled.  
Thereafterward towards us moved a light  
Out of that band whence issued the first-fruits  
Which of his vicars Christ behind him left,  
And then my Lady, full of ecstasy,  
Said unto me : "Look, look ! behold the Baron  
For whom below Galicia is frequented."  
In the same way as, when a dove alights  
Near his companion, both of them pour forth,  
Circling about and murmuring, their affection,  
So one beheld I by the other grand,  
Prince glorified to be with welcome greeted  
Lauding the food that there above is eaten.  
But when their gratulations were complete,

TRANSLATIONS.

Silently *coram me* each one stood still,  
So incandescent it o'ercame my sight.  
Smiling thereafterwards, said Beatrice :  
    " Illustrious life, by whom the benefactions  
    Of our Basilica have been described,  
    Make Hope resound within this altitude ;  
    Thou knowest as oft thou dost personify it  
    As Jesus to the three gave greater clearness." —  
    " Lift up thy head, and make thyself assured ;  
    For what comes hither from the mortal world  
    Must needs be ripened in our radiance."  
This comfort came to me from the second fire ;  
    Wherefore mine eyes I lifted to the hills,  
    Which bent them down before with too great weight.  
    " Since, through his grace, our Emperor wills that thou  
    Shouldst find thee face to face, before thy death,  
    In the most secret chamber, with his Counts,  
So that, the truth beholden of this court,  
    Hope, which below there rightfully enamours,  
    Thereby thou strengthen in thyself and others,  
Say what it is, and how is flowering with it  
    Thy mind, and say from whence it came to thée."  
    Thus did the second light again continue.  
And the Compassionate, who piloted  
    The plumage of my wings in such high flight,  
    Did in reply anticipate me thus :  
    " No child whatever the Church Militant  
    Of greater hope possesses, as is written  
    In that Sun which irradiates all our band ;  
Therefore it is conceded him from Egypt  
    To come into Jerusalem to see,  
    Or ever yet his warfare be completed.  
The two remaining points, that not for knowledge  
    Have been demanded, but that he report  
    How much this virtue unto thee is pleasing,  
To him I leave ; for hard he will not find them,  
    Nor of self-praise ; and let him answer them ;  
    And may the grace of God in this assist him ! "  
As a disciple, who his teacher follows,  
    Ready and willing, where he is expert,  
    That his proficiency may be displayed,  
    " Hope," said I, " is the certain expectation  
    Of future glory, which is the effect  
    Of grace divine and merit precedent.  
From many stars this light comes unto me !  
    But he instilled it first into my heart  
    Who was chief singer unto the chief captain.  
*'Spernit in te.'* in the high Theodoy  
    He sayeth, ' those who know thy name ; ' and who  
    Knoweth it not, if he my faith possess ?  
Thou didst instil me, then, with his instilling  
    In the Epistle, so that I am full,  
    And upon others rain again your rain."  
While I was speaking, in the living bosom  
    Of that combustion quivered an effulgence,  
    Sudden and frequent, in the guise of lightning :  
Then breathed : " The love wherewith I am inflamed  
    Towards the virtue still which followed me

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Unto the palm and issue of the field,  
Wills that I breathe to thee that thou delight  
In her ; and grateful to me is thy telling  
Whatever things Hope promises to thee." "  
And I : " The ancient Scriptures and the new  
The mark establish, and this shows it me,  
Of all the souls whom God hath made his friends.  
Isaiah saith, that each one garmented  
In his own land shall be with two-fold garments,  
And his own land is this delightful life.  
Thy brother, too, far more explicitly,  
There where he treateth of the robes of white,  
This revelation manifests to us."  
And first, and near the ending of these words,  
" *Sperent in te*" from over us was heard,  
To which responsive answered all the carols.  
Thereafterward a light among them brightened,  
So that, if Cancer once such crystal had,  
Winter would have a month of one sole day.  
And as uprises, goes, and enters the dance  
A winsome maiden, only to do honour  
To the new bride, and not from any failing,  
Even thus did I behold the brightened splendour  
Approach the two, who in a wheel revolved  
As was beseeming to their ardent love.  
Into the song and music there it entered ;  
And fixed on them my Lady kept her look,  
Even as a bride silent and motionless.  
" This is the one who lay upon the breast  
Of him our Pelican ; and this is he  
To the great office from the cross elected."  
My Lady thus ; but therefore none the more  
Did move her sight from its attentive gaze  
Before or afterward these words of hers.  
Even as a man who gazes, and endeavours  
To see the eclipsing of the sun a little,  
And who, by seeing, sightless doth become,  
So I became before that latest fire,  
While it was said, " Why dost thou daze thyself  
To see a thing which here hath no existence ?  
Earth in the earth my body is, and shall be  
With all the others there, until our number  
With the eternal proposition tallies.  
With the two garments in the blessed cloister  
Are the two lights alone that have ascended :  
And this shalt thou take back into your world."  
And at this utterance the flaming circle  
Grew quiet, with the dulcet intermingling  
Of sound that by the triinal breath was made,  
As to escape from danger or fatigue  
The oars that erst were in the water beaten  
Are all suspended at a whistle's sound.  
Ah, how much in my mind was I disturbed,  
When I turned round to look on Beatrice,  
That her I could not see, although I was  
Close at her side and in the Happy World !

TRANSLATIONS.

BEOWULF'S EXPEDITION TO HEORT.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

THUS then, much care-worn,  
The son of Healfden  
Sorrowed evermore,  
Nor might the prudent hero  
His woes avert.  
The war was too hard,  
Too loath and longsome,  
That on the people came,  
Dire wrath and grim,  
Of night-woes the worst.  
This from home heard  
Higelac's Thane,  
Good among the Goths,  
Grendel's deeds.  
He was of mankind  
In might the strongest,  
At that day  
Of this life,  
Noble and stalwart.  
He bade him a sea-ship,  
A goodly one, prepare.  
Quoth he, the war-king,  
Over the swan's road,  
Seek he would  
The mighty monarch,  
Since he wanted men.  
For him that journey  
His prudent fellows  
Straight made ready,  
Those that loved him.  
They excited their souls,  
The omen they beheld.  
Had the good-man  
Of the Gothic people  
Champions chosen,  
Of those that keenest  
He might find,  
Some fifteen men.  
The sea-wood sought he.  
The warrior showed,  
Sea-crafty man !  
The landmarks,  
And first went forth.  
The ship was on the waves  
Boat under the cliffs.  
The barons ready  
To the prow mounted.  
The streams they whirled  
The sea against the sands.  
The chieftains bore  
On the naked breast  
Bright ornaments,  
War-gear, Goth-like.

557

The men shoved off,  
Men on their willing way,  
The bounden wood.  
Then went over the sea-waves,  
Hurried by the wind,  
The ship with foamy neck,  
Most like a sea-fowl,  
Till about one hour  
Of the second day  
The curved prow  
Had passed onward  
So that the sailors  
The land saw,  
The shore-cliffs shining,  
Mountains steep,  
And broad sea-noses.  
Then was the sea-sailing  
Of the earl at an end.  
Then up speedily  
The Weather people  
On the land went,  
The sea-bark moored,  
Their mail-sarks shook,  
Their war-weeds.  
God thanked they,  
That to them the sea-journey  
Easy had been.  
Then from the wall beheld  
The warden of the Scyldings,  
He who the sea-cliffs  
Had in his keeping.  
Bear o'er the balks  
The bright shields,  
The war-weapons speedily.  
Him the doubt disturbed  
In his mind's thought,  
What these men might be.  
Went then to the shore,  
On his steed riding,  
The Thane of Hrothgar.  
Before the host he shook  
His warden's staff in hand,  
In measured words demanded :  
" What men are ye,  
War-gear wearing,  
Host in harness,  
Who thus the brown keel  
Over the water-street  
Leading come  
Hither over the sea ?  
I these boundaries  
As shore-warden hold ;  
That in the Land of the Danes

## LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

Nothing loathsome  
With a ship-crew  
Seathe us might.  
Ne'er saw I mightier  
Earl upon earth  
Than is your own,  
Hero in harness.  
Not seldom this warrior  
Is in weapons distinguished ;  
Never his beauty belies him,  
His peerless countenance !  
Now would I fain  
Your origin know,  
Ere ye forth  
As false spics  
Into the Land of the Danes  
Farther fare.  
Now, ye dwellers afar off !  
Ye sailors of the sea !  
Listen to my  
One-fold thought.  
Quickest is best  
To make known  
Whence your coming may be."

### THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT AGAINST THE BODY.

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON.

MUCH it behoveth  
Each one of mortals,  
That he his soul's journey  
In himself ponder,  
How deep it may be.

When Death cometh,  
The bonds he breaketh  
By which united  
Were body and soul.

Long it is thenceforth  
Ere the soul taketh  
From God himself  
Its woe or its weal ;  
As in the world erst,  
Even in its earth-vessel,  
It wrought before.

The soul shall come  
Wailing with loud voice,  
After a sennight,  
The soul, to find  
The body  
That it erst dwelt in ;—  
Three hundred winters,  
Unless ere that worketh  
The eternal Lord,  
The Almighty God,  
The end of the world.

Crieth then, so care-worn,  
With cold utterance,  
And speaketh grimly,  
The ghost to the dust :  
" Dry dust ! thou dreary one !  
How little didst thou labour for me !  
In the foulness of earth  
Thou all weariest away  
Like to the loam !  
Little didst thou think  
How thy soul's journey  
Would be thereafter,  
When from the body  
It should be led forth."

### FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

THREE miles extended around the fields of the homestead ; on three sides Valleys, and mountains, and hills, but on the fourth side was the ocean. Birch-woods crowned the summits, but over the down-sloping hill-sides Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the rye-field. Lakes, full many in number, their mirror held up for the mountains, Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-antlered reindeers Had their kingly walk, and drank of a hundred brooklets. But in the valleys, full widely around, there fed on the greensward Herds with sleek, shining sides, and udders that longed for the milk-pail. 'Mid these were scattered, now here and now there, a vast countless number Of white-woollen sheep, as thou seest the white-looking stray clouds, Flock-wise, spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth in spring-time.

## TRANSLATIONS.

Twice twelve swift-footed coursers, mettlesome, fast-fettered storm-winds,  
Stamping stood in the line of stalls, all champing their fodder, [shoes.  
Knotted with red their manes, and their hoofs all whitened with steel  
The banquet hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir.  
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hundred)  
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking at Yule-tide.  
Thorough the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm-oak,  
Polished and white, as of steel ; the columns twain of the high-seat  
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-tree ;  
Odin with lordly look, and Frey with the sun on his frontlet.  
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was coal-black,  
Scarlet red was the throat, but the paws were shodden with silver),  
Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with Gladness.  
Oft, when the moon among the night-clouds flew, related the old man  
Wonders from far distant lands he had seen, and cruises of Vikings  
Far on the Baltic and Sea of the West, and the North Sea.  
Hush sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on the graybeard's  
Lips, as a bee on the rose ; but the Skald was thinking of Brage,  
Where, with silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is seated  
Under the leafy beech, and tells a tradition by Mimer's  
Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition.  
Mid-way the floor (with thatch was it strewn), burned for ever the fire-flame  
Glad on its stone-built-hearth ; and through the wide-mouth smoke-flue  
Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the great hall,  
But round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in order  
Breastplate and helm with each other, and here and there in among them  
Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star shoots.  
More than helmets and swords, the shields in the banquet-hall glistened,  
White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disc of silver.  
Ever and anon went a maid round the board and filled up the drink-horns ;  
Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed ; in the shield her reflection  
Blushed too, even as she ;—this gladdened the hard-drinking champions.

## FRITHIOF'S TEMPTATION.

### FROM THE SWEDISH.

SPRING is coming, birds are twittering, forests leaf, and smiles the sun,  
And the loosened torrents downward singing to the ocean run ;  
Glowing like the cheek of Freya, peeping rosebuds 'gin to ope,  
And in human hearts awaken love of life, and joy, and hope.

Now will hunt the ancient monarch, and the queen shall join the sport,  
Swarming in its gorgeous splendour is assembled all the court ;  
Bows ring loud, and quivers rattle, stallions paw the ground alway,  
And, with hoods upon their eyelids, falcons scream aloud for prey.

See, the queen of the chase advances ! Frithiof, gaze not on the sight !  
Like a star upon a spring-cloud sits she on her palfrey white,  
Half of Freya, half of Rota, yet more beauteous than these two,  
And from her light hat of purple wave aloft the feathers blue.

Now the huntsman's band is ready. Hurrah ! over hill and dale  
Horns ring, and the hawks right upward to the hall of Odin sail.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

All the dwellers in the forest seek in fear their cavern homes,  
But with spear outstretched before her, after them Valkyria comes.

Then ~~threw~~ Frithiof down his mantle, and upon the greensward spread,  
And the ancient king so trustful laid on Frithiof's knees his head ;  
Slept, as calmly as the hero sleepeth after war's alarms  
On his shield, calm as an infant sleepeth in its mother's arms.

As he slumbers, hark ! there sings a coal-black bird upon the bough :  
" Haste, Frithiof, slay the old man, close your quarrel at a blow ;  
Take his queen, for she is thine, and once the bridal kiss she gave ;  
Now no human eye beholds thee ; deep and silent is the grave."

Frithiof listens ; hark ! there sings a snow-white bird upon the bough :  
" Though no human eye beholds thee, Odin's eye beholds thee now.  
Coward, wilt thou murder slumber ? a defenceless old man slay ?  
Whatsoe'er thou winnst, thou canst not win a hero's fame this way."

Thus the two wood-birds did warble ; Frithiof took his war-sword good,  
With a shudder hurled it from him, far into the gloomy wood.  
Coal-black bird flies down to Nastrand ; but on light unfolded wings,  
Like the tone of harps, the other, sounding towards the sun upsprings.

Straight the ancient king awakens. " Sweet has been my sleep," he said ;  
" Pleasantly sleeps one in the shadow, guarded by a brave man's blade.  
But where is thy sword, O stranger ? Lightning's brother, where is he ?  
Who thus parts you, who should never from each other parted be ? "

" It avails not," Frithiof answered ; " in the North are other swords ;  
Sharp, O monarch, is the sword's tongue, and it speaks not peaceful ;  
Murky spirits dwell in steel blades, spirits from the Niffelhem, [words ;  
Slumber is not safe before them, silver locks but anger them."

SILENT LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

WHO love would seek,  
Let him love evermore  
And seldom speak :  
For in love's domain  
Silence must reign ;  
Or it brings the heart  
Smart  
And pain.

CHILDHOOD.

FROM THE DANISH.

THERE was a time when I was very  
small,  
When my whole frame was but an  
ell in height,  
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,  
And therefore I recall it with de-  
light.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,  
And rode a horseback on ~~be~~  
father's knee ;  
Alike were sorrows, passions, and  
alarms,  
And gold, and Greek, and love, un-  
known to me.

Then seemed to me this world ~~far~~ less  
in size,  
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked  
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars  
arise,  
And longed for wings that I might  
catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island  
fade,  
And thought, " O were I on that  
island there,  
I could find out of what the moon is  
made,  
Find out how large it is, how round,  
how fair ! "

*TRANSLATIONS.*

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through  
western skies,  
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at  
night,  
And yet upon the morrow early rise,  
And paint the eastern heaven with  
crimson light ;  
  
And thought of God, the gracious  
Heavenly Father,  
Who made me, and that lovely sun  
on high,  
And all those pearls of heaven thick-  
strung together,  
Dropped, clustering, from His hand  
o'er all the sky.  
  
With childish reverence, my young  
lips did say  
The prayer my pious mother taught  
to me :  
" O Gentle God ! O, let me strive  
away  
Still to be wise, and good, and  
follow thee ! "  
  
So prayed I for my father and my  
mother,  
And for my sister, and for all the  
town ;  
The king I knew not, and the beggar-  
brother,  
Who, bent with age, went, sighing,  
up and down.  
  
They perished, the blithe days of boy-  
hood perished,  
And all the gladness, all the peace  
I knew !  
Now have I but their memory, fondly  
cherished ;—  
God ! may I never, never lose that  
too !

~~~~~  
**DEATH OF ARCHBISHOP
TURPIN.**

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE archbishop, whom God loved in
high degree,
Behold his wounds all bleeding fresh
and free ;
And then his cheek more ghastly grew
and wan,
And a faint shudder through his
members ran.

Upon the battle-field his knee was
bent ;
Brave Roland saw, and to his succour
went,
Straightway his helmet from his brow
unlaced,
And tore the shining hauberk from his
breast ;
Then raising in his arms the man of
God,
Gently he laid him on the verdant
sod.
" Rest, Sire," he cried,— " for rest thy
suffering needs."
The priest replied, " Think but of
warlike deeds !
The field is ours ; well may we boast
this strife !
But death steals on,—there is no hope
of life ;
In paradise, where the almoners live
again,
There are our couches spread,—there
shall we rest from pain."
Sore Roland grieved ; nor marvel I,
alas !
That thrice he swooned upon the
thick, green grass.
When he revived, with a loud voice
cried he,
" O Heavenly Father ! Holy Saint
Marie !
Why lingers death to lay me in my
grave ?
Beloved France ! how have the good
and brave
Been torn from thee and left thee weak
and poor !"
Then thoughts of Aude, his lady-love,
came o'er
His spirit, and he whispered soft and
slow,
" My gentle friend !—what parting
full of woe !
Never so true a liegeman shalt thou
see ;—
Whate'er my fate, Christ's benison on
thee !
Christ, who did save from realms of
woe beneath
The Hebrew prophets from the second
death."
Then to the paladins, whom well he
knew,
He went, and one by one unaided
drew
To Turpin's side, well skilled in
ghostly lore ;—

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

No heart had he to smile,—but, weeping sore,
He blessed them in God's name, with
faith that he
Would soon vouchsafe to them a glad
eternity.

The archbishop, then,—on whom
God's benison rest !
Exhausted, bowed his head upon his
breast ;—
His mouth was full of dust and clot ed
gore,
And many a wound his swollen visage
bore.
Slow beats his heart,—his panting
bosom heaves,—
Death comes apace,—no hope of cure
relieves.
Towards heaven he raised his dying
hands and prayed
That God, who for our sins was mortal
made,—
Born of the Virgin,—scorned and
crucified,—
In paradise would place him by his
side.

Then Turpin died in service of
Charlon,
In battle great and eke great orison ;
'Gainst Pagan host alway strong
champion ;—
God grant to him his holy benison !

RONDEL.

FROM FROISSART.

LOVE, love, what wilt thou with this
heart of mine ?
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee !
I do not know thee,—nor what deeds
are thine :
Love, love, what wilt thou with this
heart of mine ?
Naught see I fixed or sure in thee !
Shall I be mute, or vows with prayers
combine ?
Ye who are blessed in loving, tell it
me :
Love, love, what wilt thou with this
heart of mine ?
Naught see I permanent or sure in
thee !

RONDEL.

FROM THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

HENCE away, begone, begone,
Carking care and melancholy !
Think ye thus to govern me
All my life long, as ye have done ?
That shall ye not, I promise ye :
Reason shall have the mastery.
So hence away, begone, begone,
Carking care and melancholy !

If ever ye return this way,
With your mournful company,
A curse be on ye, and the day
That brings ye moping back to me !
Hence away, begone, I say,
Carking care and melancholy !

RENOUVEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.

With beast and bird the forest
rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings ;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry ;
In new-made suit they merry look ;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

THE NATURE OF LOVE.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

To noble heart Love doth for shelter
fly,
As seeks the bird the forest's leafy
shade ;
Love was not felt till noble heart beat
high,
Nor before love the noble heart was
made.
Soon as the sun's broad flame
Was formed, so soon the clear light
filled the air ;

TRANSLATIONS.

Yet was not till he came :
So love springs up in noble breasts,
and there
Has its appointed space,
As heat in the bright flame finds its
allotted place.

Kindles in noble heart the fire of
love,
As hidden virtue in the precious
stone :
This virtue comes not from the stars
above,
Till round it the ennobling sun has
shone :
But when his powerful blaze
Has drawn forth what was vile, the
stars impart
Strange virtue in their rays :
And thus when Nature doth create the
heart
Noble and pure and high,
Like virtue from the star, love comes
from woman's eye.

FRIAR LUBIN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

To gallop off to town post-haste,
So oft, the times I cannot tell ;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced,—
Friar Lubin will do it well.
But a sober life to lead,
To honour virtue, and pursue it,
That's a pious, Christian deed,—
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

To mingle with a knowing smile,
The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
Friar Lubin stands alone.
To say 'tis yours is all in vain,
If once he lays his finger to it ;
For as to giving back again,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

With flattering words and gentle
tone,
To woo and win some guileless
maid,
Cunning pander need you none,—
Friar Lubin knows the trade.
Loud preacheth he sobriety,
But as for water, doth eschew it ;
Your dog may drink it,—but not he ;
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

ENVOI.

When an evil deed's to do,
Friar Lubin is stout and true ;
Glimmers a ray of goodness through
it,
Friar Lubin cannot do it.

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

O, how blest are ye whose toils are
ended !
Who, through death, have unto God
ascended !
Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in
prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,
Still oppressed with sorrow and mis-
giving ;
Our undertakings
Are but toils, and troubles, and heart
breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers
sleeping,
Quiet, and set free from all our
weeping ;
No cross nor trial
Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears for
ever ;
Ye have that for which we still en-
deavour.
To you are chanted
Songs which yet no mortal ear have
haunted.
Ah ! who would not, then, depart with
gladness,
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness ?
Who here would languish
Longer in bewailing and in anguish ?

Come, O Christ, and loose the chains
that bind us !
Lead us forth, and cast this world
behind us !
With thee, the Anointed,
Finds the soul its joy and rest ap-
pointed.

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

SONG.

FROM THE SPANISH.

AH, Love !
Perjured, false, treacherous Love !
Enemy
Of all that mankind may not rue !
Most untrue
To him who keeps most faith with
thee !
Woe is me !
The falcon has the eyes of the dove !
Ah, Love !
Perjured, false, treacherous Love !
Thy deceits
Give us clearly to comprehend
Whither tend
All thy pleasures, all thy sweets !

They are cheats,—
Thorns below, and flowers above !
Ah, Love !
Perjured, false, treacherous Love !

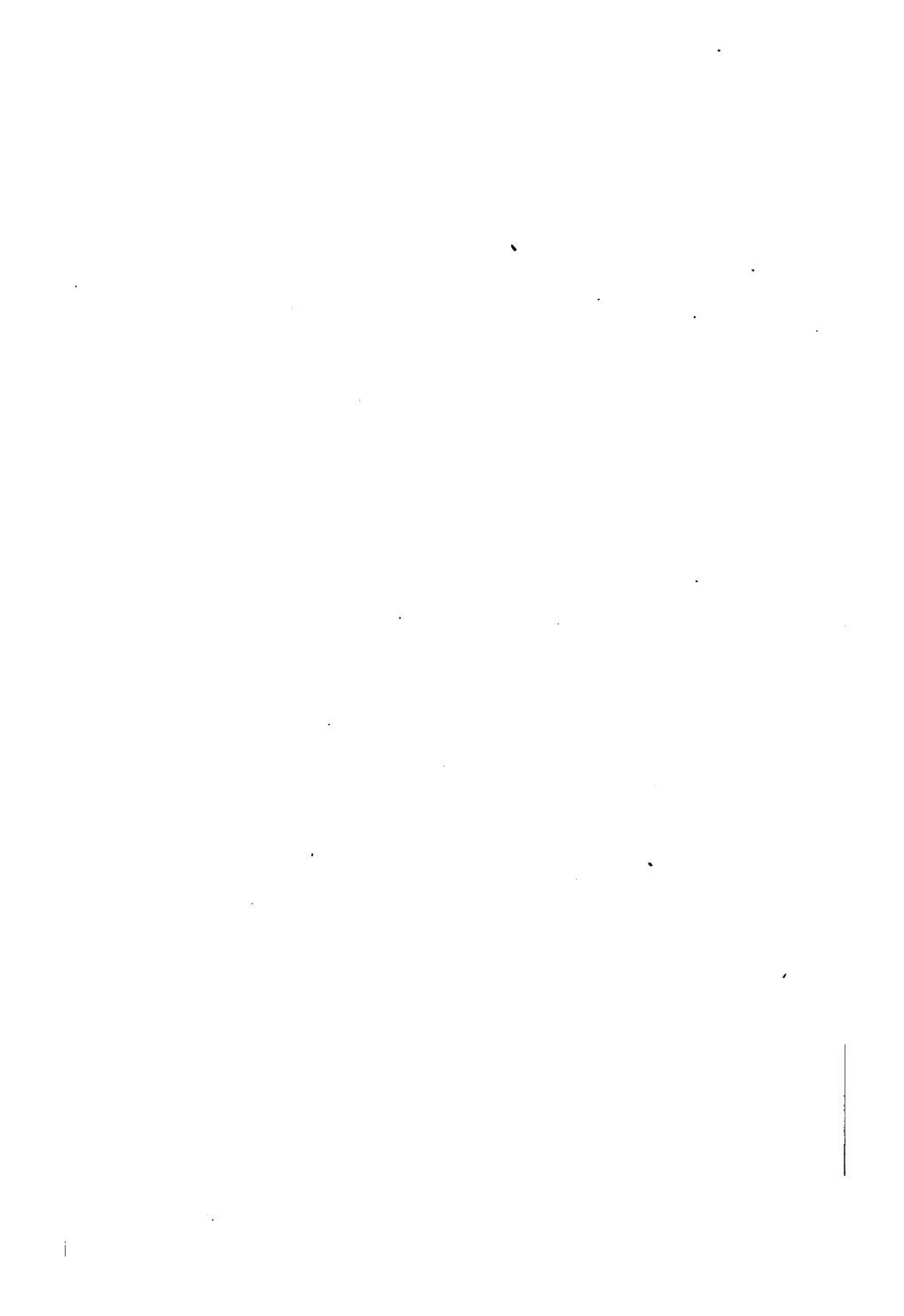
SONG.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake, and open thy door : [away,
'Tis the break of day, and we must
O'er meadow, and mount, and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet :
We shall have to pass through the
dewy grass,
And waters wide and fleet.

THE END.



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